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KINGS OF KASHMIRA



BEING
A TRANSLATION OF THE SANSKRITA WORK
RAJATARANGINI
OF
KAHLANA PANDITA

JOGESH CHUNDER DUTT

LPP
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R. L. Bhat
Delhi
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KINGS OF KÁSHMÍRA:

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RÁJATARANGGINÍ

OF

KAHLANA PANDITA.

BY

JOGESH CHUNDER DUTT.

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TO

MY YOUNGER BROTHER

ROMESH CHUNDER DUTT

OF

HER MAJESTY'S CIVIL SERVICE

AND

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

THE PRESENT WORK

IS DEDICATED

As a token of brother's sincere esteem and affection.

CONTENTS.

ERRATA.

Page 97, footnote, *for* Appendix D *read* Appendix L.

„ 167, line 22, „ K. E. 89 „ K. E. 79.

PREFACE.

Separated from the rest of the world, on the north by the lofty range of the Himálaya mountains, and on other sides by the sea, India has from the earliest period presented to its people a world by itself. And within this vast continent lived from the remotest antiquity a portion of the Aryan race who developed among themselves a degree of civilization unattained by any other nation of antiquity. This people, though originating from the same stock, speaking the dialects of the same language, and following the dictates of the same religion, had early divided themselves into different tribes according to the physical nature of the portion of the country which they each came to occupy. The Káshmírians and the Nepálese who inhabited the mountainous regions of the Himálayas, differed from those who dwelt in the valleys of the Indus or the Ganges, or occupied the deserts of Rájputana or the tableland of Mahá-ráshtra. Nor did the division cease here. There were minuter sub-divisions, and the country was cut up into small principalities and tribes, each tribe having a chief of their own, speaking a distinct dialect, settling in a definite tract of country which they generally named after themselves. Houen Sang, the Chinese pilgrim, who visited India in the 7th century after Christ, speaks of 138 such principalities, of which 110 were personally visited by him. These petty tribes seem to have kept up a continual strife with one another, subduing and

being subdued in turn. And many were the tribes that rose to influence from time to time, reducing their neighbours to a state of vassalage, and styling themselves the lords of the seagirt world. Nor were their affairs always confined within the geographical limits of India. They had frequent intercourse with almost all the ancient nations. Their ships visited China and the Eastern Archipelago, and they were visited in turn by Arab ships and merchants who exported Indian commodities to Bagdad, Egypt and Europe. Foreigners also came as invaders, and not unfrequently as travellers.

Of the succession of events which took place among each and all of the numerous tribes that dwelt and are still dwelling in India from the remotest antiquity, we have no authentic records. The Rámáyana, the Mahábhárata and other ponderous volumes, though giving faithful pictures of the state of the people and their habits, feelings, manners, &c., during the periods when those works were composed, yield but little information regarding historical events. The Rámáyana furnishes us with but meagre annals of a single line of kings who reigned in one town, Ayodhya, and its neighbourhood; and the greater portion of the work is devoted to description of a single reign, that of Ráma, a description which outrages sober belief. Mahábhárata likewise narrates the wanderings and wars of the five sons of Pándu, and the narration is mixed with stories of the past mostly of an absurd and romantic kind. Such being the character of the books we now

possess, an attempt to write a history, in its usual sense, of India, must at present remain a hopeless task.

While so much dearth prevails in the department of Indian history, an account of a people who lived from the earliest period in a corner of India, may not, it is hoped, be unacceptable. The present work, it should be stated, pretends to be nothing more than a faithful rendering into English of a history which already exists in the Sanskrita language.* The first part of the book, the Rájataranggini, has been written by Kahlana Pandita, son of Champaka. It embraces the history of the country from the earliest period to the time of the author, A.D. 1148. The next part entitled Rájábali has been written by Jonarája, and brings the history down to A.D. 1412; and this again has been continued under the name of Jainarájataranggini by his pupil Sri Vara Pandita to A.D. 1477. The fourth and last part, the Rájávalipitaka, brings down the history of the country to the time of its conquest by Akbar, and was written by Prajya Bhatta at the time of that emperor. The present translation embraces the history of the country from the earliest times to the reign of king Harsha, A.D. 1101, about one-half of the work of Kahlana Pandita. It is the intention of the Translator to bring down the history in two more volumes to the period of the conquest of the valley by

* The Translator has however thought it necessary to omit from the text such stories as relate to superhuman agencies, and to give them in the form of appendix, in order to preserve the continuity of historical narration.

Akbar. He can, however, hold out no promise to his readers to this effect, as his time is not always at his command.

It is a matter of just regret that the work is disfigured in many places with what in modern times would be considered immodest writing. The time of the author perhaps allowed such writing. However that may be, all that the Translator has to state for himself is that he has not thought himself justified to improve upon his original, and that his only object throughout this performance has been to offer to his readers a faithful translation of the original, with all its beauties and defects.

Mr. Wilson has already favored the English reading public with a sketch of a small portion (first six cantos) of the history of Káshmíra. (See Asiatic Researches, Vol. 15.) But it is after all a sketch, and a sketch made from very imperfect copies; and though its materials are mostly drawn from the Sanskrita work, yet it is mixed up with the whimsical additions and alterations which appear in the Persian translation.

In conclusion, the writer has only to add that in his earlier years he always cherished the idea of writing a complete history of India from original Sanskrita records. Riper years showed him the folly of such an attempt. His inability to undertake such a gigantic task, even if the materials had not been wanting, should have made him think twice before entertaining such a hope. Nevertheless the idea imbibed in younger days, and fondly

cherished from year to year, the writer has found it difficult altogether to give up. It was for a long time his wish to connect his attempts with a history of India, and this hope or vanity he has now attempted to gratify by the comparatively lighter task of rendering a history which already exists in the Sanskrita language into English. Even while this work was in progress, he was too often and too painfully reminded by the difficulties he met, of his own weakness.

CALCUTTA,
13*th August* 1879.

J. C. DUTT.

KINGS OF KÁSHMÍRA.

BOOK I.*

What an indescribable thing, is the merit of a good poet! By means of it, his own fame as well as that of others is immortalised! Who, but a poet can bring back the past in sweet composition, and what can make it intelligible if his art cannot? Although grace has been sacrified in this work, for the sake of briefness, yet there are some things which will please the good. Happy is he, who is without worldliness and envy, and is favored by the Goddess of Learning in narrating the past. I shall include past records in my writing, and the good will not turn away without knowing the usefulness of my work. Modern writers have tampered with the records of the eye-witnesses of past events, and it requires skill, therefore, to write a history of the past. To write the truth is my object.

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* An invocation to Hara and Parvati, with which the work begins, has been left out.

The elaborate original records were epitomized by Suvrata, in order that they might be remembered with ease, and so the original was lost. The style of Suvrata is tough and obscure.

Though Kshesandra had the powers of a poet, yet through his carelessness, his history of kings has become faulty.

I have seen eleven old works on the history of kings, and also the book of Nilamuni, and have corrected many errors by examining gift-deeds of ancient kings.

Twelve thousand works on the history of kings were compiled by the great ascetic Helárája.

No mention is made of fifty-two kings on account of their irreligion. Four of these, Gonanda, &c., are named by Nilamuni; Padmamihira following Helárája gives an account of eight kings, descendants of Ashoka from Lava; and Shrichchhavillaka speaks of five only. He writes, "from Ashoka to Abhimanyu five kings have been named out of fifty-two." These fifty-two kings, whose histories have not been written because of their evil works, were contemporaneous with the Kauravas and the Kaunteyas of the Kali Yuga. They reigned with might, rode elephants, attained great prosperity, and in their houses were ladies, hidden from view like moon-light in the open day; yet these great men are not now known or remembered, as if they had never been born, simply because poets did not favor

them by writing their histories. I bow to the poet's great art without which the world is dark.

[The author has taken great pains to fix the date of the original dynasty. We have given his elaborate arguments combating certain then-existing errors on the subject, as well as our calculations fixing the dates of the different reigns and events as deduced from the author's date, in Appendix A. *Translator*.]

Kashmira is studded with high cliffs, and cannot be conquered even by the strength of a good army; and the people are afraid of nothing but of the future world. In winter there are hot baths by the river, in summer the cool river-banks; and the rivers are calm, and not infested with water animals. It is a country where the sun shines mildly, being the place created by Kashayapa as if for his glory. High school-houses, the saffron, iced water, and grapes, which are rare even in heaven, are common here. Kailása is the best place in the three worlds, Himálaya the best part of Kailása, and Káshmíra the best place in Himalaya.

The following is a list of gods and holy things which existed in Káshmíra from the earliest time :—

An wooden image of Shiva, the destroyer of vice, to touch which is to gain salvation;

A currentof water which flows at evening over a hill. This can be seen by the virtuous, but not by the vicious;

Brahmá in the shape of fire, which rising from the earth burnt the forest ;

The goddess Sarasvatí in the form of a swan in a lake on the top of the Devibheng Rock whence the Ganges takes its rise.

The shrine of Nandi Kshetra where the spots of sandal, with which the gods performed worship, are visible to the present day.

There, at Nandi, is also Sárada or Durgá, by seeing whom one gains immediate salvation and the gift of the flowing and sweet speech of a poet.

The country is adorned with gods Chakrabhrita, Vijayesha, Adi Keshava and Ishána. It is full of shrines.

Be it to the glory or shame of the country or the time, we will speak the truth, regarding the history of kings. This book contains accounts of many ancient manners; and what wise man will not feel charmed with it? The triumph of contentment will be apparent if the frail life of man be contemplated. Listen then to this sweet history clearly narrating the actions of kings.

For six Manvantaras from Sarskalpa the world lay filled with water, bedded in the lap of the Himálaya, and on the approach of the present Vaivasvatakalpa, Kashyapa invited the gods from above, and struck the earth and caused it to be heaved above the water, and thus established the kingdom of Káshmíra. Then reigned Níla over the Nágas ; his royal umbrella was the hood of

the serpent (Nága). There lived various classes of Nágas whose jewels made the city as rich as the treasury of Kuvera. The first king Níla was invited by the Nágas to reign over them. He had a sceptre one and a half cubit long, and had an umbrella placed over him, and a *kunda.*

The history then presents a blank till the reign of Gonanda I. at the beginning of the *Kali yuga.* This powerful king was contemporary with Yudhisthira and a friend of his enemy Jarásindhu. Gonanda I, who ruled in Káshmíra, where the Ganges flows cheering the mount Kailása on her way, was invited by Jarásindhu to help him in his invasion of Mathurá, the capital of Krishna. With a large army they invested that city and encamped on the banks of the Yamuná to the great terror of their foes. On one occasion the army of Krishna was defeated in a battle, but Balaráma not only retrieved the confusion of his army, but made a vigorous attack on the allied force. For a long time victory remained doubtful, till at last Gonanda I., pierced with wounds fell dead on the field, and the army of Krishna was victorious.

On his death, Dámodara I. ascended the throne of Káshmíra, and though possessed of this beautiful kingdom, he was far from being happy; his proud heart brooded on his father's death. While in this state, he heard that the Gándháras had invited Krishna and his relatives to the nuptials of some of the daughters of

their tribe, to be celebrated near the banks of the Indus, and in which the bridegrooms were to be chosen by the brides. While great preparations were being made for the nuptials, the king moved with a large army of infantry and horse, and interrupted the festival. In the battle that ensued, many of the Gándháras were killed, but the king, pierced to the heart with Krishna's *chakra*, perished.

He left his queen Yasabatí pregnant, and she was by Krishna's orders raised to the throne. This step was opposed by his envious ministers, but he silenced them by repeating a verse from the Puránas, to the effect that the girls of Káshmíra are Párvvatis. "Know," said he, "that the sovereigns of Káshmíra are portions of Hara, and they should not be hated by the wise even if they be wicked and worldly-minded. Man does not value the woman he enjoys, but the subjects will see in her, their mother and goddess." In due course the queen gave birth to an auspicious male child, and it was a sapling of a family which had well-nigh become extinct. The ceremonies of his birth and coronation were performed by Bráhmans, and he grew up and was named Gonanda after his grandfather. Two nurses were employed for him, one, his mother, to give him milk, and the other to do all other work. His father's ministers would bestow wealth on those on whom he would smile, though the smile of a child is meaningless. If they could not understand his lisping words they left ashamed. They would often

set him upon his father's throne, his feet not reaching the footstool, and while his hair waved in the breeze of the chámara, they would administer justice to his subjects in his presence. It was at this time that the great battle of Kuru Pandava was fought, but he was then an infant, and was not therefore asked to help either of the parties.

After this, the names of thirty-five kings are lost in the sea of oblivion, as their history has not been written because of their irreligiousness.

The next king whose name is mentioned was Lava, a renowned prince. He had a vast and powerful army under him, and probably carried on many wars with his neighbours. It is said of him that the noise of his army made his people sleepless, but lulled his enemies to long sleep (death). He built the town of Lolora which, it is said, contained no less than eighty-four lacs of stone-built houses. Nothing more is said of him than that he bestowed the village of Levara in Ledari on Bráhmanas before his death.

He was succeeded by his son Kusheshaya, who was a powerful prince. He bestowed the village of Kurúhára on Bráhmanas.

His son Khagendra, who succeeded him, was a valorous and patient king. He destroyed many of the Nágas who were his enemies. He founded the villages of Khágikhuna and Musa.

After his death his son Surendra succeeded him. He was a prince of great valor, of pure character, and mild

temper. He built near Darat a town named Sauraka, and within that town he erected a palace which he named Narendra Bhavana. He died childless.

On his death one named Godhara, born of a different family, became king. He gave away the village of Hastishálá to Bráhmanas.

His son Suvarna, who reigned after him, was a liberal prince; he gave away gold to beggars, and caused a canal which he called Suvarna-mani to be dug at Karála.

His son Janaka was like a father to his subjects; he built Vihára and Jálara.

His son Shachinara, of forgiving temper and of noble mind, then ruled the kingdom; he built Rájágrahára and Shamángásáshanára. He died childless.

He was succeeded by Ashoka, the great grandson of Shakuni, and son of king Shachinara's first cousin. He was a truthful and spotless king, and a follower of Buddha. He caused many stupas to be built on the rocky banks of the Vitastá (Jhelum) at Shushkaletra. On the extremity of Dharmáranya he built a chaitya so high that its top could not be seen. It was he who built Srinagara, which contained no less than ninety-six lacs of beautiful houses. He pulled down the dilapidated wall of the compound of the temple of Srivijayesha and a new stone wall in its stead. He also caused to be erected two palaces near the court-yard of that god, and named them Ashoka and Isvra.

In his reign, it appears, the Mlechchhas (Scythians?) overran the country, and he retired into privacy and ended his life in devotion.

His brave son Jaloka, said to have been the gift of Shiva whom he pleased by his worship, drove back the Mlechchhas from the country and succeeded in regaining his father's throne. An account of his accomplishments, would astonish even the gods. If a golden egg were thrown into a tank, he could pierce it with his arrow. He knew the art of being under water, by which device he enjoyed the youthful daughters of the Nágas. He was the worshipper of Vijayeshvara, Nandísha and Kshetrajyeshtesha—all, different representations of Shiva. His victory over these foreigners, which gained him great reputation, did not cease with their expulsion from his kingdom, but he pursued them to the sea. Weary of battles against them, he rested at a place where he tied up his hair, for which reason the place was named Ujjata-dimba. He then turned his arms in another direction, conquered Konouje, and thence carried to his kingdom, some men of each of the four castes, who were versed in law and religion. Before his time, Káshmíra was a poor country, and justice was not well administered. For the proper administration of the country he created seven new offices, *viz.* : those of Chief Justice, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Treasurer, Commander-in-Chief, Ambassador, High Priest and Augur. He entrusted the government of Dvára and other places to his queen

Ishánadeví. He established eighteen places of worship, and built Váraválá and other edifices, and caused to be read the Nandi Purana recited by a disciple of Vyasa. He set up the god Jeshtharudra in Srinagara, and also worshipped the god Sodara.

It is narrated of this king that one day when he was going to the temple of Vijayeshvara, he met a woman on the way who asked him for some food, and when he promised her whatever food she wanted, she changed herself into some deformed shape and asked for human flesh. Unwilling to kill any one to satisfy her unnatural appetite, he permitted her to take off what she liked from his own body. This heroic self-devotion seemed to move her, and she remarked that for his tender regard for the life of others she considered him a second Buddha. The king, being a follower of Shiva, did not know Buddha, and asked her who Buddha was whom she took him to be. She then unfolded her mission and said, that on the other side of the hill of Lokáloka, where the sun never shone, there lived a tribe of Krittika who were the followers of Buddha. This tribe, she continued with the eloquence of a missionary, were never angry even with those who did them injury, forgave them that trespassed against them, and even did them good. They taught truth and wisdom to all, and were willing to dispel the darkness of ignorance that covered the earth. "But this people," she added, "you have injured. There was a monastery belonging to us in which the beating of

drums once disturbed your sleep, and incited by the advice of wicked men you have destroyed the monastery. The angry Buddhists sent me to murder you, but our high priest interfered; he told me that you were a powerful monarch, against whom we would not be able to cope. He said that if you would listen to me, and build a monastery with your gold, you would atone for the sins of which you are guilty in destroying the former one. Here I came therefore and tested your heart in disguise." Krittidevi then returned to her people after extorting from the king a promise to build a monastery, and agreeably to his promise he caused it to be erected on the very place of their meeting.

At Nandikshetra he caused a house of Shiva Bhútesha to be erected and bestowed much wealth on it. It seems his last days were spent in devotion. On the banks of the Kanakaváhiní there was a holy place named Chíramochana. Here the king performed his devotions for three nights. At the time of song and dance, one hundred females of his household rose up to dance before the god Jeshtharudra and he bestowed those women on that god. He and his queen died at Chíramochana.

Dámodara II. then ascended the throne; it does not appear, whether this prince was of Ashoka's line or of some other dynasty. He was very rich, and a devout Shaiva, and his glory is still remembered. He contracted friendship with Kuvera, king of the Yakshas, a neighbouring tribe, and caused the Yakshas to build a bridge crossing a

swamp, and gave the name of Dámodarasuda to the city built by him in that swamp. Ambitious to do something uncommonly beneficial to his people, he thought of erecting high stone embankments to prevent inundations, employing the Yakshas in the work. But an accident prevented the accomplishment of his design. One day when the king was going to bathe previous to performing a Shraddha, some hungry Bráhmanas asked him for food, but he disregarded their request and was proceeding to the river, when the Bráhmanas by the force of their worship brought the river to his feet. "Look !" said they, "here is the Vitastá (Jhelum), now feed us." But the king suspected it to be the effect of magic. "Go away for the present," replied the king, "I will not feed you till I have bathed." The Bráhmanas then cursed him saying that he would be turned into a serpent. When much entreated to withdraw their curse, they so far mitigated it as to say that if the king would listen to the Ramayana from the beginning to the end in one day, he would again be restored to his form. To this day, he may be seen running about at Damodarasuda in the form of a thirsty serpent. Cursed is the power of Rishis, that even such a good king should be destroyed by it. The glory lost by the force of an enemy may be restored again, but that destroyed by the curse of Brahmanas never comes back.

Then there were on the throne of Káshmíra three kings reigning jointly, namely, Hushka, Jushka and

Kanishka; they built three cities and called them after their names. Jushka also caused a monastery to be built and another town named Jayasvámipura. Though they were of Turashka origin, they yet built several monasteries and places of worship on the plains of Shushkaletra. During their long reigns Buddhist hermits were all-powerful in the country, and Buddhist religion prevailed without opposition. From the death of Buddha Shákyasinha to this time of Lokadhatu, one hundred and fifty years had passed. Nágárjjuna a great Boddhisattva then stopped for six days in the woods of Káshmíra.

Then reigned Abhimanyu without an enemy in the kingdom, and bestowed the village of Kautakoutsa to Bráhmanas. He caused an image of Shiva to be made on which his name was inscribed. He also built a city called Abhimanyupura after his name. It was in his reign that the grammarians Chandrácharjya and others flourished, and wrote the history of this king with his permission. The Buddhists, under their great leader Nágárjjuna, continued to gain strength in the country; they not only defeated in argument the Panditas who upheld the worship, of Shiva, and rejected the duties prescribed in the Nílapurána, but had the influence to discontinue the ceremonies and worship enjoined by it. The Nágas, in consequence, rose in arms, murdered many people, mostly Buddhists, by rolling down ice from the mountains; and carried on their devastations year by year. The king avoided these scenes of tumult, and

retired in winter to such places as Dárvábhisára, &c. At last Chandradeva, a pious Bráhmana and a descendant of Kasyapa, appeased the tumult by worshipping Shiva who appeared to him in person, prevented the rolling of ice, and restored the rites according to the Nílapuráṇa. This holy man had on a former occasion stopped a massacre of the Yakshas.

Then came Gonanda III. to the throne, and established the rites of the Nágas according to the Nílapuráṇa, and the wicked Buddhists ceased to be oppressed. He was a good and powerful king, and infused new life into the kingdom. He was the greatest of his line as Ráma was in his. It is owing to the virtues of the people that good kings are born, and then the parts of the kingdom long dismembered are reacquired. Those who oppress their subjects perish with their dynasties, while those who relieve the oppressed flourish. From a study of the history of this king, the wise will be able to know the signs of prosperity or adversity with regard to future kings. He reigned for thirty-five years.

After him his son Vibhíshana I. reigned for fifty-three years and six months.

Then followed Indrajita.

And then his son Rávana. The Shivalinga set up by Rávana may still be seen. This linga is marked with spots and stripes, and was kept within a temple, and had the power of prophesy; and to it the king dedicated the whole of his kingdom. The reigns of Rávana and

his father together, extended over a period of thirty-five years and six months.

Rávana's son Vibhíshana II. then reigned for thirty-five years and six months.

Then came his son Nara I., sometimes called Kinnara, to the throne. Whatever he did for the benefit of his subjects turned, from want of proper judgment, to their injury. A Buddhist who lived in a monastery in a certain village eloped with his queen; this so enraged him, that he burnt thousands and thousands of monasteries, and gave to the Bráhmanas, who dwelt at Madhyamata, the villages that supported those monasteries. He built a town on the banks of the Vitastá, which he laid out with spacious roads, and adorned with the spoils of other countries. It was crowded with rich shops, and graced with fruit and flower gardens, and the river below was covered with boats.

Now, in this city dwelt a Bráhmana whose wife (the daughter of a Nága)* was possessed of exceeding beauty, in so much that the king heard of her beauty through spies, and became enamoured of her. Not even the fear of discredit could check his wayward heart. Then, again, an accident fanned his passion beyond control. One day while the girl was sitting on the terrace of her house, she saw a horse eating the grain which was left drying outside her house. She called her servants

* See Appendix B.

to drive away the animal, but none of them being there, she descended herself, and holding with one hand her veil which was slipping away owing to the haste she made, she drove the horse by pushing the animal with the other. Her palm and fingers left a golden impress on the animal. This the king heard, and, enamoured as he was of her, became more violent. He first employed persons to seduce her, who tormented her with temptation, but to no effect. On this the shameless king blind in his passion, asked for her of her own husband. This failed also, and he received only abusive language in return, from the offended husband. At last he sent some soldiers to snatch away the girl. While the soldiers were attacking the house on the front, the Bráhmana with his wife made their exit by another way, and came to the Nága for help. There he related the insult which the king had intended to offer to his daughter. The Nága became enraged, and in his vengeance burnt down the city; thousands who fled to Chakradhara for shelter were also burnt, and the Vitastá ran polluted with scorched human remains. The king perished in the conflagration.

Meanwhile Ramaní, the sister of the Nága, issued ont of her mountain cave and was coming to her brother's help; but when about a *Yojana* from the scene of action, she heard of her brother's success, and returned home after laying waste villages to the extent of five *Yojanas* round. The heaps of stones with which she destroyed the villages

may be seen up to this time and is known by the name Ramanyatavi. After having killed many men, the Nága became disgusted with himself and was hated by others, he retired from the place, and lived on a distant hill, where he dug a tank which may be seen even to this day only during the festival of Amareshvarayatra. Near this tank another was dug named Jamatrisara, which belonged to the Bráhmana, who through the favor his father-in-law was made a Nága.

The passion of the king may appear to the senseless as nothing guilty, but for that passion Nara I. suffered what none ever suffered. When a king, under the pretence of protecting his subjects, oppresses them, he generally meets such a death unawares. For it is known that the anger either of a chaste woman, or of a Bráhmana or of a god can destroy the three worlds. Even to this day, the burnt houses and the tank near the hill Chakradhara remind the people of the occurrence.

This king reigned over a period of thirty-nine years and nine months, and within this short time the town of Kinnarapura became as beautiful as Gandharvvapura.

It was by mere chance that Nara's son prince Sidha was absent at Vijayakshetra when the catastrophe happened to the king and his capital, and thus his life was saved from the general ruin. He set himself to repa[illegible] the ravages done in the last reign. He was of a [illegible] character and led a pure life, and passed his days in peace. The misfortune of his father was an instruction

to him; and though surrounded by pleasures he kept himself clear of all temptations. He disregarded riches, and had his god Mahádeva always in mind whenever he did any thing. After a reign of sixty years he with his servants went up bodily to Mahádevaloka, and the gods for seven days beat drums and published the fact. The servants of Nara came to grief because of their attachment to him, but when they came to serve his son, they were admired by the world because they went with him to heaven. They who take shelter with others always share the same fate with those who shelter them, be it good or bad. The grass, made into a rope, descends into the well, but in the company of flowers ascends on the heads of the gods.

His son Utpaláksha, so named from the beauty of his eyes, then reigned for thirty years and six months.

He was succeeded by his son Hiranyáksha. He built a city called after his own name, and reigned for thirty-seven years and seven months.

His son Hiranyakula succeeded him and reigned sixty years.

And then his son Mukula, sometimes called Vasukula, came to the throne. He also reigned for sixty years. In this reign the Mlechchhas overran Káshmíra.

He was succeeded by his son Mihirakula, who was as cruel as Death. Day and night were men murdered by his orders, even in places of his amusement; he relented not even towards boys or women, nor respected the aged;

and his presence and that of his army, were known by the assemblage of crows and vultures that feasted on the dead. Once he saw the breasts of his queen marked with foot-prints of a golden color. This enraged him, and he called for explanation from the keeper of the zenana. The keeper replied that the queen wore a boddice made of Ceylon cloth, and that the Cingalese marked their clothes with golden foot-marks which denoted the foot-prints of their king. Whereupon he reached the Southern Sea and invaded Ceylon. He assuaged his anger by killing the king of the place, set up another, a cruel man on his throne, and returned to his kingdom, bringing with him from Ceylon a picture of the sun named Ushadeva. On his return he passed through Chola, Karnáta, Náta, &c. The kings of these places fled on his approach, and returned to their ravaged capitals after he had gone away. When entering Káshmíra, one hundred of his elephants were startled by the cries of one elephant which had fallen into a den, and the king ordered the hundred elephants to be killed. As the touch of the sinful pollutes the body, so the narration of his history pollutes the speech. One day when he was descending in to the river Chandrakulyá, on his way stood a heavy block of stone which could not be moved. Now, he dreamt a dream afterwards, that the gods spoke unto him, and said, that a Yaksha, (a spirit,) resided in it, and that it could not be moved but by a chaste woman. He then put his dream

to proof, and many a citizen's wife tried to move the stone in vain, till Chandravati, wife of a potter, accomplished the feat. The king was enraged to find so many women unchaste; he ordered them to be killed together with their husbands, sons and brothers, three *kotis* in all. This action is lauded by some, but such massacre should be condemned. That the people did not rebel against their king and kill him, was because the gods defended him.

However he did some virtuous acts; he set up the god Mihireshvara, named after him, in Shrinagara, and founded a great city in Hola called Mihirapura after his name. He also bestowed some villages on the Bráhmanas of Gándhára, who were equally vicious with the king. These Bráhmanas were so shameless as to cohabit with their sisters and the wives of their sons. They were born of Mlechchhas. It is a wonder that such people ever existed. They sold their wives as they did other articles, and their wives too were shameless enough to live with others. The rainy season pleases the peacocks, and a clear autumn pleases the *hansas;* so he who gives, and they who receive, are of the same temper. In his old age this terror of the world became infirm, and suffered from many maladies. He therefore caused a fire to be kindled, and voluntarily entered into the flame. And at the time of his death he heard heavenly voice proclaimed that even the king who killed three kotis of men entered heaven for he was cruel to his own person.

Some say that his sins were palliated by his gift of villages. They say that when these Bráhmanas of Darad who were born of Mlechchhas, and who sold their wives, spread themselves in the country, the king established many good rites and extended the kingdom of the Aryas and performed hard *tapa*, and at last gave his body to the flames. He gave thousands of villages in Vijayeshvara to the Bráhmanas of Gándhára. Thus died the king falling into the fire which kindled on swords, rasors &c., and thus he expiated his sins. He reigned for seventy years.

After his death the citizens raised his son Vaka, a very good prince, to the throne. At first they were mistrustful of him as they were of his father, but in course of time they liked him, and welcomed his reign after that of his predecessor, as one welcomes the rains after summer. Virtue returned, as if, from another world, and safety from exile in the forest ; and peace and security were re-established in the kingdom. He founded a city named Lavanotsa. At last, Vattá, a female devotee, came to the king one night in the shape of a beautiful woman, and with enticing words persuaded him to be present at a religious festival at her place. There the king went, but instead of witnessing a festival, he with his many sons and grandsons were all sacrificed except one son. A stone, marked with the impression of her knees, as she knelt to sacrifice the king, is still to be seen ; and this horrid tale is even now related in the monasteries at

Khíra. This king reigned for sixty-three years and thirteen days.

The surviving prince Kshitinanda then reigned for thirty years.

Vasunanda, his son, then ascended the throne, and reigned for fifty-two years and two months. This prince was the originator of the science of love.

He was succeeded by his son Nara II., who reigned for sixty years.

And he was succeeded by his son Aksha who also reigned for sixty years. He built a holy place called after his name Akshavála.

He was succeeded by his son Gopaditya. His reign was like *Satya Yuga.* He bestowed the villages of Sakhelakhágikáhárí, Skandapura and Shamángadimukha on Bráhmanas, and some other villages on the Bráhmanas of Drávira. He expelled from his country several irreligious Bráhmanas who used to eat garlic, brought others of the caste from foreign countries and induced them to settle in Vishchika &c., He set up a god named Jeshteshvara. He never pardoned the slaughter of animals except for religious purposes. He died after a reign of sixty years and six days.

His son Gokarna then succeeded him, and set up a god Gokarna after his name, and reigned for fifty-seven years and eleven months.

He was succeeded by his son Narendráditya otherwise called Khingkhila. He set up a god named Bhutesvara,

and a goddess Akshayiní. His religious instructor Ugra set up another god Ugresha, and ten goddesses who were called Matri Chakra. After a reign of thirty-six years and a hundred days, this virtuous king died.

His son named Yudhishthira then ascended the throne; he was called *the blind* on account of the smallness of his eyes. He began his rule over his ancestral kingdom with great care, and maintained the ancient laws of the country. But after a short time, he became exceedingly vain of his royal affluence, took into his favor ignorant and unworthy persons, and became indifferent to the wise servants of the state. In distributing favors, he made no distinction between fools and the wise, and the latter therefore kept themselves away from his court in disgust. To see all alike is virtue in a hermit, but is a fault in a king. The Bráhmanas who were his flatterers soon got ascendancy over him, and made him a mere puppet. His gaity and lightness with these Bráhmanas became dangerous to men, and his favor uncertain and fleeting; for he would abuse those in their absence, whom in their presence he favored, and so he became an object of hatred to men. In short he endangered the stability of his throne. His ministers rebelled, and got the army under their command. They also made alliance with the neighbouring kings, who, encouraged by their offer, and hoping to get possession of Káshmíra, kept themselves as watchful as vultures. The king knew not how to act, nor could any means be devised to keep the kingdom

safe. He at first tried to reconcile his rebellious ministers, but in vain. For the ministers feared that should the king find himself again firmly seated on his throne, he would kill them; their rebellion was openly proclaimed, and they could not recede.

The ministers with their army now laid siege to the palace, sounding their trumpets, and clouding the top of the palace with the banners which waved over their elephants. The king at last came to terms. He agreed to retire from the city. As he issued out of his palace with his seraglio and treasure, and passed the dusty streets, the people wept to see his altered condition. The besiegers, however, robbed him of some of his women and riches. When weary of walking among the rocks, he would sit under the shadow of a tree, and then he would again set out again, to beguile his grief by travelling. Sometimes he would be awakened from his sleep, by the noise of his enemy at a distance, and might be seen creeping into some fountain cavern to hide himself. Often weary of penetrating through woods, or crossing the streams, his tender queens would faint away. Sometimes they would turn their backs and see the kingdom they once enjoyed, and would weep and strike their heads with their palms, and mingle their tears with the waters of the fountains. Sometimes from the top of a mountain they would look on the fair realm of Káshmíra, once their home, and bid a last farewell. Even the birds wept to see them do this. At last some neighbouring

king felt pity for Yudhishthira, took him under his protection, and consoled him for his misfortunes.

Here ends the first book of Rájatarangini by Kahlana, son of Champaka prabhu, the great minister of Káshmíra. There reigned* thirty-eight kings for a period of 1015 years 8 months and 9 days.

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* In another place it is stated that only twenty-one kings reigned during the above-mentioned period.

BOOK II.

[INVOCATION to MOHÁDEVA AND PÁRVATÍ AS ONE.]

YUDHISHTHIRA in his old age relinquished all hopes of regaining his kingdom, and much humbled, abandoned all enjoyments. But others maintain that he was confined by his ministers in fort Agaliká as he was attempting to get back his kingdom.

After deposing Yudhishthira the ministers coronated one Pratápáditya, a relative of Vikramáditya, king of some distant country. Some writers erroneously believe, that this was Vikramáditya [of Oujin], the enemy of Saka. The kingdom was torn by internal discord and was for some time governed by Harsha and other kings. Pratápáditya ruled well and died after a reign of thirty two years.

He was succeeded by his son Jalauka. This prince derived his glory from his father, and reigned with equal glory for the same period as his father, it was like the full moon which succeeds the sun when days and nights are equal.

Him succeeded his son Tungjína, who shared the administration with his queen. This king and queen graced the world as the Ganges and the Crescent beautify the hair of shiva. They governed well the country inhabited by people of the several castes and beautiful as the bow of Indra borne on two clouds. They built a city

named Katika, and raised a temple to Maháadeva Tungeshvara. They also planted trees in the burning plains of Márava. In their reign lived Chandraka a partial incarnation of Váyasa the great poet. He invented a sort of dance. A severe calamity visited the kingdom in this reign, as if to test the noble hearts of the sovereigns. In the season of autumn, in the month of Bhádra, a sudden and heavy frost blighted the *sali* grain that was then ripening, and the consequence was a severe famine which threatened the destruction of the people. Natural feelings were smothered, nor shame nor pride nor nobility was then remembered. Every one became mad with hunger, nor cared for his wife or son or father, but devoured what he could get, unmindful of the solicitations of his wife or child, son or father weak and famished with hunger. Men were reduced to bare skeletons disgusting to the sight; they abused and fought with one another for food, and oppressed with hunger they cast their eyes on every direction eager to satisfy their appetite by destroying every living thing. At this time of distress, the king and the queen showed the greatest humanity; they iminvited the people to their palace and fed them; they imported rice from other countries, defraying the expenses from their own treasury, as well as from those of their ministers; and fed the people day and night. Every one was taken care of whether residing in houses, or wandering in woods or streets or in the burning ghat. One night when the king found that his treasures were spent,

and there was no rice, he was much grieved and said to his queen: "Surely O queen! for some sins of ours this great calamity has befallen our people. Wo is me before whose eyes these people are dying of hunger, and since I cannot save these our helpless subjects, what is the use of my living? In consequence of much anxious care and attention there has been no mortality as yet. But now that the earth is reduced to poverty and deprived all glory, no means are left to deliver the people from this great calamity. It seems that the end of the world is nigh; the mountain passes are blocked up with snow, and there is no way left for people to go out of the country; and they are doomed to die here. See how the men, the heroic, the wise and the learned have been reduced. How in our days of prosperity, splendour smiled on every side, and now it is gone. Let me perish in the flames since I see no means to relieve my subjects, and I am unable to see them die. Happy are those kings who seeing their subjects as their sons, at ease, can pass their nights in peace." Thus saying, the tender-hearted king fell on his bed, and covering his face with cloth began to weep profusely. There was no wind, and the lamp burnt steadily with a long flame. The queen saw him in that condition and thus consoled him: "How the misfortune of your subjects has turned your sense that you lose your patience and behave like vulgar men! If the evil be inevitable, no one can avert it. But failure reflects no discredit on the great. Women

should love their husbands, ministers should remain faithful, and the king should protect his subjects without deviating his attention to any other affair. Arise O king! my words are never spoken in vain, your subjects' distress is over." When the queen had finished her noble speech, dead pigeons dropped in every house and the people lived on them. The king saw this and relinquished his intention of committing suicide. But lothed to destroy animal life the queen contrived to prevent the supply of these birds. In the meantime the sky cleared up and the famine disappeared. The queen gave the villages of Katímusha and Rámusha to Bráhmanas. The king died after a reign of thirty-six years, and his queen, unable to bear the affliction, perished by burning herself. The place where she died is called Vákkashtatavi. There a place of rest for travellers was erected, and many weary wanderers from various countries are fed even to this day. They died without issue. God did not favor them with a son, but what can commemorate them better than their own acts. The sweet sugar-cane bears no fruit, but no fruits could be sweeter. Some say that the queen perished in the flames, because she thought that the famine was brought in by her sins.

They were succeeded by one Vijaya of a different dynasty. He built a town named Vijayeshvara and reigned for eight years.

He was succeeded by his son Jayendra of great fame, whose long arms reached to his knees. He had a minister

named Sandhimati, a devout worshipper of Shiva; but the king led by his flatterers suspected him of evil designs because of his great wisdom. He was forbidden to approach the king, his property was confiscated, and he was reduced to poverty for the rest of his days. Nor was there any officer of the court who spoke to him, for the courtiers are but the echoes of the king. But neither the anger of the king nor his own poverty ruffled his temper; for still he passed his days happily in the worship of his god. Even in his devotions he was not suffered to remain in peace. There was a rumour that the time would come when Sandhimati would reign. His enemies at court hinted to the king that the ex-minister had spread this rumour; and the king, alarmed at the probable consequences, threw Sandhimati into prison, chained with a heavy chain. There he remained for ten years till the time of the king's death. When the last days of the king approached, the pain of his illness was aggravated by his fear that the imprisoned Sandhimati would succeed him, as he was childless. And to remove his anxieties, he intended to execute the minister. But however wisely man may contrive for his good, it is in the power of Fate, to turn it to his evil. If there be a spark of fire, and man wishes to put it out, and if Fate would have it otherwise, the man mistakes the pot of melted *ghee* for water and pours it over the fire. Now by the cruel king's order the executioners impaled Sandhimati in the night, and when the king heard that

the minister was dead, his heart became light; but he died soon after. He reigned for thirty seven years, and died without a child.

The kingdom was for a few days left without a king. At last Sandhimati, [who, it appears, was falsely reported to the king as dead,*] was selected by the citizens to reign over them; and he reluctantly, and only at the request of his *guru*, ascended the throne. Dressed in royal clothes, and midst the shouts of his subjects who scattered parched grain in his way, he entered the capital with his army. An experienced man as he was, he governed wisely, without being taught, and did every thing in a perfect manner. He was not susceptible to the fascinations of women and his reign was peaceful. He was ever pleased with burning incense and camphor; and though regular in the discharge of regal duties, he would often go to visit different Shivas, *viz.*, Bhutesha Bardhamánisha Vijayesha and Ishána and would feel pleasure even in breathing the air that blew from the temple of Hara, bearing the particles of the water with which the steps of the temple were washed, or of listening to the sound of the water as it was poured over the god. He alone knew the happiness which may be derived from visiting the image of Shiva, beautiful in its simplicity, and washed after the morning service. Every day he made one thousand Shiva-lingas. If through

* See Appendix C.

any accident he failed to do this, he would order his servants to collect a thousand stones in their stead; and after worship, threw them into a tank or river which looked like Narmadá; and such a collection of stones is still to be seen. He filled his court with Rishis, besmeared with ashes and with *jatás* in their heads, and his country with large temples and large *lingas*, with big images of bulls, and huge tridents. The villages and gifts which he gave away to the gods have however since been reclaimed. In the place for burning the dead, where he was revived into life,* he set up a Shiva named Sandhishvara, and another named Isheshvara after the name of his *guru*. He also raised houses and images, temples and *lingas* at Ksheda, Bhima, Devi, and other places. He alone knew to enjoy Káshmira purified with images of Shiva and holy places In the mouth of Chaitra he used to bathe in a fountain in which the flowers, with which his god was worshipped, were thrown. In the heat of summer he lived in cool retreats in the woods, and there beside a tank he would sit and contemplate on Shiva. In autumn he would worship his god beside some tank, and in the month of Mágha he would keep up nights with the Rishis. A life of continued devotion but ill pleased his subjects, as all his time was spent in devotions, and he had none to spare for the management of his kingdom. His subjects

* See Appendix C.

therefore began to look for another whom they could raise to the throne; and they came to hear that there lived an ambitious prince of the line of Yudhishthira, the Blind.

Gopáditya, the king of Gándhara, in the hope of conquering Káshmíra, had given shelter to the great grand-son of Yudhishthira. This exiled prince had a son named Meghaváhana, whom his father sent to the country of East Yotisha to be present at the Sayamvara marriage of the daughter of its king who was a Visnuvite; and he had the fortune of being selected as the husband of the princess. He was also presented with an umbrella, which was got from Varuna by king Naraka and which cast its shade on none but a paramount king. This connection gave him some importance in the eyes of the people who believed that he would one day rise to power. And after his return with his wife to his father, the ministers of Káshmíra invited him to accept the sceptre of their country, he being the descendant of their ancient king. Sandhimati, otherwise called Aryyarája, found his kingdom weakened by internal disagreement, but took no steps to mend matters. On the contrary, he was anxious to resign his office, believing that his tutelary god had given him a fitting opportunity to relieve himself of his kingdom, and to engage himself in devotion. He thought himself happy that in the midst of the enjoyments of the kingdom, he did not forget his various duties which were yet to be

performed; and he was glad that he would resign the kingdom of his own free will, and was not compelled to do it by force; and that during the long period of his reign there had been no misrule. "Fortunately" he said "I am not grieved to resign my office, nor blame my fortune for it". Thus resolved, and making his mind a kingdom in itself, he one day assembled his subjects and resigned the kingdom into their hands after a reign of forty seven years, as if he returned to them what was entrusted to him for safe keeping. Many people tried to induce him to retain his office, but in vain. Having once resigned it, he refused to accept the kingdom again. Dressed as a hermit, and, clad in white cloth and without a turban, he went on foot towards the north like a devotee, speaking to none, and fixing his eyes on his feet. Many of his late subjects followed him weeping silently. After he had proceeded more than four miles, he sat down under a tree, and having consoled his weeping followers, he sent them back. In this way he proceeded, loitering at the foot of the hills, and as he went on further his subjects gradually left him. With a few attendants he began to ascend the mountains. At last taking leave of his last weeping followers, he entered the woods, where many a hermit slept in his cavern home. There in the evening he built a cottage beside a tank, and within it made a bed of leaves, keeping his water in a pot made of the same material. The moon shone on the top of the hills, the new grass variegated

the color at the base of the mountains; there beneath the Malliká tree slept the milk women; and there was heard the music of the fountains mingled with that of the goat herds' lute,—all these lulled the weary king to rest. The howl of the wild beasts, and the cry of *karkaretu* told him that the night was past. Rising from his sleep, he performed his morning devotions and repaired to the celebrated shrine of Sodara. There in Nandikshetra he stood before the image of Mahádeva besmeared with ashes, his locks of hair tied, his hand holding a garland of seeds, while the old *rishis* looked on him with surprise. He spent his days in devotions and begging alms.

Here ends the second book of the Rájataranginí by Kahlana, son of Champakapravu, the great minister of Káshmíra. There reigned six kings over a period of one hundred and ninety-two years. From the beginning there were forty-four kings.

BOOK III.

[Invocation to Hara Parvatí as usual.]

After the resignation and retirement of the late king, the ministers who presided over the council of the people, went to Gándhára, and brought with them the renowned Meghaváhana, whom they crowned king; and who afterwards proved to be a good and kind-hearted sovereign; and the expectations that were entertained of him were fully realized. His tenderness for animal life was even greater than that of a Buddhist high priest. He forbade the slaughter of animals in his kingdom, and as compensation to the hunters who lived by killing animals, he paid them money. He performed two yajngas. He built a village named Meghavana and peopled it with Bráhmanas and set up a monastery named Meghamatha. His queen Amritaprabhá caused a Vihára named Amritabhavana to be built for Buddhists, and another of his queens Yukadeví, in emulation of her rival, built a wonderful Vihára at Nadavana, one half of which edifice was occupied by Bhuddhist students, and in the other half lived men of the same persuasion with their wives and family. Another of his queens, Indradeví, built a high rectangular monastery and called it Indradevíbhavana after her name. Others of his queens Khádana, Masmá, &c. followed the same example, building monasteries and calling them after their respective names. This prince led an ex-

pedition to compel other kings to desist from killing animals; and carried his arms to the sea, and even to Ceylon, making the subdued kings promise not to kill animals.* When he reached the hill of Rohana in Ceylon, his army rested under the shadows of palm trees. Vibhishana, the king of the country, met him on friendly terms with songs and loud chantings. Then the king of Langka led the king of Káshmira to Langka and entertained him. He forebade the use of flesh among his subjects who, as Rákshasas, largely consumed it. Vibhíshana then gave the king of Káshmíra several flags in which the Rákshasas were represented in a bowing posture. Even to this day on every occasion that a king of Káshmira goes out, these flags which are called Paradhvajas, are borne before him. Thus he forbade the use of animal food even in the kingdom of the Rákshasas and then returned to his own. From that time none violated the king's order against the destruction of animals, neither in water, nor in the skies, nor in forests did animals kill one another. We are ashamed to relate the history of this good king to vulgar men, but those who write according to the Rishis do not care for the taste of their hearers. The king died after a reign of thirty four years.

He was succeeded by his son Shreshtasena who was soon known as Pravarasena and also as Tungjina. He set up the images known as Mátrichakra and Pravar-

* See Appendix D.

shvra, and several other images in old places. The prince thought that the whole world was entirely subject to him, and dedicated Trigartta to the god Pravareshvara which he had set up. He ruled over other kings and reigned for thirty years with mercy. He always liked to use his jewelled sword.

Of his two sons, Hiranya became king, and Toramána assisted his brother in the administration of the kingdom. Now the latter forbade the use of the coins struck by king Vála, and largely circulated the Dinnaras coined by himself. This brought on him the king's displeasure, who looked upon it as a mark of disrespect towards himself, and imprisoned his brother. Toramána's wife Angjaná, daughter of Vajrendra of the line of Ikshváku, shared her husband's confinement, and in the prison she became pregnant. In the fulness of time she was secretly delivered of a boy in a potter's house, being ashamed of publicity. The potter's wife brought up the child, its real parentage being known only to her and to its mother. And at the mother's request the child was called by the name of its grandfather, (father's father). As the child grew up, he disliked the companionship of the sons of the potter's neighbours, and the people often wondered to see him play with the children of the nobility and of the wise. At pastimes his companions would elect him as king, and he would keep them under his control, and bestow favors on them, nor would he allow them to do anything wrong. The earth which the potter

gave him to make pots, he would convert to *Shivalingas*. It so happened, that Jayendra, the maternal uncle of the boy, met him one day in his play, and carressed him; but seeing something extraordinary in the boy and perceiving some resemblance in him with his sister's husband, suspected the truth about his birth. The boy did not know him, and remained quite indifferent though informed of his name. Drawn by curiosity, the uncle followed the child and entered with him into the potter's house, and there discovered his sister. The brother and sister looked on each other and sighed and wept in grief. Then the boy asked the potter's wife whom he used to address as his mother, who they were. "Child," said she, "this is your mother, and this your maternal uncle." The child became angry on hearing the account of his father's confinement and acting on the advice of his uncle (who soon after returned to his country) found means to deliver his father from his prison, but the poor man died soon after. His mother then attempted suicide, but was prevented by her son from so doing. He too felt the worthlessness of the world, and set out on pilgrimage. At this time died Hiranya after a reign of thirty years and two months, without leaving any issue.

At this time there reigned a powerful king at Ujjayini named Vikramáditya otherwise called Harsha. He subdued the whole world, and destroyed the Shakas, a Mlechchha tribe. He was a man blessed with uncommon good fortune, and was also a great patron of the learned. Now

In his court lived a great poet named Mátrigupta whose fame spread over many countries. He had visited several courts, and at last fixed his residence at Ujjayini, induced by the liberality and justice of its king, and hoping that his services would be rewarded by one who discerned the merits of persons, and did not favor the hypocritical, the quarrelsome, or the pretentious. The king by his just awards had gained the hearts of all men, and no man of lore had to murmur at the gifts he received of the king. He marked the assiduity of those who served him, and if one could not please him by his work, his labor was indeed futile, like selling ice in the Himálayas. He had no servants to pander to his lust, or to speak ill of others, or who were jealous of strangers. He did not take the advice of conceited or self willed persons, and even a bad man who was once acquainted with him, loved him. "Since by my good fortune," thought Mátrigupta, "I have come to this king, I see my hopes well nigh fulfilled." So he determined to serve this wise and sober king, and no more to wander about in different courts. Thus determining, he used to attend the court, as ordered by the king, but would not take his seat among the learned. Every one who is learned is not great, thought the king, but this man's earnestness requires special notice. In order to test his merits, the king did not at first show him any favor. He gladly continued, however, to serve the king, and his services were neither too showy nor too meagre, nor was the

king displeased with him. Mátrigupta followed his master like his shadow, in order to gain his favor. He would not look on the female servants of the king, nor sit with those who envied his master, nor would he speak with the vulgar in the king's presence, nor would tell him whatever evil things the envious courtiers had said of the king. He did not mind the jokes of the royal servants, but would patiently serve his majesty whatever others might say to lessen his attachment to his master. He would freely speak of the merits of other men and show his own. He was liked by the courtiers. And thus he passed one year.

One day when the king was going out, he saw this man weak and emaciated, and wearing a torn piece of cloth; and he felt grieved that in order to test his merit he had suffered this poor though worthy and persevering man, wandering friendless in a foreign country, to remain in such affliction; that he had left him to suffer in heat and in cold without taking notice as to how this poor man ate or clothed himself, as to who gave him medicine when he was ill, who consoled him when he was grieved, or who soothed him when he was weary. What could he possibly give in return, that he had subjected him to so hard a test? The king could not think of anything he would give him as an adequate recompense for his services. Thus time rolled on till it was winter, and it was a severe winter. It was dark in every direction, days became short, and the sun hurried to the sea to warm himself in the fire within it.

Now, it so happened that the king awoke in his bed at night; the fire was burning brightly in his room, but the lamp was flickering in the cold breeze, and in order to stir the lamp he called out for his guards. But all were sleeping at ease, and to his call "who waits outside" the king only heard the reply, "I Mátrigupta." Then, by the king's order, he entered the splendid room and stirred the lamp. And as he was hurrying out, the king ordered him to wait. Trembling with fear and cold Mátrigupta waited there. The king then asked him how much of the night yet remained. "One prahara" replied he. "How is it that you know the hour of the night, and why did you not sleep," enquired the king. Considering this to be the opportunity when if he related his condition, his fate would be decided either for good or for evil, Mátrigupta quickly composed a verse and said :—"Sunk in the sea of anxiety, and oppressed by the chilling month, while hunger has mellowed my voice, my lips are quivering, speaking of contentment within; and sleep like an abused wife has fled far from me and the night to me endureth long, like the reign of a good king." The king heard him, and after consoling him, sent him back to his place, reproaching himself that even after knowing the sorrows of a worthy man, he had not yet resolved what to do. "The man must be grieved to think," said the king to himself, "that I have taken his case so coolly. Though I have been thinking of giving him something for a long time I have not yet

found out what to give. His good words now remind me that the beautiful kingdom of Káshmíra is at present without a king, and I will bestow that kingdom on him superseding other suppliant kings." Fully bent on this purpose the king despatched messengers privately that very night ordering the Káshmírians to crown without hesitation one named Mátrigupta who would produce his order. And when the messenger had gone, he did not again sleep that night before he had got his order written out. On the other hand, Mátrigupta became disheartened and thought that his conversation with the king had been of no avail. "I have done my duty," thought he, "and my expectation is now at an end; now devoid of further hopes I shall wander about in peace. Through some unavoidable mistake I was led to believe, from what I had heard from others, that this king was worth serving. But fame speaks not the truth. The king is intelligent and bestows riches on those he favors; the king is not to blame, my own sins are the cause of my misfortune. If the shores on which the sea casts jewels cannot be reached in consequence of adverse wind, it is the man's ill-luck and not the sea that is to blame. If one wishes for rewards, he should rather serve the king's servants than the king, for to serve the king is a laborious task. Those who worship the feet of Shiva get ashes from the person of the deity, but those who worship the feet of his bull get gold every day. I do not know that I have committed any fault

for which the king might take offence. He whom business leads to the king derives no benefit unless applauded by the public, while even the low if admired by the public is taken notice of by the king. Particles of water when in sea, are not taken notice of, but when they are taken up by the clouds, and are thrown back to the embraces of the wavy ocean, they look like pearls." Thus thought he, and lost all regard for his master the king. Even the wisdom of the wise is lost in misfortune.

When the day dawned, and the king took his seat in the court, he ordered a peon to call in Mátrigupta. The peons forced the despairing sage into the royal presence, and when he had bowed to the king, the king signed to his record-keeper to deliver him the order. The king then addressing Mátrigupta asked him if he knew the way to Káshmíra. "Go there," said he, "and deliver that order to the ruler in charge of the country." He made him promise by his royal person that he would not read the order in his way. "I will do as you command," said Mátrigupta, and went out of the court, not knowing the good fortune that awaited him. And the king resumed his usual work. The people were grieved to see Mátrigupta travelling friendless and helpless, and blamed the king for employing so worthy a man in this low work of carrying letters. "The foolish king," said they, "has considered this man fit to undergo toils, because he served him diligently day and night in hope of future good. Servants serve their master

in hope of bettering their future, but when the master does not understand their purpose, he thinks them fit only to serve. The serpent in the hope of freeing himself from the fear of Gadura served Náráyana. But Náráyana thought the serpent accustomed to bear heavy weights, and so ordered him to bear the earth. This learned man saw that the king favors the learned, and being himself learned took shelter with him, but who understands human nature so little as the king who has thus employed the learned Mátrigupta? The peacock dances with joy at the sight of the rainbow in the clouds, believing it to be a tail of their kinsman, but the clouds return him nothing but rain drops." Poor Mátrigupta felt neither doubt nor anxiety, he consoled himself with the good omens he met in his way. Once he saw a khangjana bird sitting on a serpent's head; at another time he dreamt that he had ascended a palace, and crossed the sea; and assured himself thereby that the king's orders must be for his benefit. "If I gain even a little in Káshmíra," thought he, "that would be preferable to anything in any other country." In the way he found no difficulty, being hospitably entertained wherever he lodged. At last the snow-white Himálaya, rising to the skies, appeared before him, variegated with diverse trees; and he breathed the air bearing the perfumes of the pines and particles of Ganges water. In Kramavarta he found a drum which can be seen even now at Shurapura. Here, in this populous Kramavarta he

heard that for some reason the ministers of Kashmira were waiting at that place. He therefore left his old dress, put on a white one, and went to the ministers to deliver to them king Vikramáditya's order. As he went to the ministers auspicious signs were seen, the crowd therefore collected behind him, anxious to see the result of his message. When he arrived at the house, and the door keeper learnt that he had come from the king of Ujjayini, he quickly informed the ministers of his approach, and with their permission Mátrigupta entered into their presence. And when the ceremony of welcoming was over, the ministers pointed out to him a magnificent seat to sit upon, and asked him about the orders of Vikramáditya; whereupon he humbly presented to them the writing which they received bowing. The ministers then retired to read the order, and returning meekly asked him if his name was the great Mátrigupta. He smiled and replied in the affirmative. Then they called those who were near, ordering them to bring things for coronation. The crowd became great and boisterous like a rough sea. Mátrigupta sat on a golden seat with his face towards the east, and the people bowed to him, and bathed him king. The water streamed along his breast as the Reva along the Vinddhya mountain. When he had bathed and was anointed and adorned with ornaments and seated on the throne, his subjects informed him that when the throne had become vacant they had applied to Vikramá

ditya for a king, and Vikramáditya had sent him to them. "Now be you our protector." Yet it was not to Vikramáditya alone that he was indebted for a throne: for there were others who helped him to it. "Still" said they "you need not lower yourself in your own estimation by thinking that you are obliged to any for the post you have attained." Mátrigupta heard this and smiled, remembering the benefit he had received from Vikramáditya. That day was passed in giving gifts, &c., and on a subsequent day when his ministers asked him to enter into the interior of his territory, he sent a messenger to Vikramáditya with large presents; and feeling himself ashamed of getting so good a country compared even with that of Vikramáditya himself, he sent another of his servants to him with edible things though of small value, and also sent a verse composed by himself with tears of gratitude in his eyes, to the following effect:—"You who always do good to others, do not wear the appearance of what you do: like the cloud that rains without thundering. Thy favor is known by the fruit."

Mátrigupta then entered into the interior of the country accompanied by his vast army, and commenced his reign. There was no limit to his charity or manliness. Once he made preparations for a religious feast, but when every thing was ready he had not the heart to kill animals; and he forbade the destruction of animals in his kingdom. He prepared a certain kind of food in which gold dusts were mixed, and when he distributed

this food every one was satisfied. His good qualities and bounties attracted more persons to his court than to the court of Vikramáditya. And he bestowed his gifts with judgment. The poet Mentha or Mátrimentha, as he was sometimes called, lived in his court, and composed a work named Hayagrivabadha. This work, when in progress, he showed to the king, but the king did not pronounce any opinion till the book was complete, when the king rewarded the author by bestowing wealth on him, and placed the copy in a golden vessel lest its beauty be lost, so that the poet considered himself doubly paid. He set up an image of god Madhusudhana which he named Mátriguptasvami. The villages which he bestowed on this god were afterwards retaken by Mammu to defray the expenses of building the house of his father-in-law. Thus reigned Mátrigupta for a period of four years, nine months and one day.

Now, on the other hand, the son of Anggjana, after he had performed the ceremonies for the salvation of the souls of his ancestors, with the waters of holy places, heard that a stranger had usurped the throne of his forefathers, and was ruling in Kashmira. This inflamed him so much as to make him forget his grief for the death of his father.* When the prince arrived at Káshmira, he learnt the state of the country; and the ministers came to him, and were ready to revolt against Mátrigupta. But he declined to countenance their re-

* See Appendix E.

Mátrigupta. "I am eager," he said, "to destroy Vikramáditya, but I am not angry with Mátrigupta. For what is the use of harassing those who are weak and cannot endure pain? there is glory in rooting out those who are strong. What can be more frail and feeble than the lotuses which envy the moon, and what propriety is there that such lotuses should be torn by elephants' tusks? It is strange that one should show his valour on those who are not his equal; he who is really great will not be angry with his inferiors." He turned his arms against Trigartta and conquered it, and commenced his march against Vikramáditya. But on his way he heard that Vikramáditya was dead. This news so much afflicted him, that he neither bathed nor ate nor slept that day but sighed and wept for his dead antagonist. On a subsequent day he heard that Mátrigupta had left his kingdom, and had come out of Káshmíra, and was in the neighbourhood of the place where he himself then was. Suspecting that it was some of his partisans who had driven Mátrigupta out of the kingdom, he went to the ex-king clad in a simple dress, and after the ceremonies of welcoming were over, gently asked him the cause of resigning his kingdom. The other replied after sighing, and with a sad smile, "O king, dead is that virtuous monarch who made me king, I am like a sun-jewel that brightens so long as the sun shines on it, but is a common stone when the sun is set." "Who has injured

thee," then asked Pravarasena, "that thou grievest for Vikramáditya, unable to be revenged on those who have done thee harm?" "Who is so strong as can injure me," asked Mátrigupta with dignity. "I think not that Vikramáditya poured *ghi* on ashes, or sowed seeds on barren soil." "But," continued he, "even the inanimate objects are grateful to those who do them good. The sun-jewel looks dim when the sun is set, and so does the moon-jewel when the moon is out of sight. I will therefore go to the holy city of Varánasi, and enjoy the pleasures of devotion by being a hermit. For without Vikramáditya the world is dark. I cannot look on it through fear, far less enjoy it." Astonished at his words the young prince replied, "True, O king, that the world has produced jewels, since it is adorned by persons like you; who can understand human nature better than Vikramáditya, since he discovered your noble qualities. Long was the path to gratitude closed, now you are traversing the way. The low and the ungrateful think that it is through their good fortune that they receive gifts from their masters, and they argue that if they had not worth in them, their masters would not single them out, when there were other poor friends. Or if they had not discovered some faults in their masters, and if their miserly masters had not stood in fear of them, would they have given them away anything? But if a small benefit is done to the good, it increases a hundred-fold. Thou, chief of the virtuous, like a tested

jewel, art loved by the good. So do me a favor by not resigning the crown, and let the people know, that I too am partial to men of merit. This kingdom was first given to thee by Vikramáditya, I bestow it on you now, so accept it again." Mátrigupta heard this noble speech, and smiled and said, "I am compelled to be a little uncivil to give expression to my feelings, but though it may be harsh, yet I must say, that I disregard your noble gift. You know my former low position, and I know yours, our present greatness is felt by ourselves alone. You cannot understand the motive which induces me to reject, nor can I understand that which induces you to offer me the kingdom. Being now a king, how can I accept your gift? Or if I had wished to enjoy the kingdom why should I forsake it myself? Shall I slight the gift of my benefactor for mere enjoyment, and leave the duties that befit me now? The benefit which he did to me, I can never repay, it is therefore lost in me. I will now follow him, and show that he was not mistaken in his estimation of me. This is all that I have to do in this world. This then I will perform, and leave off all enjoyment." Then said Pravarasena that he would not touch Mátrigupta's property while he was alive. And when Mátrigupta went to Váránasí and became a hermit, Pravarasena, true to his words, used to send him the income derived from Káshmíra. Mátrigupta, on the other hand, distributed the money in charity to the poor; and thus lived for ten years. Thus three men Vikramáditya,

Mátrigupta, and Pravarasena vied with one another in virtue.

Pravarasena subdued many kings, and his fame spread far and wide like that of Agasta muni, and his army reached the sea in their march of conquest, and the perspiration of his elephants made the waters of the Ganges look like the confluence of that river with the Yamuná. He defeated the people of Saurashtra and upset the administration of the kingdom. His mind was so bent on the acquisition of fame, that he was indifferent to all earthly things, having neither attachment nor hatred towards any object. Pratápasíla otherwise called Shilá litya, son of Vikramá litya, was expelled by his enemies from his father's territory. Pravarasena reinstated him, and brought back the throne of the kings of Káshmíra from the capital of Vikramá litya. Pratápasíla for seven times refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the king of Káshmīra, and the latter had to subdue him seven times. On the eighth occasion, Pravarasena called Pratápasíla a brute and intended to take his life. The latter, however, saved himself by self-humiliation, and suggested that if he was a beast, his life was too insignificant to be destroyed. Pratápasíla also amused the Káshmírian king by dancing before his court like a peacock, and imitating the voice of that bird; whereupon Pravarasena not only took him under his protection, but also bestowed riches on him.

After conquering the world, he lived in the city raised by his grand-father, but felt a desire to found a city in his

...an name.* In the village of Sharitaka Pravarasena pro-
posed to build a city. But before he did so, he wished to
set up Pravareshvara Shiva, and he employed artisans
for the purpose. But an image of Shiva sprung up from
the ground from among the instruments of the workmen.
and it was named Jayasvámí from Jaya the name of one
of the sculptors. The god Vinayaka Bhímasvámí who
faced towards the west, without any human agency turn-
ed himself and faced towards the east, for the welfare of
the intended town. The king further set up images of
five goddesses Sadbhávashri and others, each having sh...
after her name. He caused to be built a large bridge of
boats on the Vitastá, and from that time the bridge of
boats became known to the world. His maternal uncle
Jayendra built a large Buddhist vihára named Jayendra
vihára after his name. And his minister Moraka, who
ruled Ceylon, built a beautiful house named Morakabhava-
na. The new city which was enlarged by Vishvakarmma
and Soma, was raised on the southern bank of the
Vitastá, and contained thirty six lacs of houses, it con-
tained several market places, and its high houses
touched the clouds, from whose tops, in the rainy
season the earth could be seen drenched with rain; and
in Chaitra sprinkled with flowers. In this city alone the
rows of the houses of amusements were built just on the
river, and the hill of recreation was in the centre of the
town, from whose top the whole city could be seen. In

* See Appendix F.

the hot season the inhabitants of the city could get the cool waters of the Vitastá at their doors. And the royal gifts to the gods of the city were so rich, that they could buy the world a thousand times. The forehead of the king was marked with the sign of *sula* over which his white hairs flowed like the Ganges on the head of Shiva. Thus reigned Pravarasena for sixty years.

His son Yudhishthira II. born of his queen Ratnaprabhá then reigned for twenty one years and three months. One of his ministers named Vajrendra, son of Jayendra, built a village named Bhavachchheda with chaityas &c. He had other chief ministers named Kumárasena &c. of great renown.

He was succeeded by his son Narendráditya alias Lakshmana, born of his queen Padmávatí. He had two ministers named Vajra and Kanaka sons of Vajrendra; and his queen's name was Vimalaprabhá. He died after a reign of thirteen years, after building an office for depositing books and records.

His younger brother Ranáditya otherwise called Tungjina then came to the throne. This king had a mark of *shangka* on his head. He was a very powerful king. He destroyed many of his enemies and devastated their country. His queen's name was Ranárambhá. The goddess Bhramaravásiní took birth in human form as Ranárambhá to be his queen.*

* See Appendix G.

Ratisena king of Chola, when he went to worship the ocean, found Ranárambhá among the waves, where she was shining like a cluster of jewels. From her childhood she used to speak of heavenly things, and when she attained her youth, many kings sought her in marriage, but her father would not marry her to any of them. And when the minister of Ranáditya arrived as messenger proposing her marriage with his master, Ratisena wished to refuse the suit; but the goddess in human shape asked her father to marry her to the king of Káshmíra as she was born, she said, to be his wife. Whereupon her father without delay, sent her to the house of his friend the king of Kulúta, to which distant country Ranáditya gladly came and married her, and made her the mistress of his zenana. But she being a great goddess, was afraid to touch a man, to avoid which she had recourse to enchantment. At night through magic she used to leave a woman exactly like her in the king's bed, and herself used to go out in the shape of a black bee.

The king raised two temples, and called them after his own, and his queen's name, and caused two images of Shiva to be sculptured there.* He also built a hospital for the sick, and barrack for a battalion. In the village of Sinharotsika there was an image of the sun, which he named Ranapurasvámí, and made it famous. Another of his queens named Amritaprabhá raised an

* See Appendix H.

image of a god on the right side of Ranesha and it was named Amriteshvara, she also set up an image of Buddha within the monastery which was built by Bhinna queen of Meghaváhana.

The queen Ranárambhá taught the king the incantations of Shiva Hátakeshvra, by virtue of which one could enter the world below. For many years the king devoted himself to becoming an adept in this art. He retired first to Ishtiká, and afterwards to Nandishilá, and at last succeeded in his efforts after many years. Told of his success in a dream, he dived into the waters of Chandrabhágá and proceeded to the cave of Namuchi, pursuing his way for twenty-one days through the cavern, he and his citizens came to the dwellings of *daitya* females, with whom they made themselves free. Thus after reigning for three hundred years, the king went to the god of *Pátála* where salvation is certain. On the other hand, when the king and his party were dallying with the *daitya* girls; the queen retired to Shveta Dvipa. Of the many dynasties of kings, the lines of Raghu and Gonanda were the best, and in these Ráma and Ranáditya greatly loved their people. The subjects of both these kings followed them to the next world.

Him succeeded his son Vikramaditya, a powerful king, who set up a Shiva named Vikrameshvara. This prince had two ministers named Brahma and Galuna. The former raised a monastery named Brahma matha, and the latter caused his wife Ratnávalí to erect a Vihára. After

a reign of forty-two years his powerful younger brother Báláditya succeeded him.

Báláditya subdued his enemies, and his powers caused his foe-men's wives to weep. His columns of victory can still be seen, near the northern sea. He conquered Bangkálá, and built a city there named Kálamvya for the habitations of the Káshmírians. And in Káshmíra he built a village named Bhedara in the district of Madava for Brahmanas to dwell in. His favourite queen Vimva set up a Shiva to avert the evils that attend the Vaishya caste, and named it Vimveshvara. His ministers were Kharga, Shatrughna and Málava, three brothers; they raised a temple, a house of gods, and erected a bridge.

Now this king had a daughter named Ananggalekhá; an astrologer seeing her one day with her father prophesied to the king that his son-in.law would reign hereafter, and that the line of Gonanda would end in Báláditya. The king not wishing that the kingdom would pass away from his line through his daughter, tried to oppose fate; and instead of marrying her to a king he married her to a beautiful man named Durlabhavardhana, of the Ashvaghama Káyastha caste, thinking that as his daughter was not married to one of the royal family she would not be able to inherit the kingdom. This Durlabhavardhana was the illegitimate son of Nága Karkota, begotten for getting the kingdom, but the king was not aware of the fact. What the wise neglect, Fate

makes it great. He fortunately became beloved of all on account of his just actions and good intellect, and his father-in-law named him Prajngaditya because of his great intellect, and bestowed much riches on him.

On the other hand the princess being the favourite of her parents, and filled with youthful pride, slighted her husband. Her association with the desolute, her luxurious habits, the frequent visitation by young men, her abode in her father's house, and the mildness of her husband;—all these corrupted her. Having frequent opportunities of seeing the minister Kharga she fell in love with him, and abandoned herself to him. This amour secretly gratified gradually wore off her shame, fear, and dignity, and she gradually became exceedingly shameless. The minister bribed the servants with gifts and honors, and had free access to her appartments, and gratified his passion for the princess to the fulness of his heart. Her husband by her constant neglect of him, came at last to suspect of her bad character. The thoughts of his wife's misconduct reduced him in body. One night he suddenly entered her appartment in order to ascertain the truth. He found her fast asleep in the embrace of her paramour, her bosoms heaving with long breathings. He burnt with anger at seeing her in this state of unpardonable guilt—a sight that would have enraged even others than husband. And swayed alternately by anger and grief, he with great difficulty, and after much deliberation, controlled his anger. The woman whose

passion gets the better of her sense is very pleasant among her female companions in private; looks into the streets; dislikes the sight of her husband and of men like him; slights the anger of her husband; and attends when her husband is ill spoken of; speaks with her female companions when her husband wants her; and praises those who are against him; and turns away from his kisses and cannot bear his embraces, nor feel any pleasure in them; and pretend to sleep when in bed with her husband. They are miserable, thought Durlabhavardhana, who follow love, for men of little wit are undone by it. Who has better control over his passion than he who has duly subdued jealousy which is like spasmodic cholera. "The woman" he continued "is for the gratification of passion, and like other things, can be enjoyed in common; wherefore then a man whose feelings are disciplined, be angry on such account? Women are naturally fickle, and who can keep them under rules? Or what is the use of keeping them so? If the meeting of two persons to gratify a passion is an honorable act, what then is dishonorable? And since one's own body cannot be proved to be his, how can a woman be called "mine?" If she deserves death because she gives me pain, why do I not first kill love which is the prime root of all? And to destroy love, I must destroy jealousy first. For he who has destroyed jealousy, has totally destroyed affection within half a minute." Thus he thought, and wrote on Kharga's cloth the following words.

"Though you ought to have been killed, yet have I spared you; this you should remember." When Durlabhavardhana had gone out of the room unperceived, the minister awoke, and read the writings on his cloth. This moderation of Durlabhavardhana won the minister to his side. He forgot his lust and the princess, and meditated how to repay the goodness by which his life was saved, in so much that he did not sleep well being buried in thoughts as how to repay the goodness of the injured husband.

Now after a reign of thirty-seven years and four months Váláditya died, and with him the Gonanda dynasty became extinct. And while the chief ministers neglected the affairs of the kingdom, the grateful Kharga duly crowned the late king's son-in-law, bathing him with the waters collected from holy places and poured from a golden vessel; and the kingdom thus passed from the Gonanda dynasty to that of Karkota Nága as passed the Ganges from heaven to the head of Shiva.

There reigned ten kings. From the beginning fifty three.

Here ends the third book of Rájataranggini by Kahlana, son of Champaka Prabhu the great minister of Káshmíra.

BOOK IV.

[Invocation to Hara Parvatí as usual.]

Durlabhavardhana had many children. The queen's bad character was not known to any, and she built a monastery named Anangabhavana. An astrologer predicted that Mahlana, one of the sons of the king, would not live long, so the boy raised a god Mahlanasvámí. The king bestowed a village named Chandra near the hill Vishokakota upon the Brahmanas. He also set up a Hari named Durlabhasvámí at Shrínagara, and died after a reign of thirty-six years.

His son Durlabhaka by queen Ananga then reigned. He assumed the name of Pratápáditya after the title of the dynasty of his maternal grandfather by whom he was adopted as his son. He had a rich minister named Oda, who built a village named Hanumata for the habitation of the Bráhmanas. This powerful king built a beautiful town named Pratápapura, where merchants from many places came and settled; and among others Nona from Rohíta. This Nona built Nonamatha for the habitation of the Bráhmanas of Rohíta. The king was pleased with him and invited him, and the merchant passed with him a day and a night amidst entertainments befitting a king. When in the morning the king asked how he was, the merchant complained of headache on account of the smoke of the lamp that was burning in his room. And when after

wards the king was invited by the merchant, the king saw that a rich stone, instead of a lamp, lighted his room. Astonished at the luxury and riches of the merchant, and being well entertained by his host, the king spent there two or three days.

One day the king saw Shrinarendraprabhá, the beautiful mistress [wife?] of the merchant, and she being alone in the house, the king felt a desire for her. On the other hand the lady's female attendant pointed out the king to her, and she also became enamoured of the king. This mutual love might have sprung up in consequence of the love that existed between them in their previous birth, or through the interposition of cupid. Hid for a short time behind a pillar, she gazed on the king, and as she went away she frequently looked behind on him. The king returned to his capital, but his constant and anxious thoughts of her made him lean; and though he often rebuked himself, and reasoned with himself, it was all of no avail. "Fie," said the king to himself, "what a sinful affection has grown up in my heart! How powerful is love, that it overcomes reason, and reigns in the heart alone! As a king, I should be afraid of bad deeds, but what sinful temptations have come across me! If the king himself robs another of his wife, who then shall punish the guilty!" Thus reasoning he could neither leave the path of virtue, nor forget the lady. The king's health gave way, and he was on the point of death. When the merchant heard from the

people of the cause of the king's ill health, he thus privately advised his sovereign. Now that he was reduced to that state, virtue should no longer oppose his will, for when life is in danger, there is nothing that should not be done. In such a state even learned men, whose opinion is authority, have yielded. Life should not be forsaken for reputation, for when a man dies, fame is at an end. "O king," continued the merchant, "you need not respect me, for your benefit I can give up my life, why not then, an object of pleasure? If even now you refuse to accept the offer, I shall send her as a dancing girl, for she dances well, and then you can accept her." Thus urged by the merchant and by his own affection, the king, much abashed, accepted the lady.

The queen retrieved her character by many great works, she set up a shiva named Shrínarendreshvara. In time she gave birth to a son who was named Chandrápída. This prince by his great virtues cleared the stain of his birth. Often great characters rise superior to their births, even as the white raindrops fall from black clouds. From the blunt hills is derived the sharp steel, and from the cold water springs the sea-fire. She afterwards gave birth to another son named Tárápída, and a third was born of her named Avimuktápída. These princes were also called by the names of Vajráditya, Udayáditya, and Lalitáditya. After a reign of fifty years the king died.

His son Chandrápida, otherwise called Vajráditya, ascended the throne; he performed many good deeds, and was a very virtuous king. He equally possessed power and forgiveness, and similar opposite qualifications. He was rich without the concomitant vices; he equally favored all, and did nothing that frightened his people; and was so modest that he felt ashamed when any one praised him for his good works. He held his ministers under due subjection; and in disputes he always sacrificed his own interest lest he did wrong to others. He made many clear and just laws. Here I must end the description of the virtues of the king for fear of prolonging my narrative. When building a temple to Tribhuvanasvámi, the house of a tanner fell within the boundary marked for the temple, but that man would not give up his house though compensation money was offered to him. At last when the matter was reported to the king, the men in charge of the building, and not the tanner, were held guilty, and they were censured for want of forethought in having commenced the building without obtaining the consent of the tanner in the first instance. They were told either to reduce the plan of the temple or to build it elsewhere, for he, the king, would not commit the sin of forcibly taking another's land. "For it is our duty," said he, "to administer justice, and if we act unjustly who will act rightly?" At this time there arrived a man from the shoe-maker, and was sent to the king by the ministers

This man said, that the shoe-maker wished to see the king, and if he was held not fit to enter the court, he requested that he might see the king when at leisure, and out of his court. Accordingly, on a subsequent day, the king gave audience to the shoe-maker when out of his court, and asked him if he was the obstacle in the execution of a pious object, namely, the erection of the temple, and added that if he thought his house beautiful, he might have another house still more beautiful, or a large sum of money. Then the shoe-maker replied—"Be not proud, O king, of your learning and experience, but listen to my words according to my judgment. I am meaner than a dog, and you are a great king of the line of Kakutstha, the courtiers will therefore be vexed to see us talking together. The body of the living is brittle, but is strengthened with pride and affection. As you love your body, which is adorned with the ornaments *kangkana*, *hára*, and *augada*, even so we love ours though unadorned. What this handsome palace is to you, that is my hut to me, though through it the sun penetrates. This hut, like a mother, is witness of my joys and sorrows from my birth, and I cannot bear to see it taken away to-day. The grief which a man feels when his house is taken away from him, can only be known to the god who is ousted from heaven, or to a king who has lost his kingdom. Even after all this, if you come to my house and ask for it, then out of civility I shall give it up to thee." The king went to the shoe-maker's house

and bought it. The good are not vain though possessed of wealth. The shoemaker clasped his hands together and said, that the condescension of the king and the pains he had taken for the performance of a just act were well befitting him; and as Virtue had tested Yudhishthira, so he had tested him. He then wished the king a prosperous and long life, doing such holy deeds and being admired by the pious. Thus the sinless king set up the image of Vishnu named Tribhuvanasvámi. His queen Prakásha built a large Vihára named Prakáshiká. Mitra[illegible]datta, the spiritual guide of the king, set up the image of Vishnu named Gambhirasvámi, and Chhadi[illegible], the mayor of the city, set up a god named Chhl[illegible] for the peace of the town.*

The death of the king occurred owing to some magic performed by a Bráhmana,† whom the king had punished for murder, instigated by his brother Tarapida. It was from this time that the crime of destroying the lives of superiors by magic began in Kashmira. When the king was at the point of death, the Bráhmana was brought to him, but the king would not kill him, saying that he was innocent, since he was instigated by another. Who does not feel a pleasure in remembering the forgiveness of this king? Fate, by a mistake, had sent him to this world with the kings of Kaliyuga, instead of sending him with those of the age of Truth. The Bráhmana's [illegible]

* See Appendix I.

† [illegible]

came dull that he had destroyed such a king. This reign, though short, is replete with many virtuous acts. He reigned for eight years and eight months.

The fierce and angry Tarápída after murdering his brother succeeded him. The first act of his reign was a war with his enemies, whom he defeated with great slaughter. His prosperity was a source of annoyance to all. Envious of the gods, and thinking that the Bráhmanas displayed the glory of the gods, he ceased to punish guilty Bráhmanas in order that they might become corrupt. He reigned for four years and twenty-four days. He too was removed by the magic of a Brahmana. Man dies by the same mischief which he devises for others, just as fire gives out smoke to trouble the eye, but the same smoke transforms itself into water and puts out the fire.

He was succeeded by his youngest brother Lalitáditya. He was a very powerful king, and carried on wars against his neighbours, but did not fight against those who submitted even at the moment of his victory. People fled from the cities which he attacked, and towns became empty as by miscarriage. Almost the whole of his reign was spent in conquest. He carried his victorious arms to the east. He conquered Gádhipura (Kányakubja) where the women were hunch-backed. Yashovarmmá, the king of the place, wisely submitted. But the king's servants were prouder than the king, even as the breeze from the sandal trees is more pleasant than

the spring. Yashovarmmá unfortunately placed his name before that of Lalitáditya in the document of the treaty which was about to be concluded between the two kings; which ran thus—"Peace is established between Yashovarmmá and Lalitāditya." This offended Mitrasharmá, who was minister of war and peace, as he regarded it as a slight to his master. The king who with his army was waiting with impatience, approved of the conduct of his servant in taking offence, and was so pleased with him that he made him head of the five offices which he created out of eighteen that had existed before, and in which five departments, Sháhi and others were made heads. The five offices are thus named - the Great Constabulary, the Military Department, the great Stable Department, the Treasury, and the Supreme Executive office. Yashovarmmá and his family were extirpated. The poets Vákpati, Rájashrí and Bhavabhuti, &c., who were in the court of the king of Kányakubja, now came over to the king of Káshmíra and used to chant songs to him. Kányakubja, from the Yamuná to the Káliká submitted to him even like the courtyard of his own house.

He marched thence with his army towards the east. He passed Kalingga, where elephants were caught. And then he came to Goura. Thence he reached the Eastern Sea, and pursued his course along the coast towards the south, conquering as he went. Karnáta submitted on his approach. A beautiful Karnáti lady named Rattá who ruled supreme in the south, her territories extending

as far as the Vindyá hills, also submitted to him. The army then rested on the banks of the Káverí beneath the palm trees, drinking the water of cocoanuts. Thence he marched to Chandanádri. And then the king crossed the sea passing from one island to another; and thence marched towards the west, the sea singing the songs of his victory. He then attacked the seven Kramuká and the seven Kongkana which suffered much thereby. His army was anxious to enter Dváraká situated on the Western Sea. The army then crossed the Vindyá hills and entered Avanti where there was an image of Shiva named Mahákála.

Lalitáditya, finding that almost all the kings had been conquered, turned towards the north, and had to fight his way with the haughty kings in that direction. He robbed the king of Kámvoja of his horses. In the mountains of Bhuskhára the horses of the king became excited at the sight of the horse-faced women of the country. He thrice defeated Dussani and subdued him. He then conquered the Bouttas, and in whose naturally pale colored faces no further sign of anxiety was visible. He also conquered Darad. Here the soft wind charged with the scent of Raindeer cheered his army. Before he approached East Yotishapura, the inhabitants left that place. Here the king saw the forest in fire. His elephants then passed through a sea of sand. Here was the kingdom of the females, and it was governed by a female; and the soldiers became impatient for the women. The queen

submitted and came out to have an interview with the invader, and trembled before him, it is not certain whether with fear or in love. The people of North Kuru fled to the mountains for fear of Lalitáditya.

Rich with the spoils of conquest the king returned to his country. He gave Jalandhara and Lohara and other small provinces to his adherents. To mark his conquest, he obliged other kings to wear a symbol of subjection, which they bear to this day. The Turashkas commemorate the fact of their being bound by generally clasping both their hands behind their backs, and shaving the front part of their heads. To prove the inferiority of the people of the South, he caused them to wear in their clothes a tail which touched the ground. There was not a town or village, or island, or river, or sea, where he did not raise triumphal monuments. These monuments he named according to the event or the time. When he set out on his expedition, he felt certain of conquest, and built a town named Sunishchitapura, or the "City of Certainty." When in his pride of conquest, he built another named Darpitapura, or the "City of Pride," in which he set up an image of Keshava. And when his conquests were over, and he was enjoying the fruits of his victories, he raised another city which he named Phalapura (*phala* signifying fruit or effect). He completed Parnotsa and built a house for amusement named Kriráráma, the name indicating the purpose of the building. In the kingdom of the females he set up an

image of Nrisingha—unsupported by any thing but placed in the air between two loadstones, one above and one below. When he was out in conquest, his viceroy built a town after the king's name, but he incurred the king's anger. In this town of Lalitapura, there was an image of the sun, to which he bestowed the city of Kányakubja with the adjoining lands and villages. At Hushkapura he built an image of the god Muktasvámí and built a large monastery with a stupa for the Buddhists. He set out on his conquest with one koti (ten millions) of current coin. On his return he bestowed eleven kotis to Bhutesha for his purification. He raised the stonehouse of Jeshtarudra and bestowed many villages and lands to it. He also planted a series of machines at Chakradhara to draw water from the Vitastá. Also he raised a strong wall of stone round the temple of the sun. He erected a town adorned with vines, and another for the spiritual benefit of the people, and bestowed it with many villages to god Vishnu.

He built a beautiful town named Parihásapura. Here he set up a silver image of Vishnu, named Shíparihásakeshava, and another of gold named, Shrímuktakeshava, also an image of Mahávaráha, the mail of this last image being made of gold. He also set up a silver image of Govardhanadhara. He planted a single piece of stone fifty-four cubits high, on which was planted a banner, on the top of which he set up an image of Garura. He likewise built a temple of Buddha, which had a square

court-yard, also a chaitya, and a monastery. The image of Muktakeshava was built of eighty-four thousand *tolas* of gold, that of Shríparihásakeshava was built of eighty four thousand *palas* of silver. The image of Buddha which he set up was built of eighty-four thousand *prasthas* of brass. The monastery which had a square court-yard and the chaitya, were built for eighty-four thousand pieces of the current coin. The rich king built gods of gold and silver by the side of the great gods of the country. The jewels, furniture and villages bestowed on the gods were beyond estimation. His queens, ministers and dependent kings also set up hundreds of wonderful images. His queen named Kamalavatí, who was very rich, set up a silver image of Vishnu named Kamalakeshava. His minister Mitrasharma raised an image of Shiva named Mitreshvara; and Kayya a subordinate king of Láta, built a god named Shríkayyasvámí; he also erected a vihára named Kayyavihára, where Sarvvajngamitra a Buddhist attained the purity of Buddha. Another of his ministers named Tuskhárashchangkuna raised a vihára named Changkuna, a stupa high as the mind of a king, and a golden image of Buddha. Ishánadeví, wife of the minister just named, caused a canal to be dug, whose waters were clear and beneficial to the healthy as to the sick. Chakramardiká, a favourite queen of Lalitáditya, built a town named Chakrapura containing seven thousand houses. A Bráhmana named Bhappata set up a god named Bhappateshvara, and

other individuals set up Karkatesha and other gods. The prime minister Changkuna built in another place a vihára with a chaitya; and Ishánachandra the physician and brother to the wife of Changkuna, having obtained wealth through the favor of Takshaka, built a Vihára.*

The king further caused a permanent asylum for the poor to be built at Parihásapura, to which he presented one lak and one plates filled with food. He also caused a town to be built in a barren place that thursty men might find water there. He invited prudent men from other countries, and brought Changkuna brother of Kangkanavarsha, an alchymist, from Bhuskhára. The king exchanged with this man a statue of Buddha which he brought from Magadha for certain jewels of mysterious properties.† This statue Changkuna placed in the monastery which he built, and can be seen to this day, surrounded by iron railings.

The king who was a good horseman, once rode to the woods to break a new horse. There, in a solitary part of the forest, he found a beautiful woman singing, and another dancing. When they had finished their works, they bowed and went away. The king for some days continually went to the same place, riding on the same horse, and saw the same sight. One day, being questioned by the astonished king, the girls replied, that they served in a temple, and lived in the village of Shukha-

* See Appendix J. † See Appendix K

vardhamána, and according to the instructions of the matrons of the place, they danced there. "Tradition speaks of a temple in this place, nor can we, nor any one else say more as to why the temple is invisible." The king heard this and caused the place, pointed out by them, to be dug. After an excavation had been made, the king on being informed by the diggers, came there and saw a dilapidated temple with closed doors. And when the doors were opened, he found two old images of Keshava, and an inscription to the effect that they were built by Ráma and Lakshmana. By the side of the temple of Parihásakeshava, the king built a separate house of stone where he placed Rámasvámí, one of those two statues. His queen Chakramardiká asked for the other statue Lakshmanasvámí from the king, and placed it beside Chakreshvara.

When the king set out in his wars, a man with fresh wounds laid himself down before the elephant on which the king rode. His hands were scratched, and his nose wounded and bleeding, and he begged hard to be saved. The kind-hearted king asked what had happened to him. He replied that he was the faithful minister of the king of the sandy Sindhu. and that he was beaten by the king because he advised him to submit to Lalitáditya. The king of Káshmíra determined to chastise the king of Sindhu, and caused good surgeons to attend on the ex-minister. The ex-minister told the king that after suffering the injury he had received, he did not care to

live, except for the sake of vengeance, and that when he was revenged, it was fitting that he should die, bidding farewell to the joys and griefs of this world. "But it is meet," said he, "that I should injure him more than he has injured me. How can you," he then continued, "reach that country sooner than in three months, or reaching his country, how will you maintain yourself against him? I will show you a way by which you can reach that country in half a month, but no water can be had by that route, so you will have to carry water for your army. My friends there will give no alarm of your approach, so you will be able to capture the king with his ministers and his females." Thus saying, he led the king's army and entered a sandy desert. When fifteen days were past, the store of water became exhausted. Still the king pressed on for two or three days more, but finding that the soldiers were suffering from want of water, he said to the guide that more days had passed in the way than he had mentioned, and that the soldiers were almost dying for want of water. He then asked how much of the way was yet remaining. Then replied the guide smiling, "Askest thou of the way to the country of your majesty's enemy, or to that of Death? For the benefit of my master I have disregarded my life, and have devised this plan, and have brought you and your army to the way of death. This is not merely a barren place, but a terrible sea of sand, no water can be had here, who will save you

to-day ?" Hearing this speech, the whole army became motionless like a *shali* crop destroyed by hail stones. The king heard the lamentations of the frightened soldiers and lifted his hand to stop their cries and said, "I am glad, O! minister, to see your devotion to your master, but on me your deception is in vain, as the blow of the iron on the stone Vajramani ; and you will now grieve for your falsehood as one does who grasps a flame mistaking it for a jewel. As the sound of a thunder opens the Vidura ground, so look at my order waters will spring from underneath the ground." The king then began to dig the earth with a *kunta* ; and as Shiva with his spear made the Vitastá flow, there he brought out from *pátála*, a river the life-hope of his soldiers, which relieved them. The ex-minister of the king of Sindhu, his labours now being abortive, and wounded as he was, returned to the country of his master, where Death entered after him ; for the king of Káshmíra defeated the wily king of Sindhu, reduced him to the condition in which his minister had appeared before him, and devastated his country. The river Kuntavahiní, which the king struck out in the desert, and which ran according to the wants of the king through various tracts, is still flowing in Uttarápatha.

Though there are thousands of wonderful anecdotes of this king, I do not narrate them for fear of lengthening the history. Time and country give some traits to the character even of the great ; as even noiseless and deep rivers clatter when passing over rocks, and their clear

water is turned muddy in the rainy season. Is it the fault of Kaliyuga, or of the throne that even this prince showed some bad traits in his character?

Once, when dwelling at Parihásapura in the company of his women and intoxicated with wine, he told his ministers that if they wished to increase the beauty of his city, they should burn Pravarapura, the city built by king Pravarasena. His orders could not be disobeyed, and the ministers hurried to the place and set fire to the dry grass and heaps of grain at Vátulánaka. The king saw from his palace the burning flames and laughed loudly. Even a good man, when filled with envy, sees things belonging to others, as more plentiful than they really are; as the eye afflicted with *Timira* sees moon &c., double. For if it were not so, why should this king, who built numberless cities, consider the single one built by Pravarasena to be fit to be destroyed. But when he became sober he grieved at the sin committed in burning the town. Grief in the heart corrodes the body as long as life remains, like fire within the hollow of a dried-up tree. On the morning when his ministers saw him repenting, they removed his grief by assuring him that they did not burn the town. The king was glad to learn this fact, as one is to see his son whom in dream he thought he had lost. He then praised his ministers, and instructed them not to obey him when he issued orders under the influence of wine. The world is like a woman of the town, and the king

like her temporary lover. Fie to those who for their own pleasure want to please such a king; but those who disregarding life, prevent the king from following a wrong way, hallow the world.

On another occasion the king assured the king of Gaura of his safety by the god Shríparihásakeshava, but afterwards caused him to be murdered by wicked men at Trigrámí. The people of Gaura were then very powerful, and for the death of their king they were ready to give up their lives. Some of them entered Káshmíra under the pretence of visiting Sarasvatí, and having collected themselves into a body besieged the temple of Parihásakeshava. The king was not then in the city, and the priests seeing that they intended to get an entrance, shut up the gates of the temple. On the other hand the people of Gaura seeing Rámasvámí, whose temple stood by the side of the other, built of silver, and mistaking it to be Parihásakeshava, tore it from its seat and broke it to atoms, scattering the pieces on every side. They were, however, overtaken by the soldiers who were in the city, and were killed at every step. They were cut to pieces—their sable bodies besmeared with blood fell on the ground. Thus they died nobly for the love of their king. What cannot gallant men do? They came all this distance, and perished for the death of their king. Even Vidhátá cannot exhibit such heroism. And at that age kings had several such devoted and powerful servants. The favourite god Parihásakeshava

was thus saved by the destruction of Rámasvámí. The place of the latter is vacant to this day, but the glory of the heroes of Gaura fills the whole world.

Thus passed the days of the king; the greater part of his reign was spent outside his kingdom. Anxious to see no one but himself king in the world, he again led an expedition against Uttarápatha. The orders of this king were obeyed in realms where the sun did not shine. The ministers for a long time had no intelligence of him, and the messengers whom they had sent returned with the following message from the king.—"What a mistake it is on your part to expect my return when I have entered these regions? What business have I to enter my own kingdom leaving behind the new kingdoms which I conquer every day? The river issuing from its source terminates in the sea, but the career of him who conquers for the sake of conquest has no termination. I am instructing you what you have to do, and reign accordingly. Let not the great men of the country effect a quarrel among you, for like atheists they have no fear of the future world. The people who dwell in the caves of mountains should be punished even without fault, for if they can get money and fortify themselves they will turn out formidable. Let not the villagers get grain more than would suffice them for one year, and let them have no more bullocks than what is required for cultivating their lands, for if they gain more than they require for the year, these cruel Dámaras will become powerful

enough to set aside the orders of the king, and shall become strong before the sovereign can know of it. When the villagers have clothes, wives, eatables, elephants, ornaments, horses and houses like the citizens; when kings neglect to watch important forts; when they are not able to know the hearts of their servants; when the *jigeers* are granted to soldiers in one district only; when the Káyasthas are united to one another by marriage; when kings see their officers behaving like Káyasthas; then you will know for certain that the people's lot is going to be changed for the worse. After careful consideration follow my advice, and let not outsiders know of this. As by scent the nearness of an elephant is known, and by lightning that of the thunder-clap, so by care the heart of man can be ascertained. My sons Kuvalayáditya and Vajráditya are the same to me, but being born of different mothers, there is difference in their intellect. The elder should be anointed when he is strong, still if it be necessary you may disobey his orders. If he leaves his kingdom, or commits suicide, remember my words, let none of you be grieved. My younger son you should not raise to the throne, or if you do never disobey him. And though he be oppressive still you should guard him. To my youngest grandson, the boy Jayápíra, you should always say, 'be like your grandfather.'"

The ministers, understanding his purpose and despairing of his return, bowed to his orders and wept. One

day Changkuna after much weeping said to the people— "Anoint Kuvalayápíra, for the king is dead." He learnt the fact by magic; for though the minister was at a distance yet by force of good fortune he could accomplish difficult things. Although the sun be clouded, yet expands the lotus; though the clouds be at a distance, yet they cool the sunbeams. The great have some secret powers, not apparent to others, by which they can effect difficult things from a distance. The king died after a reign of thirty-six years, seven months and eleven days. Some say he perished at A'ryánaka by an untimely fall of heavy snow. Some again maintain that in order to keep up his glory he burnt himself when in a danger. Again, there are others who are of opinion that he with his army entered the abodes of the gods through Uttarápatha. As the history of the acts of this king is strange, so also is the history of his death. When the sun sets, some say he enters the sea, others say he enters into fire, some again say, that he goes to another world. Even so when the great are dead the tidings of their death proclaim their greatness.

Lalitáditya was succeeded by Kuvalayápíra born of queen Kamaladeví. He ennobled his royalty by charity, as the serpent brightens his skin by casting off his old slough. His reign was for a short time darkened by his quarrel with his equally valiant brother. The quarrel for some time remained undecided owing to their dependants very often changing sides for money. At last the

king overcame his younger brother and also the dependants who took money from both sides. Now, having maintained peace in the kingdom, and gaining strength, he was ambitious of making foreign conquests. But at this time one of his ministers, either remembering the instructions of the late king, or through pride, disobeyed Kuvalayápíra; at which he was so angry that he could not at night sleep even for a moment, and thought not only of killing him but several of his partisans. But afterwards when his anger was assuaged, he wondered how he had ever thought it fit to take so many lives. And he thus questioned himself—"Who ever lives in peace after committing crimes for the sake of self? What reasonable man wants to violate the path of virtue for his ungrateful person? None takes notice of the changes time brings on him. The immortal beings laugh at us, for they found us yesterday thoughtlessly laughing in childhood; to-day they see our beards grown and our faces looking red like copper in anger; and to-morrow they will behold our countenance and hair disfigured like the head of an old goat." Thus thinking on the mutability of man, and valuing peace, he left his kingdom, and went into the woods of Plakshaprasravana. At the time of his departure he wrote on his seat the following line which show his asceticism—"Go to the woods, fix your mind in devotion, for the riches you see are perishable, and of short duration." This seer-king may be seen by the

good even to this day at Shrí hill and other places. When the son of his master thus left the kingdom, the minister Mitrasharmmá with his wife drowned himself for grief in the waters of Vitastá. This king reigned for one year and fifteen days.

Him succeeded his brother Vajráditya also called Vappiyaka or Lalitáditya, born of queen Chakramardiká. The cruel temper of this king contrasted strangely with the gentle character of his brother. He robbed Paribásapura of many gifts with which his father had adorned it. This luxurious king had many females in his zenana. He sold many people to the Mlechchhas, and introduced their evil habits. After reigning seven years this vicious king died of consumption, the effect of his debauchery.

His son Prithivyapíra by queen Mangjariká then came to the throne. He was a great persecutor of his subjects, and reigned for four years and one month.

He was dethroned by his step brother Sanggrámápira born of queen Massá. This prince reigned only seven days. These two kings did not benefit the kingdom.

After the death of Sanggrámápíra, Jayápíra the youngest son of Vappiya or Lalitáditya, ascended the throne. This prince remembered the words of the ministers, "Be like your grandfather," which they used to repeat to him according to the direction of king Lalitáditya I, and being ambitious of conquest, he collected an army and set out of his country. Arriving at the gate of Káshmíra with his feudatory chiefs, he asked the old

men there as to the numerical strength of the army with which his grandfather had set out. The old men smiled and said, "What is the use of asking that question? For that which was then accomplished cannot be repeated again. He had one lak and twenty-five thousand litters of war with him, while you have only eighty thousand." But the king did not think the conquest of the world difficult with the army he had collected, as he thought times had much changed since the days of his grandfather. The old men found in him the spirit of his grandsire. When the king had gone far out of his country, his wife's brother rebelled and ascended the throne of Káshmíra. On the other hand, many soldiers who had not much loyalty in them, and longed for home, daily deserted his army and returned to their country. Thus deserted, yet resolved to show his personal valor, the king made a solemn vow. Through his pride which was not yet humbled, he surmounted the frowns of fortune. Sending his feudatory kings who followed him, to their respective countries, he with a few followers went to Prayága. There having ascertained the number of his horses, he presented one lak minus one to Bráhmanas with rich offerings. And there on the banks of the Ganges he erected a monument marked with his name, and an inscription to the effect that he who should be able to present one lak of horses might pull down Jayápíra's monument, and erect his own. The Ganges still laves with its waters the monu-

ment marked with the name of Jayápíra. He then ordered his soldiers to return home, and separating himself from them, went out alone one night, and entered the city of Paundravardhana, the possession of Jayanta, the king of Gaura.

Long peace had made the citizens rich which it gave him delight to see. The king knew dancing, and naturally enough wished to see a dance, and entered the temple of Kárttikeya. For a time he sat on a stone at the door of the temple. He had an air of majesty in him which the people perceived and wondered, and they moved aside from him. It so happened that the beautiful dancing girl Kamalá saw with wonder the king, and his uncommon mein. She also marked that he frequently touched his shoulders and concluded that he must be some great man travelling over the world in disguise. "May be," she thought, "he is a king or a king's son or born of some high family who is accustomed to take betel from behind him, since he is frequently touching his back. The elephant shakes his ears though there be no black bees, the lion looks behind as he goes though there be no elephant near, the peacock dances though the clouds be dispersed; thus habit makes one work though there be no cause for so working." Thus thinking she made a sign to a bosom friend of hers, bidding her to approach the king; and when he placed his hand on his back as before, Kamalá's friend placed a betel there, which the king took, and

putting it to his mouth looked back and saw her. He asked her by a movement of his eyebrows who she was. She replied his question. He was pleased with her sweet conversation; and when the dance was over, she accompanied him to Kamalá's house. The king was struck with Kamalá's courteous behaviour, her tenderness and beauty. Now when the moon had risen, she took her guest by the hand, and led him to her bed room. There lying on a golden couch, the girl, drunk with Maireya wine, practised her arts on the king, but he did not touch her. And when she became ashamed of her forwardness, the king clasped her to his bosom, and gently said: "It is not, O! beauteous-eyed, that you have not touched my heart, but owing to my present misfortunes I am obliged to offend thee by not responding to your caresses. I am your servant, your simplicity has bought me, and you will soon know my history, and then excuse me. Know that I have vowed not to enjoy pleasures till I have done my task." So saying he played a tune with his fingers on the couch, and sighed and recited a verse: "Whose lust of conquest is not satisfied, can he think of woman? The sun does not come to his spouse in the evening without conquering the whole world." When he had finished the recitation, the girl took him to be some great man. On the morning when the king was about to depart, Kamalá requested him not to go, and gave him a lodging in her house.

Once the king went out to a riverside to perform his evening prayer, and it was late when he returned, and

found the whole household extremely anxious on his account. When he asked the cause of their anxiety, Kamalá smiled and said :—"At night there comes a great lion which kills many lives ; day by day it destroys man, elephant, horse, and you being late we were apprehensive of your safety. Be he king or prince, no one stirs from his house at night." The king smiled at her tale. That night passed, the king went out of the city next evening, and waited beneath a large Banyan tree for the lion. From a distance he spied the animal looking like the very smile of Yama moving about. He shouted in order to draw the attention of the beast, and at that deafening noise, the lion yelled and approached, his mane shaking, his eyes burning, and his ears erected. He lifted up the forepart of his body and opened his mouth. The active king thrust his hand up to the elbow into the mouth of the lion, and cut inside his chest. The lion vomited blood and died of that single stroke. The king washing his blood, and hiding the wound in his elbow, slept as before in the house of Kamalá. In the morning king Jayanta heard that the lion had been killed, and urged by curiosity, went out to see it. There he beheld the huge carcase of the animal killed by one single person, and felt sure that he who had destroyed it was more than man. He was, however, surprised when a follower of his gave him a *Keyura*, [an ornament worn on the upper arm] taken out from the mouth of the lion, marked with the name of Shríjayápíra.

How came he here? Asked the king, and the city became alarmed at the information. After assuaging the fears of the citizens, king Jayanta thus addressed them—"Why are you afraid, O men of little sense, now that you should be glad? It is rumoured that for certain reasons the powerful king Jayápíra is travelling in the world alone under the false name of prince Kallata. I have no son," continued the king of Gaura, "and am resolved to marry my daughter Kalyánadeví to him. He ought to be sought after, and if he be found without seeking, it will be as one who seeks for jewels and finds the island where there are all precious stones. He must be in this city, and he who will be able to give any information about him will obtain in return whatever he desires." The citizens, trusting in the word of their truthful king, made search after Jayápíra, and at last informed Jayanta that the king of Káshmíra was stopping in the house of Kamalá. The king with his ministers and his ladies came to the place, and with due attention conveyed him to his palace. And then he married him to Kalyánadeví. Jayápíra then subdued the five kings of Gaura, and made his father-in-law paramount over them. The army which he had left behind under the command of Devasharmmá, the son of Mittrasharmmá, the minister of his grandfather, joined him: and at the request of his general he returned to his country with his wife and Kamalá. On his way he defeated the king of Kányakubja, and took away from him his splendid throne.

When he entered Káshmíra, his brother-in-law Jajja, who had usurped his throne, came out against him. An obstinate battle was fought for several days at the village of Pushkaletra. During these days the dwellers of the villages and forests who could not brook the usurper, flocked to Jayápíra, who was beloved of his subjects. In the course of the battle, one Shrídeva, a villager, and a Chandála by caste, sought for Jajja. They pointed out to him Jajja riding on horseback in the thick of the battle, but being thirsty he was drinking water from a golden vessel. "Now Jajja is killed by me," cried out Shrídeva as he struck him with a stone tied to a sling. When he had set out for battle, he had said to his mother that he was going to help the king, and had asked for food. His mother laughed, but he resolved to kill Jajja. Jajja's army seeing him struck down to the ground with stone, and motionless, left him dying. Thus he reigned for three years in the kingdom which he gained by rebellion. He lived in anxiety, dreading the arrival of his powerful foe. The riches of merchants last not, if they appropriate what is entrusted to them, nor of prostitutes, if they deceive their paramours nor of kings, if they get the kingdom by rebellion. After the death of Jajja, Jayápíra reigned, and by his good works he attracted the hearts of the good. His queen Kalyánadeví founded a town named Kalyánapura on the field of her husband's victory. The king founded a city named Mahlánapura, and set up a large image of Keshava,

and Kamalá also raised a city named Kamalá after her name.

The king made several improvements in the kingdom. He introduced such sciences as were long forgotten in the country, even as Kashyapa brought the Vitastá, and encouraged his subjects to cultivate learning. He invited learned men from other countries and employed them in collecting the fragments of Pátanjali's commentary on the annotations of Kátyáyana on Pánini's grammatical aphorisms. The king himself used to take lessons from Kshíra, a Professor of Grammar. He never liked nor tolerated self-praise, but valued the praise of the learned. The title of *pandita* was more prized in his reign than that of the king. He listened to whatever learned men said, and so the inferior kings who had any favor to ask crowded in the houses of the learned. Such was his assiduity to get together learned men, that men of lore became scarce in the courts of other kings. In Shukradanta's house of charity, where boiled rice was distributed, one learned man named Thakriya was made the head. Another learned man named Udbhatabhatta was made the president of his court on a daily pay of one lak of dínáras. He made Dámodaragupta a poet, who had the art of procuring women, his principal minister. The poets of his court were Manoratha, Shangkhadatta, Chataka and Sandhimána; and his ministers were Vámana and others. Once the king dreamt, when in deep sleep, that the

sun was rising from the west, and he knew thereby that some virtuous *panditas* had entered his kingdom. This noble and eloquent king appreciated learning in which he took so great a pleasure. What joys can those kings feel, who, like blind bulls, are bent only on satisfying their appetites. As the embrace of the wife who is determined to follow her lord to the other world, is to the dead when placed on the funeral pyre; as the juice of the sugarcane is to one who has lost his taste by *Mahámoha* disease; as the scent of the garland is to the dead; even so is the grandeur of learning to the senseless.

The king once ordered one of his messengers to get five Rákshasas from Ceylon. The messenger who was none other than his minister for war and peace, fell overboard the vessel, and was swallowed by a *Timi* fish; but he tore the bowels of the fish and reached the shore. Vibhíshana, king of Ceylon, gave him five Rákshasas and sent him back to his country. The king bestowed much wealth on the messenger, and caused the Rákshasas to fill up a deep tank, and build a fort named Jayapura which equalled heaven in beauty. The king set up three large images of Buddha, a monastery, and an image of a goddess named Jayádeví in that town. He also set up images of Ráma and his brothers, and of Vishnu reposing on a snake. Some say that the king caused the tank to be filled up by his workmen, and employed the Rákshasas in doing some other work. Once the king dreamt that Vishnu asked him to cause a city

like Dváravatí to be built surrounded by water, and he built a town so surrounded, which the people, even to this day, call Abhyantarajayapura. In this city, Jayadeva, who was at the head of the five departments [mentioned before] built a monastery; and A'cha, the son-in-law of Pramoda the king of Mathurá, who was subject to the king of Káshmíra, set up an image of Mahádeva named A'cheshvara.

The king again set out for conquest. He had a large army with him; his elephants appeared as a continuation of hills as far as the sea, and his army stretched from the Himálaya to the Eastern Hills. At night Summunirája, and others with the Chandálas kept watch over the army. The king adopted the name of Vinayáditya and founded a city in the east named Vinayádityapura.

Kings may be great and brave and persevering, yet sudden dangers often render their fortunes doubtful. Once disguised as a hermit, the king entered the fort of Bhímasena, king of the East. He was, however, recognized by Siddha, brother of Jajja, and understanding that the king had come as a spy, he gave information to Bhímasena who, all of a sudden, captured and confined him. Here fate overcame the efforts of man. Jayápíra, however, did not lose his presence of mind in this great danger, and began to plan his escape. It so happened that, at this juncture, a disease caused by spiders, broke out among the people of Bhímasena. The disease was contagious, and fatal in its effect, and persons

attacked with it were deserted by their fellows. Jayápíra heard of this, and caused his men secretly to bring something that increased bile; he ate it and had an attack of fever; and applying the juice of Vajra [a species of Euphorbia] he produced eruptions on his body. Now the guards reported to Bhímasena that the king of Káshmíra had an attack of what they thought to be the prevailing disease, and Bhímasena apprehending danger therefrom, sent out Jayápíra. Thus effecting his escape, he captured the fort.

Aramuri, the learned and wily king of Nepála, wished to engage himself in war with Jayápíra. When the king of Káshmíra entered Nepála, Aramuri collected his army, and without submitting retired before the army of Káshmíra. Jayápíra not caring to fight with other kings, pursued Aramuri through various countries like a falcon that follows a pigeon, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing sight of his enemy's army. Having conquered the countries around, he encamped with his soldiers by the side of a river that flows into the sea within a short distance. Thence he continued his march towards the Eastern Sea for two or three days, his banners flying in the breeze which came from the sea. After which he got within sight of the Nepála army encamped on the southern bank of the river, under the Nepála umbrella. The anger of Jayápíra was roused at the sight of the army of the enemy, and on hearing their notes of war. And finding that the water in the river was only knee-

deep, and not knowing the nature of the place, he descended into the river. When he had gone half way, the flood tide came in, and immensely increased the bulk of the water, the place being near the sea. His army consisting of men, nágas, horses, elephants, were borne away by the current. The king's ornaments and clothes were swept away, and he was carried by the stream to a great distance, but he kept himself above water by swimming. The cries and shrieks of the army, mixed with the roar of the waters, filled all sides. At this opportunity the king was quickly picked up by the enemies by means of leather bag, and thus to their great joy he was captured. The favors of Fortune and of clouds own no law, for Fortune often bestows great favors, but in the next moment causes mishap; and clouds, while assuaging the heat of a long summer day, hurl down thunderbolts. The king of Nepála confined him in a high stone-built house on the banks of the Kálagandiká, and appointed his faithful guards to watch over him. The king of Káshmíra once more in danger, and not knowing what to do, burnt with grief. The confinement was so strict that neither the moon nor the sun could see him. But by some means he saw that the river was nigh, and he planned his escape. Even to this day the kind-hearted *panditas* remember the lines which the king then composed regarding his condition.

Devasharmmá, the proud minister of Káshmíra, was grieved to think of the humiliation of the king, and de-

termining to rescue his master at the risk of his life, sent a sweet-tongued messenger to Aramuri, and offered to give up to the king of Nepála the wealth and the kingdom of Jayápíra. And when messengers from Nepála came to him, and arrangements were made, he with the Káshmírian army entered Nepála. He reached the Kálagandiká, left his army on its banks, and crossed the river with only a few followers. He was introduced into the Nepála court by the feudatory kings, and was well received by the king who caused him to sit down in his presence. But as he was weary with travelling, the king soon dismissed him. Devasharmmá came to his lodgings and there passed the remainder of the day. On the next day, he and the king after drinking retired to privacy to settle their affairs. The minister told the king of Nepála that the accumulated wealth of Jayápíra was with the army, the fact being known to the king of Káshmíra alone, and to some of his faithful officers. "I wish to hear from the king of Káshmíra," continued the minister, "where he has kept these treasures, by holding out to him the hope of his being set free if he would give them up. I have not therefore brought the army here, for if they to whom the riches are entrusted be with the army, it will be impossible to get the treasures. But if the soldiers be brought here one by one and seized they may give out the secret." Thus deceiving the king of Nepála, he with the king's permission went to Jayápíra. He was grieved to see the king,

and clearing the room of all others, asked his master if he still kept up his spirits. "You may succeed," said he, "if your courage fails thee not." "When I am thus unarmed," replied his master, "what can I do though I possess courage." "If your courage has not been lost," rejoined the minister, "the danger can be got over. You can leap from this window, and cross over to the other side, for the army that is there is yours." "Without a leather bag," said the king, "the river cannot be crossed, and if a leather bag be thrown from this height, it will burst, so your plan is useless; and after being thus humiliated I do not wish to die without first chastising the foe." "Wait for two *dandas*," said the minister, "and then come alone and you will see the plan I propose to cross the river, and follow it without fear." The king then retired and passed the usual time out of the room, then entering it alone he found his minister lying dead on the ground, with a piece of cloth tied round his neck; and on it was written the following sentence—"I am but dead to-day, my body is stuffed with air, and will be for you a leather bag which will not break; ride on me and cross the river. I have tied a cloth round my thighs, thrust your legs within it up to your thighs." The sentence was written in the blood of his body, which he had taken out with his nails. At first the king was surprised and grieved at the sight, but after a while he availed himself of the opportunity, and plunging into the stream, reached the

opposite bank. There, being master of his army, he, within a short time, destroyed the king of Nepála, and overran his country, even before his guards knew of his escape. It is strange that the hour which gave birth to the rebellious Jajja, gave birth also to the virtuous Devasharmmá who was like his father Mitrasharmma. The king in spite of his victories thought every thing lost, because of the death of his minister, who was to him like the strange jewel, the possessor of which cannot be killed. In his conquests, he forgot his humiliation, but he could not forget his minister.

The king then conquered the country of women, but prided more on his conquest over his passions on that occasion. From this kingdom he brought the seat of Karna. He raised a building for the court of justice; and being distant from his treasury, he created another treasury office, which accompanied him in his march and was called Chalaganja, or travelling treasury. His kingdom extended to the four seas. He again returned to his country, and surrounded by his feudatory kings, enjoyed the glory he had attained.

The king discovered a copper ore* in a hill at Krama, from which he brought copper, and caused one hundred koti minus one dínnáras to be struck in his name. He alone, the king prided, who will strike a hundred koti coins will beat me. Thus he ruled to destroy the

* See Appendix D.

pride of kings, and left a task to be accomplished by other princes.

Unfortunately for his subjects, the king left the path of his grandsire, and walked in that of his father. The Káyasthas advised him that it was useless to undergo the fatigues of foreign conquest when he could accumulate wealth in his own country. The king took their advice, and began to oppress his subjects. Shivadása and others of his treasurers excited his cupidity. Thenceforth he spent the revenues of Káshmíra according to his pleasure, and as advised by the Káyasthas. The devices by which he had conquered other kings, were now employed to enslave his own men. The measures which had formerly been intended for the comfort of the good, were now adopted for the oppression of the people. He murdered many persons; and excepting those who flattered him, no one spoke well of him, even in dream. Prostitutes and kings both commit sins: the one cruelty and the other fickleness. Their senses are obscured by sins. The one is not grieved even to kill his parents, the other to embrace low men. In this way the king reigned for three years with such cruelty, and plundered even the cultivator's share of the harvest. His gain overturned his senses; he considered the Káyasthas his friends, though they gave him but a small share of the plunder, appropriating to themselves the rest. Even Bráhmanas who always have great patience, began to oppose the king. Some of them fled from the country

as the king began to kill many of them; but at last they combined and stood together, and the king could not destroy them, though he continued to plunder them. The king's character was greatly changed, and he was spoken ill of in poetry by the *panditas*. The cruel king once ordered that ninety-nine Bráhmanas should be killed in one day. And when he was sitting on the banks of the Chandrabhágá after having forcibly taken possession of Tulamula, he was informed that ninety-nine Bráhmanas had perished in the waters of that river. From that time he ceased to take possession of lands granted to Bráhmanas, but he continued to take possession of those possessed by men of other castes.

The Bráhmanas who dwelt at Tulamula once came to say something to the king, but were struck in his presence by his door-keeper, and consequently were very angry. "Bráhmanas were never insulted before, even in the presence of Manu, Mándhátá, Ráma and other great kings;" they said, "and when angry they can destroy in a moment the heaven with Indra, the earth with her mountains, and the nether world with its Nága—chief." The king who would not ask for advice, and was deserted by his feudatory kings, replied with supercilious pride. "You cunning people who eat by begging, what pride is this of yours that you pretend to do what the Rishis did." The Bráhmanas were cowed down by his frown, but one Iitti thus replied: "We conduct ourselves according to the times, as you are a

king, even so we are Rishis." The king scornfully enquired: "Art thou the great Rishi Vishvámitra or Vashishta or Agastha?" And, as if flaming with anger, the other replied, "If you be Harishchandra, Trishanku or Nahusha, then I am one of those you mention." The king then answered with a smile, "the curse of Vishvámitra and others destroyed Harishchandra, &c., what will your anger effect?" The Bráhmana struck the earth with his hand, and said, "will not my anger bring down Brahmadanda on thee?" Then said the angry king, "let fall the Brahmadanda, why delay it longer?" "O cruel man, ! there it falls." And no sooner had Litti said so than a golden bar from the canopy fell on the king. The wound degenerated into erysipelatous inflammation, and insects generated on the suppuration. He suffered great pain, the sample of what he would have to suffer in hell. After five nights, he, who had courted danger, died. Thus the king who used to punish without fault, was chastised by Brahmadanda and perished. This powerful though fickle king reigned for thirty one years. Kings thirsting for wealth, and restrained by no limits, take to evil ways, like the fishes which thirsting for muddy water leave their place and go on the dry land. The latter are caught by fishermen, and the former are sent to hell. His mother Amritaprabhá set up a god named Amritakeshava for the salvation of his soul.

He was succeeded by his son Lalitápíra by queen Durgá. He was a very sensual king, and did not attend

to royal duties, and in his reign prostitutes obtained influence, and evil ways were prevalent. The ill-gotten wealth of his father was spent by him on dancers, actors, &c. Bad men gained access to the palace as friends of prostitutes, and taught him the art of pleasing the public women. The king cast aside his crown and royal ornaments, and lived in the company of females. Those who could joke and speak of women, were his favorites, not warriors or learned men. His passion increased with his enjoyments, and he thought his father was inanimate, because when he conquered the kingdom of women, he did not touch them. And pleased with the embraces of women, and surrounded by his temporary companions, he laughed at his ancestors who had felt a passion for conquest. The king rewarded his gay companions because they derided old men so as to prevent them from approaching the king. In his court, and accompanied by his courtezans, the king shamed his old ministers with loud laughter and jokes. The wicked king clothed his noble ministers with clothes marked with the foot-print of prostitutes. One proud minister named Manoratha, unable to reform the king, ceased to attend his court. There is no way left but to desert a bad king, for it is useless to oppose him or to concur with him, or to grieve for him, or to work his evil. The king took back from Bráhmanas the places named Suvarnapárshva, Falapura and Lochanotsa. He reigned for twelve years.

He was succeeded by his step-brother Sangrámapíra, son of Jayápíra, by queen Kalyána. He assumed the name of Prithivyápira, and reigned for seven years.

After him Chippatajayápíra, otherwise called Vrihaspati, the infant son of Lalitápíra, was made king. He was born of Lalitápíra's concubine named Jayádeví, the daughter of Kalpapála an inhabitant of Akhuva. This daughter of Kalpapála had been taken away by Lalitápíra on account of her beauty. The maternal uncles of the present king named Padma, Utpalaka, Kalyána, Mamma and Dharmma now ruled the kingdom during the king's infancy. They were all young. The eldest held the five principal posts, and the others held other posts. The orders of Jayádeví, mother of the king, were obeyed by her brothers. She set up a god named Jayeshvara. The wealth saved by parsimonious kings is soon squandered by some successor. The king spent but a small sum, but his uncles appropriated the whole. The wealth which their sister had gained by means of her beauty was now spent by her fortunate brothers. But as their nephew grew up, they apprehended their destruction. And these wicked men after consulting together, killed their nephew by magic, in order that they might rule the kingdom. The king died after reigning twelve years.

After his death, his uncles were puffed up with pride and could not brook that any one among themselves would

reign. They wished to set up a puppet king, but they could not agree in their choice, and so they quarrelled. Tribhuvanapíra, son of king Vappiya by queen Megh́ávali, though the eldest, was not crowned, because all did not agree. This Tribhubanapíra's son named Ajitápira by Jayádevi, was raised to the throne by Utpala in opposition to his colleagues. But the king could not please all the five brothers equally, for when he spoke to one of them the rest were displeased. The five brothers who appropriated the revenues of the realm, set up many houses of gods in the city. They with their sons ruled the kingdom which may be said to have been without a king. Utpala set up a god named Utpalasvámí, and built a town named Utpalapura. Padma set up a god named Padmasvámí, and a town named Padmapura. The wife of Padma named Gunadeví, built two temples, one within the city, and the other at Vijayeshvara. Dharmma set up a god named Dharmmasvámí, and Kalyánavarmma set up Kalyánasvámí, an image of Vishnu. Mamma set up a god Mammasvámí, and gave away as gift eighty-five thousand cows with calves, and five thousand dínáras with each cow and calf. Who can estimate his wealth, much less the accumulated wealth of all the brothers? Their charity made every one desire and pray for their riches, by whatever means acquired, whether by plunder or by honest means. The houses of the gods built by them were far larger than other temples which stood beside them. From the

Káshmírian era 89,* when their nephew died, till now they reigned without opposition for a period of thirty six years. After this a battle was fought between Mamma and Utpalaka, and it was so obstinately fought that the Vitastá was choked with dead bodies. The poet Shankuka described this battle in his work named Bhuvanábhyudaya. Yashovarmmá, the son of Mamma, defeated his opponents. The victorious party then dethroned Ajitápíra and crowned Anangapíra son of Sangrámápíra. Unable to bear the ascendancy of Mamma, Sukhavarmmá son of Utpala, began to aspire to the kingdom. After three years Utpala died, and Sukhavarmmá raised Utpalápíra son of Ajitápíra, to the throne.

Ratna the minister for peace and war, who had amassed much wealth, set up a temple for the god Ratnasvámi. Nara and other proprietors of the village Vimaláshvá, who were the judges of Dárvábhisára, &c., lived at the latter place as princes. The line of Karkota became almost extinct, and the family of Utpala began to thrive. When Sukhavarmmá was, through his prowess, on the point of becoming king, he was murdered by his envious friend Shushka. Shura the minister, then thought Avantivarmmá son of Sukhavarmmá, to be fit for the throne;

* With the exception of the calculation of date at the beginning of the book, which will be found in our Appendix A. this is the first instance where the author has given a date to an event. The Káshmírians calculated era by centuries. Here the year 89 signifies the 89th year of the century which was then current.

and in order to prevent disturbances among the people, he in the Káshmírian era 31 † deposed the reigning king Utpalápira, and raised Avantivarmmá to the throne. This man obtained with ease the kingdom for which his father and grandfather had tried so hard.

The water of coronation was poured on his head from a golden vessel, his golden ear-pendants glittering as if the sun and the moon were whispering advices in his ears; and at the time of his being crowned he was surrounded by the princes of his race.

Here ends the fourth book of Rájatarangini by Kahlana son of Champaka Pravu the great minister of Káshmíra.

There were seventeen kings of the line of Karkota, who reigned over a period of two hundred and sixty years, five months, and twenty days. Altogether there were seventy kings from the beginning.

† This is of course the 31st year of the next century.

BOOK V.

[INVOCATION.]

AVANTIVARMMA cleared the kingdom of all enemies, and by his good behaviour pleased the good. The minister obeyed the orders of the king, and the king complied with the requests of the minister. The king was forgiving and grateful, the minister devoted to his master, and without vanity. Such a union is rare. The wise king, although he had obtained a kingdom, did not forget his past condition and used to meditate in the following manner :—"The regal dignity inspires ambition in great minds, and leads men to crime. There is none who is favored with royal dignity but feels misery in the end. How can she (Fortune) who rose from the ocean along with the courtesans of heaven, learn to be faithful to one. She has no affection, and has followed no king to the other world though long solicited. The stores of golden drinking vessels of departed kings no longer belong to them! Why do not kings feel ashamed to eat from plates from which others have eaten before them? Who does not fear to look on the huge plates of silver marked with the names of departed kings? Who can feel pleasure at the sight of those unholy necklaces which have been taken out from the necks of dying kings? And who does not feel terrified to touch these ornaments left by them with their regrets and lamentations at the time of their death?

Wealth is purified when bestowed on proper persons." Thus thinking, the king broke the golden ornaments and things, and gave them to Bráhmanas. One Brahmana instead of saying, "admirable O! king," when he received the gift, addressed him by name and said "admirable O! Avanti!" The king was so pleased at this that he bestowed much wealth on him. The king gave away everything in charity retaining only his *Chámara* and umbrella, and thus he spent the accumulated wealth of his predecessors.

His brother and brother's son rose against him several times, but he defeated them in battle, and having restored peace in his kingdom, he divided his wealth among his friends and servants, out of affection towards them. Out of his affection too for his step-brother Súravarmmá he raised him to the dignity of heir-apparent. This Súravarmmá bestowed the villages of Khadhuyá and Hastikarna to Bráahmanas, and set up images of two gods named Súravarmmasvámí and Gokula. The holy king also set up a Matha, the pride of the world, and bestowed the village of Panchahasta on Bráhmanas. Another brother of the king named Samara, set up images of Ráma and his brothers as well as one of Samarasvámí. The two younger brothers of Súra named Dhíra and Vitrapa who were accountants, built up two temples named after them. These two brothers went up bodily to Kailása, the heaven of Shiva! Sura had a door-keeper

named Mahodaya who set up a god named Mahodaya soamí. It was in this temple that Rámaja whose school of grammar was then celebrated, was employed as expositor. Prabhákaravarmmá, the king's minister, built a temple of Vishnu named Probhákarasvámí. He had a tame *shuka* bird who accompanied other *Shukas* and brought many pearls; whereupon the minister built the celebrated Shukávalí.

The minister Shúra patronized learning and encouraged the learned, and many learned men were brought to the court in royal carriages drawn by pair, and were well received. The following authors flourished in this reign:—Muktákana, Shivasvámí, A'nandavardhana and Ratnákara. Kritamandára the bard of the minister Shúra used to repeat the following sloka in the court as a hint to his master. "This is the time to do good, while fortune lasts, for fortune is naturally fleeting, and danger is always at hand, and when danger comes, there will be no more opportunity to do good." Shúra raised many edifices, and among others one for Hara-Párvatí, a figure half male and half female, at the shrine Sureshvarí. This temple was very strongly built. And having set up the god Shúreshvara, he built the temple Shúramatha, as high as his own mansion, for the dwelling of devotees. He built a beautiful town named Shúrapura and brought there the celebrated drum which was in Kramavartta. Ratnavardhana, his son, set up an image

of Shiva named Bhúteshvara at Sureshvarí, and built a matha within the enclosure of Shúramatha. Kávyadeví, his wife, set up a Shiva named Kávyadevíshvara at Sureshvarí.

The king who had no vanity in him, allowed his brothers and Shúra and Shúra's sons to bear the royal arms. The king was from his childhood a Vishnuvite, but out of regard for Shúra he inclined towards Shivaism. He built the town of Avantipura at Vishvoukasára the shrine where the souls of the dead receive salvation. There, before he became king, he had set up the image of the god Avantisvámí, and after becoming king he set up that of Avantishvara. And out of his silver bathing vessel he made three seats for three gods, Tripureshvara, Bhútesha, and Vijayesha.

His minister Shúra was so devoted to him, that he cared neither for his life nor for virtue nor even for his son in the service of the king. One day, when the king had offered his offerings, befitting his wealth, to god Bhúteshvara, he saw that the wild Utpalasháka vegetable had been placed by the priests on the seat of the god. And when the king asked the reason, they fell prostrate, and clasped their hands, and replied :—" In Lahara there lives a fiery and strong man named Dhanva who is as beloved of Shúra as his own son. He always worships gods and has the power to bring down rain. Now this person has taken possession of the villages attached to the temples and consequently this wild vegetable is

all which can be had, and which has been offered to the god." The king pretended not to hear the above, and feigning to be suddenly attacked with colic pain, left worship, and went out. But Shúra guessed that there was some reason for the king's leaving off the worship and getting a sudden attack of colic pain, and began to enquire into the matter. And when he learnt the true reason he became angry. He entered the temple of Bhairava which was near the temple of Bhutesha, and in which was Mátrichakra. There he prevented the people from crowding, and encircled by a few followers, he repeatedly sent messengers to bring Dhanva. Dhanva, cruel though brave, arrived with his infantry. But no sooner had he entered the temple than the armed men of the minister severed his head from his body, even before the god Bhairava. The minister threw the bleeding body into a neighbouring tank, and went out to assuage the anger of the king. The king heard that the minister had beheaded him whom he had loved as his son, and wondered, and his anger abated. And when Shúra enquired about the health of the king, he replied that his pain was gone. The minister then raised him from his bed and caused him to finish his worship. Thus the minister who understood the motives of the king, was ready to serve him and even to sacrifice his own life, although not ordered to do so. The king and the minister were never angry with each other, and never have a king and a minister like them been seen or heard of

For ten years during this reign, animals did not kill one another; in so much that Patina fish left the cold water, and basked fearlessly under the autumn sun on the banks.

In this reign lived Shríkallata and other sages. And though their history is long, yet I shall relate briefly the anecdote of one of them as it concerns the present history. Káshmíra, intersected with many rivers and lakes, was never a very productive country. It was owing to the vigourous efforts of Lalitáditya that the country was drained in some places and the produce of the land had been a little increased. But after the death of Jayápíḍa, the kings who succeeded were feeble, and the waters again increased to their former bulk. And the consequence was a famine. Paddy was sold at one thousand and fifty dínáras per khárí.* To save men and animals from this calamity, Suyya, one of the sages, was born. No one knew of his birth; and it was apparent from his actions that, although born in the Kali Yuga, he was not born of man. Suyyá, a chandálí by caste, was on one occasion sweeping the dust from the roads, when she found a new earthen pot covered; and on raising the cover, she saw a boy lying in it, and performing Japa; and its eyes were like lotus leaves. She thought that some unfortunate mother must have left the beautiful child there. While she was thus think-

* 32 seers = 1 drona, 16 dronas = 1 khárí.

ing, suddenly, and out of affection for the child, the milk came into her breast. Without polluting the child with her touch she lodged it in the house of a wet nurse of the Shudra caste, to whom she gave money enough for its support. The child was named Suyya; and when he grew up and was educated, he became the tutor of boys in a rich man's house. He was, for his good conduct and intellect, considered as chief in the circle of the learned. One day, when some people were grieving on account of the recent floods, he remarked that he had intellect, but not money, and he could therefore give no redress. This speech was reported to the king by his spies, and the king wondered, and caused him to be brought before him. The King asked him as to what he had said. He fearlessly repeated that he had intellect but no money. The courtiers pronounced him to be mad; but the king, in order to try his intellect, placed all his wealth at the disposal of this man. Suyya took out many vessels filled with dinnáras, and went by boat to Madava. There in the village named Nandaka, which was under water, he threw a pot of dinnáras, and returned. Although the courtiers pronounced him to be undoubtedly mad, the king heard of his work, and enquired as to what he did afterwards. At Yakshadara in Kramarájya he began to throw dinnáras by handfuls into the water. The Vitastá was there obstructed by rocks which had fallen into its bed from both its rocky banks; and the villagers who were suffering from scarcity, began to search for the

limaras, and in so doing removed the rocks which were in the bed of the river, and cleared the passage of the water. No sooner had the water flowed out than Suyya raised a stone embankment along the Vitastá, which was completed within seven days. He then cleared the bed of the river, and then broke down the embankments. The passage was now quite open, and the river flowed easily, and rapidly towards the sea, as if anxiously and eagerly, after this long detention; and consequently the land again appeared above the waters. He then cut new canals from the Vitastá wherever he thought that the course of the river had been obstructed. Thus many streams issued out of one main river, even like the several heads of a serpent from one trunk. Sindhu which flowed from Trigrama to the left; and Vitastá on the right were made to meet one another at Vainyasvámi. And even to this day the junction made by Suyya near this town exists; as also the two gods Vishnusvámí and Vainyasvámí at Phalapura and Parihásapura situated on either side of the junction; and the god Hrishíkesha whom Suyya worshipped, just at the junction. And to this day may also be seen the trees which grew on the banks of the river as it flowed before, distinguished by marks of ropes by which boats were tied to them. Thus Suyya diverted the course of rivers. He raised a stone embankment seven *yojanas* in length; and thereby brought the waters of the Mahápadma lake under control. He joined the waters of the lake Mahápadma with

those of the Vitastá, and built many populous villages after having rescued the land from the waters. The low lands which he protected by embankments are to this time called Kundala, and there the harvest is very plentiful. Even to this day when the rivers become narrow in autumn, marks of the pillars which were erected by Suyya may be distinguished. When the waters receded, the jars of dínnáras which he had thrown in deep water at Nandaka, were found again. He examined several places and iriegated many villages, the produce of which did not depend on rains, by means of artificial canals cut from the Chanula and other rivers until the whole country became fruitful. Thus Suyya benefited the country such as even Kashyapa or Valadeva had not done. Before his time, paddy sold in Káshmíra at two hundred dínnáras a Khári even after a bumper crop, but since his time the same quantity has sold at only thirty-six dínnáras. He built a beautiful city after his own name on the Vitastá where it issued from the Mahápadma lake, and he made a law that as long as the world existed the fishes and birds of the lake should not be killed. He bestowed the village of Suyyákundala to Bráhmanas, and erected a bridge Suyyásetu after the name of her who had found him in the street. Avantivarmmá and other kings built thousands and thousands of villages on the land thus rescued from the waters.

King Avanti reigned well even like Mándhátá. He was at last attacked with a mortal disease and retired to the

shrine of Jyeshteshvara on the hill of Tripuresha. There on the approach of death he manifested a leaning towards Vaishnavism. He died listening to the Bhagavadgítá, and meditating on Vishnu's heaven. His death happened in the month of Ashára, on the 3rd day of the bright fortnight of the moon, in the year 59 of the era.

On his death all the members of the family of Utpala aspired to the throne. But Ratnavardhana the Royal guard raised Shankaravarmmá, son of the late king, to the throne. The minister Karnapavinnápa became envious, and raised Sukhavarmmá the son of Suravarmmá to the dignity of heir-apparent; and so the king and the heir-apparent became enemies to each other, and consequently the kingdom was frequently disturbed by their quarrels. Shivashakti and other warriors refused offers of wealth, honor, &c., from the opposite party, and remained faithful to their master, and died for him. Honorable men never desert their party. After much trouble the king prevailed at last. He defeated Samaravarmmá and others, on several occasions, and acquired great fame.

Having thus beaten and subjugated his own relatives, he made preparations for foreign conquests. Though the country was weak in population, he was able to set out with nine hundred thousand foot, three hundred elephants, and one hundred thousand horse. He, whose command had been ill obeyed in his own kingdom a short while before, now began to pass orders on kings.

His army was joined by the forces of tributary kings, and increased as he went on. On his approach the king of Dárvábhisára fled in terror and there was no fighting. The Káshmirian army caught several lions and confined them in a fort, a sort of abode in which they had never lived before. The king then marched for the conquest of Gurjjara. Prithivichandra the king of Trigarta hid himself, but his son Bhuvanachandra, on whom the king of Káshmíra had bestowed wealth before, came to pay homage. But when he saw the large army of Káshmíra, he became afraid of being captured, and accordingly turned and fled. The king of Káshmíra, whom the historians describe as a very handsome man, was regarded by other kings as Death! Shankaravarmmá easily defeated Alakhána king of Gurjjara who ceded Takka a part of his kingdom to his conqueror. The king of the Thakkiyaka family took service as guard under the king of Káshmíra. The latter caused the kingdom of the Thakkiya king which had been usurped by the king of Bhoja to be restored to him. The king of the country which lay between Darat and Turushka, (as the Aryavarta lies between Himálaya and Vindhya,) Lalliya Shahi by name, who was among kings even as the sun is among stars, and was also lord over Alakhána, did not submit to the king of Káshmíra, on which the latter drove him out of his country.

After his conquest, Shankaravarmmá returned to his country, and built a town named after him in the pro-

vince of Panchasattra. In that beautiful town he also set up two images of Shiva, Shankaragaurísha and Sugandhesha—the former named after himself, and the latter after his queen Sugandhá, daughter of Shrísvámí, king of Udakpatha. One Náyaka, a learned man, built another temple to Sarasvatí in the neighbourhood of the above mentioned temples. Poets purloin from each other's poetry, and the great rob other men of their properties and thereby increase the beauties of their own works. In order to adorn this new-built town, the king conveyed into it beautiful things from Parihásapura. The sale of beasts for which the town of the Pattavas was celebrated, now went on in this new-built city. Ratnavardhana the minister, who had raised the present king to the throne, set up a Shiva named Shríratnavardhana.

It is strange that the king who had once done glorious acts, now began to do things which were evil. He became avaricious, and began to oppress his subjects. His treasury was empty, and in order to meet the heavy expenses of his luxury, he at last, and after consultation with his advisers, commenced to plunder the temples. He raised money from towns, houses, and villages, and created two offices named Attapatibhaga and Grihakritya.* He cunningly appropriated the money which was set apart for the purchase of incense and oil for the use of the temples. And

* The duty of these officers appears to have been to help him in his extortion. According to Dr. Goldstücker they were revenue officers in Káshmíra where duties were levied on perfumes, sandal wood, oil &c. The Doctor regards these offices as one and the same.

on pretence of superintending temples he plundered sixty-four of them through their headmen. He took lease of villages attached to the temples, but appropriated all the income without paying anything to the gods. The king gave only one-fourth of what had hitherto been given annually to the courtiers for the cost of their food, blanket &c.; and this was more than what he wished to give. When he found village officers absent from their posts, he fined them one year's pay through the respectable persons of the villages. He also fined innocent rural officers their year's pay. Thus he introduced heavy and impoverishing imposts in villages; these imposts were of thirteen sorts. He impoverished villages by collecting the monthly salaries of his Káyasthas who were given to cruel extractions, and by various other means. From the savings made by reducing gifts to temples as also from the fine imposed on villages, he managed his household expenditure. He established five camps and a sixth named Lavata the principal treasury, on spots where the various industries of the country were carried on.

When the subjects were thus severely oppressed, the king's son Gopálavarmmá took compassion on the people and one day thus spoke to his father :—"O father! the boon which you promised to grant me before, and you are a truthful man, I ask of you now. The steps which you have adopted through the advice of Káyasthas, hardly leave any hope or means to your subjects to live upon. It is not

likely that any good will come to you in this or in the next world from your tyranny. Who can say what effect these oppressive acts may bring in the future world? But in the present world there is nothing but mischief. People suffer from the avarice of kings more than from famine, disease, &c. When the king is avaricious, no one wishes for his welfare. Charity and kind words can conquer the world, but avarice destroys charity and kindness. The avarice of kings destroys their beauty, length of reign and power. The inheritors of an economical man thrive; but no servant will do good to him who is not grateful. Even his own men try to kill him who has gathered immense wealth. What unpleasant things may not be effected by avarice,—as by enemies? Avarice is the cause of disgrace to kings, so desist from such avarice." Having heard the gentle words of the prince the king smiled and calmly replied "your advice against tyranny has roused in me the feeling I felt of yore. When I was young like you, I was a prince, and, like you, loved the subjects. According to my father's direction, I used to wear iron mail in summer, in winter I could not wear warm clothes, and was made to go about with my feet bare. Hunters who used to go before me, saw me walking by my horse, my feet torn with thorns, and eyes filled with tears, and spoke ill of my father. But my father said that he had risen to the dignity of a king from a low position, and that he knew how to appreciate the labors of those who served in dif-

ferent capacities; and that after undergoing such pain myself I should be able to know the sufferings of others, which otherwise I should never be able to appreciate, being born rich. I, who have thus been schooled by my father in hardships, am now oppressing my people after getting the kingdom. As the sentient being, when born, forgets the pain which it felt when in the womb, even so the king, after getting a kingdom, forgets the thoughts he used to entertain before. Therefore, grant me a boon that after getting the kingdom you will not be more oppressive than I am." When the king had said thus, the courtiers who were there, smiled and looked on the prince, who held down his face in shame.

The king was unwilling to make presents and therefore kept himself aloof from the company of learned men, while Bhallata and other minor poets attended his court. Good poets did not get any pay from him, but Bharikolavata used to get two thousand dínnáras as his salary. The fact of the king's birth in a family of Kalpapála was betrayed by his vulgar words which were like those of a drunkard. His venerable looking minister Sukharája behaved like an actor on the stage, in order to do things according to the wishes of the bad king. The king fearing a rebellion, killed during night the innocent and heroic chief of Dárviábhisára, Naraváhana and his servants. Twenty or thirty of this wicked king's sons died without any disease, through the curse of his subjects. Kings who oppress their subjects lose their

wives and children, wealth and life in a moment; and I shall narrate hereafter how even his name has been lost by his cruel deeds.

He built a town named Pattana, and made his minister Sukharája's nephew (sister's son) lord of Dvára, but that man lost his life at Bíránaka through his own carelessness. This incensed the king, and he marched upon, and devastated Bíránaka, and entered Uttarapatha. He conquered many kingdoms on the banks of the Indus, and when the affrighted people of these places submitted, he returned. When he was entering Urasha with the inhabitants of the place, and his army lay encamped, an arrow of a hunter came from the top of a hill and accidentally pierced his throat. When on the point of death, he ordered his faithful men to lead back the army to his country. He was carried on a *karnira-tha*. His sight became dim, but he knew his weeping queen Sugandhá by her voice, entrusted to her care his boy Gopálavarmmá, and expired as the arrow was extracted from the wound. His death happened on the way, on the 7th day of the dark fortnight of the moon in the month of Phálguna, in the year 77 of the Káshmírian era.

Sukharája and others safely conducted the army through the hostile countries, concealing the fact of the king's death. By some contrivance made by means of a cord, the king's dead body was made to bend to the feudatory princes who bowed to him. After six days the

army reached Vallásaka, a place within the Káshmírian territory, where being free from fear, they performed the funeral rites of their dead king. Surendravati and two other queens perished on the funeral pyre, as also the grateful Válávitu and able Jayasinha, and two servants Láda and Vajrasára. Thus perished seven persons in the flame.

Then the virtuous and truthful Gopálavarmmá, began to reign under the direction of his mother Sugandhá. Though he was yet a boy, and lived among the vile and the seduced, yet he did not contract any bad habit. His mother was now a widow, and living in luxury, asked Prabhákaradeva, a minister (treasurer), to her embrace, and bestowed on her paramour wealth, rank, and three good districts. The treasurer robbed the queen of much wealth and built a town Bhándápura at Sháhirájya. The reigning Sháhi* disobeyed his orders to build the town, on which he changed the name of the country to Kamalaka, and gave it to Tomarána the son of Lalliya. Returning thence he entered the capital, proud of his victory and of his intrigue with the queen. In the pride of his victory, he constantly insulted warriors with harsh words. No one was allowed to enter the palace as long as he was there as if it were a house of ill fame. The young king came to know of this

* *Sháhi* is the corruption of the mahomedan title *shah*. See journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for 1874, Part 1. Page 104. Where Firuz Shah is translated into the Sanskrita as Pheruja Sáhi.

affair at last; and once accidentally met the minister who was robbing him of his wealth and honor. The king then examined the treasury, and there being a deficit, the treasurer explained that the amount wanting had been spent in the war with the Sháhi. The treasurer was afraid of the king, and caused magic to be performed by his friend Rámadeva, through the influence of which the king was burnt to death. He reigned for two years. The evil work of Rámadeva being known, he became afraid of punishment and committed suicide.

Saugkata, the brother of the last king, and like him, picked up in the streets, then became king; but he died in ten days.

The dynasty of Shangkaravarmmá being now extinct, the queen Sugandhá at the request of the subjects began to reign herself. She built a town named Gopálapura, a temple Gopálamatha, and a god Gopálakeshava; and another town named after her. Nandá, the widow of the late king Gopálavarmmá, and born of high family, devoted herself though young to the services of god-Keshava. She was then in the family way, and her mother-in-law hoped for a son. But the death of the child which happened after delivery grieved the reigning queen, and she was anxious to make over the kingdom to some one of the family. The foot soldiers formed themselves into companies here and there. Sugandhá reigned for two years with the help of her Ekánggas.

The Tantrís* were her ministers. In order to make over the kingdom to some worthy person, she invited to council the Tantrís and the Ekánggas from among her ministers and the captains. As the line of Avantivarmmá was extinct, she selected Nirjjitavarmmá, son of Sukhavarmmá by Garggá, and grandson of Shuravarmmá, in the hope that being her relative, he would act according to her directions. But she was opposed by some of her ministers as her nominee was unfit for the kingdom on account of his bad habits. For he used to squander money in nightly dissipation and to sleep during the day, and was moreover extremely idle. In the meantime the Tantrí infantry separated themselves from her party, and made Pártha, son of Nirjjitavarmmá, a boy of ten years, king, and expelled the queen out of the country. The ministers who were insulted by the treasurer Probhákaradeva, the queen's paramour, thought themselves avenged by the expulsion of the queen. She was driven out of her territory and spoiled of her possessions, left the capital weeping. Those of her servants on whom she relied, now joined the enemy. However in the year 89 of the Káshmírian era, the Ekángga soldiers combined together and brought back Sugandhá who was then dwelling at Hushkapura. Hearing of her approach the Tantrís who

* Ekánggas and Tantrís are evidently two sects of people who played conspicuous parts, though for a short time, in Káshmíra at this period.

were in favor of Pártha, went out at the end of Chaitra to fight with the ex-queen's men. On the 90th year the ex-queen's army was signally defeated, and she was captured when in the act of fleeing. She was afterwards murdered in a deserted Buddhist Vihára. Strange is the unsteady rise and fall of fortune!

Anarchy now prevailed, and life and property became insecure. The king being a boy, his father "the idle" was his guardian; he took bribe, and joined the ministers and oppressed the people. Feudatory kings began to out-bid one another in giving bribes, and serving the Tantrís, and to carry on sanguinary feuds among themselves. The kings of Káshmíra had formerly conquered Kanouje and other countries, but now her kings bribed the Tantrís that they might be allowed to live. The sons of the minister Meru who set up an image of Vishnu named Shrímerúvardhana, now engaged themselves in a deep plot to usurp the kingdom. They got wealth by oppressing the people. The eldest of them Shangkaravardhana entered into friendship with Sugandháditya and secretly robbed the palace.

Now it so happened that when the people were numerically reduced, the Autumn harvest of Sháli corn was destroyed; so that one khári of grain sold for one thousand dínnáras. Consequently in the year 93, there was a great scarcity, and many died of the famine. Hardly could the waters of Vitastá be seen, so thick did the swollen corpses of men float on its waters. The bones

of the deceased lay thick on every side like one vast field of the dead. At this time, the ministers and the Tantris became rich by selling rice at high prices. That minister was the king's favourite, who at this time sold the people and bribed the Tantrís. The king's father "the idle" felt himself at ease though he saw men in trouble, even like a person sitting within a warm chamber, and seeing persons outside battered by the storm in a wood. Many subjects were murdered by the king. Happily the kings of this time reigned for short periods only; even as bubbles in the rain-water. Sometimes Pártha reigned setting aside his father by the help of the Tantrís; and sometimes his father set him aside by the same means. The wives of "the idle" took Sugandháditya as their paramour. Vappata, one of the queens of "the idle," gave her lover Sugandháditya much wealth. The sons of Meruvardhana, had, in the hope of acquiring influence in the kingdom, married their beautiful sister Mrigávatí to "the idle." And she too accepted Sugandháditya as her lover. This man used to visit his paramours by turns; and as each wished to get her son coronated, each gave him wealth, and yielded her person to him.

In the year 97, in the month of Pousha, the Tantrís set aside Pártha and set up his father "the idle," their protegé to the throne. But in the month of Mágha next year he died after having coronated his infant son Chakravarmmá. The Tantrí infantry, then in favor of Pártha, fought with the Ekánggas of the opposite side for the

kingdom. Queen Vappata, mother of the infant king, was his guardian for a short time, but then her mother took care of the child for ten years. During the infancy of the king his bad character was not apparent.

In the year 9 (of the next century) the ministers set aside Chakravarmmá, and raised to the throne Shuravarmmá son of "the idle," by queen Mrigávatí. His maternal uncles, sons of Meruvardhana, had no affection for him. They withheld what was due to the Tantrís, and hence became the cause of his deposition. Though the king was a good man, yet he was no favourite of the Tantrís, for they received no money from him. After a year he was deposed, and the Tantrí infantry got much wealth from Pártha and again made him king. A public woman named Sámbavatí, who had set up a goddess named Sámbeshvarí, and who knew the art of arranging the Tantrí army, became the favourite of Pártha. Chakravarmmá waited his time, offered large wealth to the Tantrís, and in the year 11 in the month of Ashára was made king again. The foolish Chakravarmmá reposed much power on the sons of Meruvardhana who were known to be bad. They and the conspirators enjoyed the kingdom, setting aside Pártha and other kings: they took much land from the kings, they dethroned the king's father and brother, and even injured their relatives with whom they were related by mutual marriages. The king made Shangkarabardhana, the eldest of them, Chief Justice, and made Shambhu-

bardhana, another of them, the head of the office of Grihakritya. In the month of Pousha of the same year, he failed to pay the Tantrís their due for want of money, and fled in fear.

The king having fled to Madava, Shangkarabardhana with the intention of becoming king, sent his brother Shambhubardhana to the Tantrís as messenger. But the latter having promised large wealth to the Tantrís, came to an agreement with them, and caused himself to be made king, thus out-witting his elder brother. The large fish eats the smaller fry, the heron eats the large fish, and the fowler kills the heron.

Chakravarmmá, spoiled of his glory, entered one night into the house of a headman of the Dámara tribe, named Sangráma, living at Shrídhakka. He knew his guest to be the king, and made his homage to him, and gave him his own seat. The king, now humbled, and driven from his kingdom, asked him for aid. "Who counts the Tantrís or grass in battle" said Sangráma "and what are we not capable of doing in your service? But if we help you now, you will kill us afterwards, for kings do not remember the services done to them after the work is done. As the woodman, when he descends from a tree, cuts down the branches which helped him to ascend, even so are kings. He, whose intellect and patience helped the king to rise, is feared by him on account of those very virtues lest they bring about his fall. In the days of prosperity, the king

forgets the past services of those who aided him in his danger, and remembers their faults if they chance to commit any. Kings when powerful, kill through shame those very followers who had seen them in disease, hunger, pain, and in fear of enemies &c. Though the king be a good one, yet nothing can be expected from him, for evil councillors speak evil of others. The king's mind may be averted from evil during the day time, but none can avert his mind from the teachings of his queen, his instructor by night. What is infused with difficulty during the day, the king like a white ass forgets during the night. Every one who approaches the king, becomes the object of his avarice, and afterwards his victim. The king destroys those near him, not those who are afar. No one can know beforehand the evil propensity of kings who wait their time. The lion stoops when he kills, the serpent embraces when it bites, and the devil smiles when he destroys. Even so the king praises when he murders. If you do not oppress us afterwards, I shall march with my army along with you even tomorrow morning." The king felt abashed, and replied: "You who are doing me this service will be kept as safe from harm as my soul." Then they both put their legs on the bloody skin of a sheep, and with swords in their hands embraced each other. On the morning Chakravarmmá followed by innumerable Dámaras, marched towards the capital. The Tantrí infantry placed Shangkarabardhana at their head, and

went out on the 8th bright lunar day of Choitra to meet the enemy. Chakravarmmá made rapid marches unostentatiously and in disguise. A sharp fight ensued outside the town of Padmapura in which Shangkarabardhana was killed by Chakravarmmá who rode a horse. On his death, the Tantrí army fled in every direction. But Chakravarmmá overtook them in their flight and beheaded them with his sword. In this battle the Tantrís lost five or six thousand men, who were killed by Chakravarmmá, and remained under the shadow of vultures' wings. Who did not admire the Tantrís who rose and fell together? There too perished Shangkarabardhana with his greatness and his followers. These Tantrís who perished there had once ruled the proud and unapproachable kings of a great family at their will, as the snake-players do the snakes. They of whom kings had begged for their very life were thus humbled; and these cruel evil-doers who had once insulted Chakravarmmá, and put him to grief, were now destroyed by his deep-felt enmity.

On the second day Shambhubardhana collected the broken army of the Tantrís; but in the meantime Chakravarmmá entered the capital followed by his captains; the ministers and the Ekánggas and soldiers covering the roads from all sides and coming from several directions with loud din. Chakravarmmá rode amidst his cavalry, holding the reins of his horse and his turban in his left hand, and in his right the sword, which reflected the

sun's rays on his ear-pendent. His iron mail pressing on his throat made his face red and terrible. He checked the greedy soldiers who were plundering the shops, and pacified the frightened inhabitants of the place. The sound of the kettle drum, and the cry of blessings of the people deafened the ear. When the king, flushed with success, was seated on his throne, Bhubhata brought Shambhubardhana bound, and to show his zeal for the king, killed him in the royal presence. Shambhubardhana had rebelled against kings who were like fathers to the people, and thereby had destroyed them. He was the king's enemy and had protected men who had violated the laws of virtue.

Now Chakravarmmá having got the kingdom and destroyed all his enemies, became vain and cruel. He loved flattery and those who flattered him. Soothed by flattery, and considering himself a god, he did many foolish acts. At this time a foreigner named Rangga who was a good singer, and of Domva caste, came to his court. He was made to wait outside, while the guards seated the ministers and petty chiefs according to their ranks, a space being left in the front of the king. The court was crowded with white turbans, and illumined with lamps, and the cool night breeze blew. The ladies of the zenana wishing to hear the song, peeped through windows, their lips smelling of Asava wine. The Domva followed by his train then entered the court. He had two beautiful daughters Hangsí and Nágalatá, on whom all gazed with

eagerness, and they too cast their glances of love on all sides as if for the second time they scattered flowers in the court. The court rang with the song of the singers singing the praise of the king and "Long live the king." "Victory to the king," &c. The two girls tuned the flute to the tune of Pangchama, and sang without moving the head or the eye; and it appeared as if only one person was singing. The king gazed on them without moving and steadfastly. The girls marked the king's emotion, and sang more charmingly. They and the king interchanged their thoughts by their glances. One of the courtiers marked the king's feelings and thus encouraged his passion. "As the Maireya wine, O king, is perfumed by camphor, so is the song, by the lips of these two girls. The moon kisses their white teeth as they sing; they by their motions, songs and glances charm even the gods. One of them, knowing that we are speaking of them, is smiling and looking at us; the other is singing with down-cast face, her ear-rings waving, while she makes voluptuous gestures Happy is the youth for whose absence such women sing in loneliness. How can, according to the dictates of Shástras alone, every thing be accepted, and one thing only be discarded. It is no sin to see beauty, to hear song, but how can it be sin to touch her." The passion of the naturally restless king, thus encouraged by the words of the courtier, became violent. Courtiers often lead kings to evil path, even as lions are misled by clouds. If sophist courtiers

could not beguile fools, who would have wandered in hell. The king who was as liberal as Rádheya (Karna) but on unworthy objects, pleased the Domvas with the presents of Hára, Keyura and Kundala (ornaments) and went to the inner apartments. Fie to them who spend their wealth on simple songs mistaking them for poetry. The beauty of harlots, of the rainbow, and of the ordinary song abideth not long. The king could not rest satisfied without those two girls. They too, while they were singing, embraced the king, at which he felt ashamed. The perspiration caused by his passion made the king's body cool, and it seemed as if the warmth of his good fortune left him.

Hansí was made his principal queen. Those who ate the remnants after her meal became good courtiers. The ministers who served the Domva were promoted to the posts of judges in the courts of justice &c. Some of the Domvas, on account of their ignorance were not created ministers; others who knew of politics managed the kingdom. The newly created ministers were thieves. The queen and the favourites were of low caste (literally;—those who cooked dog's flesh.) Every thing was unusual in the kingdom. The queen after the menses gave gifts of her clothes stained with her blood, and the ministers entered the court covered with these clothes and felt themselves proud. Some determined to oppose the king, and did not take the food tasted by these low caste people, and they were considered as of

high caste like those who drink the Soma juice. Surely no powerful gods existed in the country, for then low caste people could not have entered the temples. On the Tiladvádashí day the principal queen visited Ranasvámí followed by the proud people of her caste. The orders of these people, because of their connection with the king, were obeyed as king's. The king bestowed the village of Helu to Rangga, but the Patta (clerk) did not write out the gift. Rangga entered the court of justice, and angrily asked the clerk, calling him the son of a female servant, why he did not write out the gift. Terrified at the anger of Rangga, the clerk wrote out the gift at last. What law is not upset when the king is bad?

The king asked what expiation would palliate his connection with the low caste women, and his gay companions made him perform some ludicrous acts. His courtiers advised him that cold is destroyed by cold, and crimes by crimes. In order to palliate his connection with low caste women, he corrupted the wife of a Bráhmana who had been fasting for a month for some religious purpose. Some Bráhmanas were still more vicious than the king; they ate in the king's house, and received gifts of villages from him.

The king erected Chakramatha for the Saivas, but he died when it was half finished, and his queen completed it after his death which happened in the following manner. The ungrateful king who loved the low caste women, forgot past benefits and privately killed many innocent

and faithful Dámaras. Some of the Dámara thieves therefore were seeking an opportunity and pretence to assasinate him. One night they found the king unarmed in the privy near the room of his principal queen. Having got this opportunity they quickly hurled on him numerous sharp weapons from all sides. He was dosing, but was quite awakened by the fall of the weapons, like a man sleeping by a lake and suddenly thrown into it, and he began to bawl aloud. He searched for his weapon but in the meantime he was severely cut. He fled to his bed-room, followed by his pursuers. The queen embraced him weeping, but his enemies killed him in her embrace. Instigated by the other queens, the murderers smashed the knees of the dying king with a stone. On the 8th day of the bright moon in the month of Jaishta of the year 13, the king was killed like a dog by villains.

Sharvata and other ministers then raised Unmattávanti son of the wicked Pártha to the throne. This king was worse than his predecessor. Sarasvatí stops here in fear of contamination by narrating the sinful acts of this king, but I shall lead her as one leads a frightened mare. This monster was the destroyer of his father's line. He used to strike his ministers on their heads, and those who could produce sounds by their noses became his chief ministers. The shameless ministers used to please him by flattery &c., and these ministers in time became kings. Parvvagupta became the king's greatest favourite by dancing naked in the court. Since the revolution

caused by the Tantrís, kings, as Parvvagupta perceived, had become powerless, and he aspired to the sovereignty. He contracted friendship with minister Bhubhata, and the four principal ministers Sharvata, Chhoja, Kumuda and Amritákara who were robbing the treasury with the intention of becoming kings. The king made Rakka of celebrated valor his chief minister. The king had witnessed in a battle the singular prowess of this man, then fighting on foot. Rakka saw the goddess Shrí in the tank near the window of the house of Sangráma, the Dámara chief; and he raised an image of the same shape as he had seen, and named it Rakkajáyá.

Guided by the advice of Parvvagupta who wished to clear the country of all enemies, and then to usurp it, the king began to destroy his kindred. He plundered his father Pártha who was supported with his family by the gifts of the beggars of Jayendravihára where he resided. The king closed up the doors of the room where Shangkaravarmmá and his infant brothers were, and thus starved them to death. He then intended to murder his father; and gave gifts of clothes &c. to some of his ministers who favored his view, the rest he confined with chains. One night according to the king's orders, Pártha was surrounded by ministers, captains, Tantrís and Káyasthas. They shut the door and murdered his wife, and also murdered her infants weeping and embracing their mother. The minister Kumuda and other favourites of the king dragged Pártha by the hair, naked

over the gravel which cut his body, and murdered him helpless, unarmed and naked, lean for want of food, and crying. The king heard the news of his father's death, and on the morning went to the spot out of curiosity accompanied by his ministers, and was glad to see the occurrence of the previous night. The courtiers prided themselves and pointed out the wounds which each of them had inflicted. With the king's permission, Parvvagupta told his son Devagupta to paint the king with his father's blood whereupon the young man sent a knife into the dead man's limbs and the blood spouted out and smeared the person of the king. This made the king laugh long.

After the murder of Chakravarmmá the Dámaras plundered the country. The king again raised the wicked Káyasthas, who oppressed the country, to high posts. Advised by evil ministers, he learnt the use of arms by striking off the breasts of prostitutes. He ripped open the wombs of pregnant women to see the fœtus, and he hacked the limbs of blacksmiths, in order to try their strength. Bráhmanas accepted from him gifts of villages, either through avarice or through fear of life.

The king was attacked with consumption, a disease befitting his cruelty ; and he suffered great pain as long as he lived. Not only were his subjects glad of his death, but so also were his fourteen queens. The king died during summer of the year 15.

A foundling was then seated on the throne, and he was falsely declared by the female servants of the zenana to

be the son of the king, and was named Shuravarmmá. This infant was placed in charge of the ministers, the Tantrís, the Ekánggas and the captains. Kamalabardhana lord of Kampana, who was then residing at Madava, and who alone was capable of subduing the Dámaras, was the enemy of the late king. On the 7th bright lunar day of A'sháda, the king set out to visit Jayasvámí. Kamalabardhana informed of the fact by his spies, took this opportunity to approach the capital with his captains; and besieged it with the Ekánggas and Tantrís. His army had been wearied in subduing the Dámaras, in the way, but were still able to overcome the enemy here. They defeated one thousand horse of the enemy with a smaller number of their cavalry, and entered the city unopposed. Hearing of this defeat the soldiers deserted the infant king; and his mother fled with him. The victorious prince either through sins of past life, or through the evil council of the bad ministers, did not ascend the throne. He retired to his own house wishing to be coronated some other day. Afterwards he collected the Bráhmanas, and asked them to select some countryman of theirs, young and worthy to be their king, expecting foolishly that they would select him. Who is more to be pitied than he who finds some rare and beautiful woman alone and without enjoying her then, sends a female messenger for her on a subsequent day; or he who leaving suddenly got wealth, wishes to acquire it on a subsequent day by fair means. The Bráhmanas covered with thick

blankets, looking like hornless bulls, and with their beards burnt with smokes, met at Gokula. And now that the line of Utpala was extinct, they began to discuss as to whom they would select. But on account of difference of opinion they could not bathe (coronate) any one, except their mutual beards with spitting (the effect of hot discussion.) Kamalabardhana appeared before them in order to remind the Bráhmanas of his claims but they pelted at him. During the five or six days that they passed in discussion, there came many courtiers to the Bráhmanas with many followers and loud music and with banners and umbrellas in their carriages. Kamalabardhana now repented.

The widow of the late king who had murdered his father, sent officers to the Bráhmanas to urge the claims of her infant son (who had lately been dethroned by Kamalabardhana,) whom she had been concealing. Víradeva had a son named Kámadeva in the village Pisháchakapura. This Kámadeva bore a good character, and used to teach boys in the house of Merúvardhana. In time he became the treasurer, and his son Prabhákara soon became the treasurer of king Shangkaravarmmá. Prabhákara who was the paramour of queen Sugandhá died in the subsequent revolution. His son Yashaskara became very poor, and went out of the country with his friend Phalgunaka; but dreaming a good dream he returned to his country hopeful. The messengers who were sent by the widow of the parricide, selected him, and sent

him, because of his eloquence, to the Bráhmanas. But no sooner had the Bráhmanas seen him, than they all of a sudden cried out loudly—"let this be king," and they soon bathed him king. Providence ordains, that when the bamboo forest is burnt up by forest flame, the roots are saved by a shower. When a tree is blown down by the wind, the roots are preserved being embedded in rocks. If the son of Pártha guided by his servants had not destroyed his own line, if Kamalavardhana had not upset the grandson of Pártha, how could Yashaskara, the beggar wandering about the country, become king? The people crowded in the streets to see him king, whom they had once seen going on foot alone like a common man. On his way towards the palace, he heard the blessings of gazelle-eyed women without feeling pride; and he entered the palace surrounded by sun-like white umbrellas, and things made of silver looking like moon and stars, and hearing the blessings of women with which the palace was resounding. Thus he commenced to reign.

Here ends the fifth book of Rájataranggini by Kahlana, son of Champaka Pravu, the great minister of Káshmíra.

There were eight kings of the line of Kalpapála beside foundling, some females, and ministers, who reigned, altogether extending over a period of eighty-three years and four months.

BOOK VI.

[INVOCATION.]

THE first act of this new king Yashaskara was to order his door-keepers to send away the Bráhmanas who had selected him king, as he did not like to be disobeyed by any one. To the Bráhmanas themselves, who were frightened by the door-keepers, the king said, clasping together his hands, "you have bestowed the kingdom on me and you should be respected as gods; remain proud of your action in having bestowed a kingdom, but come not to me unless on business." This act of the king made the Bráhmanas think him to be unapproachable; and they forgot the familiarity which existed when he dwelt with them.

King Yashaskara enforced the old laws and practices long out of use in the kingdom; and the country became devoid of thieves, so that the doors of the houses of merchants were kept open during the night, and travellers were undisturbed in the streets. Under the king's supervision the servants of the State who used to steal so largely, lost their posts and had merely to superintend agriculture. The agricultural people had never occasion during this reign to come to court; nor Bráhmanas reading the Vedas, to take up arms. Bráhmanas who chanted the Sama Veda did not drink wine, nor did they, who performed *tapa* have wife or child, or keep animals or corn. The astronomer, the physician, the courtier, the priest,

the minister, the spiritual guide, the ambassador, the judge and the writer were all learned men in this reign.

One day a Bráhmana who used to perform the rites of Práyopaveshana came to the king and said that he was an inhabitant of Káshmíra, that he had been rich before, but through misfortune had been reduced to poverty. His debts had increased and he was harrassed by his creditors, so that he had sold his house to a rich merchant and paid up his debts by selling every thing and had gone out to travel in different countries. But considering, said he "that my wife should be supported, I retained possession of a well with a staircase (part of the house) that she may live by letting the place on hire to those who in summer may like to keep betels and flowers there. After wandering for twenty years in different places, and having acquired some little wealth I have again returned to my country. I found my wife deprived of her beauty, and getting her livelihood by serving as a female servant to some one. I asked her why she had undertaken service, since I had left her the means of livelihood. She replied, that when I was gone the merchant had driven her out of the well and staircase by beating her with a stick. 'What other means is left to me,' she said and stopped, and I was sunk in grief and anger on hearing the account. But the judges are in every step deciding in favor of the defendant. I do not understand justice, I have not sold that place, and am determined to have it or die. I who, am a poor man,

shall die at your door; and if you fear sin, judge rightly. The king then sat on his seat of justice, and called in all the judges and began to investigate the matter. The judges said that they had several times adjudged the Bráhmana's case, but that he had lost his suit, that he ought to be punished, and that he did not admit the justice of the decision because of his cunningness. The king saw the sale-deed, and found that the well with the staircase had been sold along with the house. But the king thought that the plaintiff was in the right. After thinking for a moment, he began to amuse the courtiers with his conversation; and in the midst of the talk, he from time to time took jewels from several persons as if to examine them; and in the same way he took a ring from the defendant to look at it. Asking them all to wait for a moment, he on pretence of washing his feet, withdrew from the room, and sent one of his servants with the ring and proper instructions to the house of that very merchant. The king's servant went to the account-keeper of the trader and asked him for the accounts from the year in which the sale of the house was effected. The account-keeper thought that the merchant might have some necessity for the accounts, gave them over to him, taking from him the ring. Among the items of expenditure, the king saw that a sum of a thousand dínnáras had been paid to the court writer, and knowing that the fee of writing document was small, wondered as to why the merchant should have paid so

large a sum. He at last came to the conclusion that र had there been changed to स* The king showed the accounts to the courtiers, and caused the court writer to be brought; and having assured him of his safety, he proved the fraud to the court. The courtiers admired the king, and the king gave to the plaintiff, the house and wealth of the merchant whom he exiled out of his country.

Once upon a time when he had said his evening prayer, and was going to take his meal, a door-keeper, afraid to report thus untimely said that a Bráhmana had now brought a complaint; that he had told the Bráhmana that the court time was over, and he should lay his complaint the next day, but that the Bráhmana threatened to kill himself unless he was granted an audience that day. Without taking his meal, the king ordered him to be brought in. The poor Bráhmana when questioned, said that after travelling in various countries, and acquiring one hundred gold Rupakas he had returned to Káshmíra his native land, as he had heard that it was then well governed. "Owing to your administration" he said "there is no thief in the way; and last night being weary of travel I stopped at Lavanotsa and slept be-

* In the sale-deed of the house it originally stood thus "सोपानकुपरहित" *i.e.* the house was sold "without the staircase and the well," but changing र into स which is not at all a difficult performance it became "सोपानकुपसहित" *i.e.* "together with the staircase and the well."

neath a road-side tree in a garden apprehending nothing. When I rose in the morning, my bundle containing my little property fell into a well which I had not seen before. Bereft of wealth and sunk in grief I was throwing myself into the well, but the people prevented me. One brave and determined man asked me as to what I could offer him if he could get out the money. 'That money is yours, and whatever you wish, you can give me out of it,' I said in despair. He descended and brought it up, and gave me two pieces, and took ninety-eight himself. The case now depended on the verbal contract made and the people blamed me for making the contract; the laws being strict on the point. Your laws are bad and so I shall die at your door." The king enquired as to the make and the name of the man, but he replied that he could only describe his face. The king then said that he would do what the Bráhmana desired, the next morning, and dined with him that evening. When the merchants of Lavanotsa sent for by the king arrived, one of them was pointed out by the complainant as the offending person. When questioned, that man corroborated what the Bráhmana had said before, but pointed to the existing law and the agreement made. The Bráhmana had engaged himself by his promise, and the people waited to see the result of the case. The king then sat on the seat of justice and ordered ninety-eight pieces to be given to the Bráhmana and two to the other person. He explained that instead of saying, "give what you will," the

Bráhmana said "whatever *you wish*, you may give" Now this avaricious person *wished* for ninety-eight pieces but gave the Bráhmana only two pieces, which he did *not wish for*. Thus the king adjudged cases.

Though in this manner he taught justice to others, he became an object of ridicule on account of his conduct, like a physician who prescribes good diet to others, but himself takes bad food. Though the king was pure, yet he did not desert those who during the last reign had taken of food polluted by Domba. He exacted money through four policemen who again helped one another. This truthful king killed some foot soldiers though they laid down their arms before the shrine of Shríraneshvara. He was so glad on the death of his elder brother that many wise men who were near him thought that he had caused his brother's death by magic. He made a courtesan Lallá, supreme over all his chaste wives and subjected himself to her control. Goodness finds no entrance into the heart of women. It seems as if for that reason Vidhátá has made their breasts finely round outside. Knowing that they feel equal affection towards the good and the bad, Vidhátá has made them externally beautiful. This Lallá though favored by the king, used to receive even one chandála constable to her embrace. Yet there must have been some quality in that constable that she being a queen should condescend so far in his favor. Possibly she might have been born a chandála, or possibly he was a lucky man. No one knew how they

first fell in love. One officer named Hádi only knew of their love, having seen them looking on each other with a peculiar glance. The king at last found out through his spies that the rumour of their love was founded on truth and in penitence, he wore skin of a deer (Krishuasára) and did penance. Those near him entertained suspicions, because through the excess of his affection he did not kill her in anger. The king became contaminated with sin by being near to those servants who had eaten (in the previous reign) out of the Domba's plates.

The king thought that it was owing to some virtue committed in his previous birth that he had obtained the kingdom in the present, although not born in the royal family. Ambitious of obtaining kingdoms in his future lives, he bestowed his wealth on Bráhmanas. He raised a school in the place of his ancestral worship, for the education of the children of Aryya countries, and he gave *chámara*, umbrella and treasures to the Principal of that school. On the banks of the Vitastá he bestowed fifty-five villages to the Bráhmanas.

At last the king was attacked with a bowel complaint. He discarded his son Sanggrámadeva as not being born of him, and crowned Varnata son of Rámadeva, and grandson of his uncle, and placed him under the care of the ministers, Ekánggas, and petty kings.

Those who aspired to usurp the kingdom on the accession of the infant Sanggrámadeva to the throne were disappointed. The new king was, however, endangered

by the wiles of Parvvagupta. Though living in the capital he did not even send men to enquire after the health of the dying king. Whereupon Yashaskara became angry, and repented his choice and tried through his ministers who were there consoling him, to set up Sanggrámadeva to the throne. On the morning Varnata was, by order of the dying king, taken out bound from his room where he had been during the night with bars fastened. The room had eight pillars. When the disease of the king became acute, he nominated Sanggrámadeva as his heir, and leaving his capital went to the temple he had built. In his last moments, and when he knew his end was approaching, his servants deserted him, and he was left, bereft of his crown and arms, clad in red cloth, and with his hair and beard growing. When on the approach of death he set out of his capital to die, he took with him two thousand and five hundred pieces of gold; Parvvagupta and other four persons robbed him of this money and divided it among themselves, even before the king was dead. Oppressed by the pangs of the disease, rolling about in his bed within a dark small room of the temple, still retaining his sense, and seeing his own men turn against him, the king lived for two or three days more. But his servants and friends intending to usurp the kingdom, hurried him out of the world by poison. Of all his wives, the chaste Trailokyadeví died with him. Another version of the king's death is, that when superintending the conduct

of the Bráhmanas and mendicants of his kingdom, he found one Bráhmana named Chakrabháuu at Chakramelaka, engaged in some vile act. The king was roused with virtuous indignation, and caused the Bráhmana's forehead to be marked with the foot of a dog. This Bráhmana's maternal uncle Víranátha was the king's minister for war and peace; and he somehow killed the king. This version cannot be trusted, as it appears to have been got up by the Bráhmanas in order to prove the strength of their power by examples from past history. For they say that the king died seven days after the marking of the Bráhmanas forehead, while as a fact he suffered a long time from disease. Or, if you maintain that he died of some other disease, then it may be as well believed that he died through the curse of Varnata and others.

After reigning for nine years, the king died in the twenty-fourth year of the Káshmírian era in the month of Bhádra, on the third dark lunar day.

Parvvagupta, Bhubhata and four others, now set up the infant Sanggráma, the crooked feeted as king, and making his father's mother guardian of the infant king, exercised great influence in the kingdom. But in course of time Parvvagupta murdered the king's grand-mother as well as his five colleagues, and gradually came to exercise the supreme powers both of the king and of the minister. He served the infant king with attention, and regaled him with good food, &c., so that simple minded men

did not believe him to be an enemy of the king. Those whom king Yashaskara had kept at distance for fear of rebellion, were now employed for the destruction of the present sovereign. Parvvagupta dyed his black beard with saffron as kings used to do. He feared to destroy the prince publicly, on account of the Ekánggas, and therefore employed magic. One night he heard a Divine voice saying "On the first day of Chaitra, the kingdom will come to you lawfully, but if you attempt otherwise, your life and your line will soon be at an end." He was afraid his magic would be fruitless. He feared the Ekánggas, and lived in great bewilderment and excitement day and night, and his senses were well nigh lost. One day when the paths were unfrequented by men on account of a heavy fall of snow, he collected an army and besieged the capital. He killed the loyal minister Rámavardhana who was obstructing his son Buddha. The ancestral Belávitta then pulled Parvvagupta by garlands of flowers from the throne, and threw him on the ground. Vakranggdhrisangráma* was then murdered by Parvvagupta in another house, and his body, with a stone tied round the neck, was thrown during night into the Vitastá.

On the twenty-fourth year of the Káshmírian era, in the month of Fálguna, on the tenth dark lunar day Parvvagupta seated himself on the throne. He was the son

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* The crooked feeted; but Vakranggdhrisangráma according to the French edition means Sangráma of the crooked limb.

of Sangrámagupta, son of Abhinava, the Divira, who inhabited the other side of the hill of Vishoka. Those who were determined not to see him king, came in the morning and bowed to him. While the minor chiefs, the Ekánggas, the ministers, the Káyasthas, and the Tantrís were afraid of him, and gave up all idea of further resistance. A big drum which was in the care of Madanáditya, the Ekángga of the descendants of Suyya, was broken through carelessness. On this the king became angry and insulted him by disrobing him. Madanáditya shaved his hair and beard, and became a hermit. Even to this day his descendants are dwelling at Tripureshvara. The king was avaricious and encouraged the servants who harassed the people. And with this ill-gotten wealth he set up a god named Parvvagupteshvara near the temple of Skanda.

There was a noble minded and wise lady among the females of the king Yashaskara. This chaste lady evaded the embraces of Parvvagupta on various pretexts. "If you complete" said she to Parvvagupta "the temple of Yashaskarasvámí, only half done by my late husband, I shall comply with your request." Puffed up with pride, the king completed the temple within a few days. But the queen perished in the fire lighted for the consecration of the fane; and when she died, flowers were showered on her from the heaven and whoever looked on her with lustful eyes was struck dumb. The king pined in disappointment, and was attacked with a disease, in

which he continually felt thirsty. Avaricious men, although they know that they are here but for a short time, do not leave their habits. The king on account of some virtues committed in former life died at the shrine of Sureshvarí, thus relinquishing on the thirteenth day of the dark half of Ashádа, in the year twenty-six, the kingdom which he had obtained by rebellion. If some portion of the future punishment were not visible in this earth, who would desist from sin?

His son Kshemagupta succeeded him. This king was a great drunkard and naturally wicked, and was rendered still more so, by his evil associates, even as clouds shed a deeper darkness over a moonless night. Phalguna and other wicked courtiers who served him, dressed themselves as richly as the king. Though the king was addicted to wine, women and dice, and his courtiers stole enormously, yet his wealth was not exhausted; and it is strange that the king still remained so rich. Is it not strange that Shrí (wealth) should even for a day love the lotus, whose friend is the affectionate black-bee who loves honey and sucks it from the bud? Vámana and other courtiers of the family of Jishnu tempted him like the devil. The king became a scoffer of others, addicted to other people's wives, and covetous of other people's wealth. He plucked the beards of those who waited on him, spat at them, abused them and struck their heads with his fists. Women became his favorites by yielding their persons, the hunters, by knocking about in

the woods, and his courtiers by their indecent speech. The court was filled with the prostitutes, the cunning, the foolish and the rebels; and was unfit for the wise to approach. The king was made to dance by the sons of Jishnu, like an idol in a machine; and they called him scatterer of *kangkana* and so induced to scatter away to them that kind of ornaments. They attributed faults to the innocent, showed new things to the king, insulted noble persons by striking their heads with fists, and thereby received favors from the king. They exposed the rounded breasts of their wives and thereby induced the passionate king to their houses, and there got out money from him by dice. In expectation of money, the shameless courtiers brought their wives to the king, and afterwards asked him whose wife had given him the greatest pleasure. Among the courtiers, Hari and Dhúrjati were prevented by their mother from bringing their wives to the king, and so they became beggars. Thus the courtiers made their wives unchaste, and themselves objects of ridicule. They sacrificed their long-standing friendship with others, and sometimes they even lost their wealth. What was it then that they so eagerly pursued at such sacrifices? Bhatta Phalguna had been the minister of king Yashaskara; he now served the present king, but the advices of this minister who had set up Phalgunasvámí and other gods, were ridiculed by the king.

Old Rakka, the lord of Kampana thirsted for vengeance and entered among the evil courtiers of the king. He set fire to the Jayendravihára in order to kill Sanggráma the Dámara who was inside the building. And in order to make his name lasting, he brought the images of Buddha from the burning monasteries and other stones from delapidated temples; and set up Kshemagaurí-shvara by the side of the road leading to the market. When a man dies, another enjoys his wealth, making it his own; but he thinks not that after his death it will again go to a third person. Fie to the lust of wealth deepened by ignorance. The king bestowed thirty-six villages which were attached to the several monasteries that were burnt, to the lord of Khasha. Sinharája, governor of fort Lohara, married his daughter to the king. This girl's name was Diddá, and her mother's father was the Sháhi, and the king was greatly addicted to her. This Sháhi received much wealth from the king, and set up Bhímakeshava. Diddá and Chandralekhá daughter of Phalguna, the lord of Dvára, became jealous of each other.

The king made ill use of advice and instruction in the use of kuntas (a sort of bayonets) which he used in fox hunting. People often found him wandering with his dogs, and with men carrying traps and boxes, and with Domvas, and wanderers of the woods. He spent his days in fox hunting in the forest of Dámodara at Lalyána, Shimika, &c. One night, on the fourteenth day

of the dark moon, while thus hunting he saw fire issuing from the mouth of a yelling she-fox. This frightened him and brought on the Lutámaya fever which ended his life. In his last moments, he went to the shrine of Varáha in the neighbourhood of Hushkapura. In this shrine he built the temple named Kshemamatha, and another named Shrikantha. His body became like *masura* (a sort of lentil) on account of Lutá, and he died in the bright lunar fortnight of the month of Pousha) in the year thirty-four, after a reign of nine years.

His infant son Abhimanyu then ascended the throne under the guardianship of Diddá who trusted the great ministers of the kingdom. In this reign a great fire broke out near the market of Tunggeshvara, and consumed large houses from the temple of Bardhanasvámí to the other side of Bhikshuki, all the tract in which the devil had laid his thread.* It burnt the houses which the impure king and his Domba and his Chandàla relatives had made impure.

The guardian mother of the king was not a wise woman, she could not judge right from wrong. When her husband was living she quarrelled with the daughter of Phalguna the chief minister. When her husband died, she saw that his other wives perished with him, and was advised by Phalguna to follow their example. But another humane minister, named Naravàhana,

* See Appendix F.

entreated her, when she was weeping by the funeral pyer of her husband, not to die; and Rakka took the sorrowful queen away from Phalguna. Phalguna was now afraid of the queen's resentment, knowing that she bore grudge against him, and was supported by the other ministers. But he had all the authority, and his valor and judgment were marked by all. Now when Kardamaràja went with the bones of the late king to the Ganges, Phalguna, not venturing to stay at the palace for fear of his enemies, intended to stop at Parnotsa till Kardamarája's return with a powerful army. But when he had reached Káshtavata outside the capital with some treasury guards, Diddá instigated by Rakka, &c., sent some club men, with promise of reward, to kill him. But Phalguna was apprised of it, and returning thence, he collected his army and went to the shrine of Varáha. Hearing that Phalguna had collected his army, and was returning, Diddà and her ministers became apprehensive of an attack. Phalguna lamented the death of his late master at Varáha, and laid down his arms at the foot of the god Varáha. This assuaged the fears of the queen-mother. It is a great sin to serve him who cannot judge right from wrong. To oppose him when he is angry is an act of rebellion. How can the wise show their anger,—by obedience to law, or by resort to arms? Phalguna retired to Parnotsa with his army and the ministers were as glad as boys are when their teacher goes away.

Now the queen of Kshemagupta thought day and night as to how she would destroy her enemy. Parvvagupta, when he aspired to the throne, married his two daughters to ministers Chhoja and Bhubhata. Mahima and Pátala were the issues of these marriages and lived in the palace like princes. They now aspired to the throne, and joined Himaka and others. They were driven from the palace by the queen and went to their homes in anger. On one occasion, when Mahima was away from his house, the queen sent clubmen to drive him out of the kingdom. But he knew it beforehand, and took shelter in the house of his father-in-law Shaktisena. Even there he was pursued and oppressed. Shaktisena was at last able to send back the clubmen, and there in the house of his father-in-law Mahima at last found an open asylum. He was then joined by Himmaka, Utkala and Eramatta inhabitants of Paribásapura; as also by Udayagupta son of Amritákara, and Yashodhara and other inhabitants of Lalitádityapura. Thus there were two factions in the kingdom. In this dilemma, only the minister Naraváhana remained faithful to the party of Diddá. The army of Mahima daily gained strength, and approached the shrine of Padmasvámí intending to fight. Diddá sent her son to Shuramatha and began anxiously to think how to meet the danger. She then gave much wealth to the Bráhmanas of Lalitádityapura, and through their agency prevented a junction between the different detachments of the enemy's army. The Bráhmanas formed themselves

into a body and effected peace between the queen and Mahima. The queen had been hitherto regarded as incapable of action, but the event showed that she was quite equal to the danger. It was known that she was not capable of leaping over the hollow made by the foot of a cow; but like Hanumána, she now crossed the sea. * bow to wealth by which all dangers can be averted. The queen gave Kampana and other places to Yashodhara and others, as bribe. Within a few days Mahima was destroyed through magic, and Diddá reigned supreme.

Now it happened that Yashodhara, lord of Kampana marched with his men against Dhakkana, the Sháhí chief. He forcibly penetrated to the part of the country fortified with mountains and rivers and captured Dhakkana; but confirmed him in his dignity on his paying a tribute. Rakka and others inflamed the Queen-mother against the lord of Kampana; for kings, crystal, and bad women assume the color of those that are near them. By speaking in accordance with the temper of the listener the wicked gain access to the hearts of men, court-flatterers to the hearts of courtezans, and slaves to those of their masters. The queen believed that the protection given to the wily and rebellious Sháhí chief was owing to the bribe given by him to the lord of Kampana. And when the victorious lord of Kampana returned home, the queen sent clubmen to drive him away. Hearing of the insult offered to him, and remembering the former engagement, Himmaka, Eraroatta and others became angry, and took offence. But

Naravâhana, &c. did not forsake the queen, so that there was a division in the army as before. When Shuvadhara and the other rebels entered the capital, the queen sent her son to the temple of Bhattáraká. But the rebels through some blunder missed that opportunity of deposing the queen who was then alone. On the next day her people assembled and she was able to make a show of resistance to the enemy. The rebels who had stationed themselves from the temple Jayábhattáriká to the temple Shúramatha, attacked the queen's men who fled within the capital in terror. At Sinhadvára (the Lion-gate) they saw the Ekánggas in firm array, who infused courage to the flying men and led them once more on to battle. The enemy moved also. At this juncture Rájakulabhatta arrived and struck panic amongst the enemy's soldiers and encouraged the queen's party by the sound of Túrí. On his approach, the enemy's soldiers fell in great numbers. The gods of war never favor rebels. The powerful Himmaka struck Rájakulabhatta with sword, but the mail of the latter protected him. The queen's soldiers killed Himmaka, and captured Yashodhara. The sword of Eramattaka who was gallantly fighting was broken, he fell from his horse and was captured. Udayagupta, another of the rebel chiefs who was sought by the soldiers to be placed at their head, fled from the battle. The queen's party won the victory. They captured Yashodhara, Shubhadhara, Mukula with their friends, with whom the queen was very angry. Eramattaka had stopped the payment

of tax levied at Gayá on all Káshmírians performing funeral rites in that place. The queen caused him to be thrown into the Vitastá suspending a large piece of stone to his neck, and thus punished him for his evil action. Those ministers too, who from the reign of Gopála to that of Abhimanyu, were rebelling and creating anarchy and murdering kings in the kingdom, were now destroyed by the queen, with their families and servants. She bestowed Kampana &c. to Rakka and others. The great minister Naraváhana thus made the widow queen, sole mistress of the kingdom, and in gratitude to him, the queen addressed him in the assembly of ministers as Rájánaka, a title second only to that of the king. The queen slept after the minister had slept, she ate after he had eaten, she was happy when he was so, and sorry when he was grieved. She always enquired after his health, asked his advice, and gave him whatever he wished to have.

There lived a charioteer named Kupya who had two sons named Sindhu and Bhuyya, of whom the elder Sindhu was a flatterer. He had been treasurer of Parvvagupta, and afterwards became the treasurer and favorite of the queen. He built another treasury office named Sindhugangja. Now this wicked person said to the queen that Naraváhana had very nigh had usurped her kingdom. The queen believed what he said. At this time Naraváhana once invited the queen to a meal at his house. Sindhu insinuated to the queen, that if

she went there, she would be murdered. The queen became alarmed, and asked his advice as to what should be done. She privately returned from the way, to her palace, and intimated as an excuse, that she had just then her monthly courses. The minister suspected the motive of the queen, and the good terms which existed between him and the queen ceased. From that time the evil counsellor sowed ill feeling between them. There is nothing which bad men cannot destroy. Evil counsellors are more foolish than boys, and wiser than Vrihaspati. Fie to the creation of Vidhátá, in which wisdom and foolishness are alike displayed. The queen was ill spoken of by all for this conduct of hers. Naraváhana was so excited by insults, day by day that he committed suicide. What but death is left to the spirited and high minded when insulted by one against whom there is no remedy. On his death, the kingdom became even as night without moon or words without truth.

The queen mother now became hardened by her cruelties, and thought of murdering the children of Sanggráma the Dámara. They therefore fled to their country in the North, killing Kayyaka the lord of Dvára and others employed to murder them. Alarmed at having provoked them, she instead of feeling shame, for the selfish never feel shame, managed to get them again together. Whereupon Stháneshvara and other Dámaras, both great and low, became alarmed, and waited before the queen. She on her part was again alarmed at the accumulation

of so many Dámaras and called back Phalguna, now that Rakka was dead. Phalguna had once laid down his arms, but he took them up again to administer the country. It is hard to resist the temptation of enjoyment. He had once had conquered Rájapurí and other places, but now that he was old his past glory was of no service to him,—even like a prostitute when she becomes aged.

Jayagupta became the favorite of Udaya, the queen's brother, and his colleague in the court of justice. Other cruel men joined Jayagupta, and began to rob the people. King Abhimanyu was attacked with consumption, although as he grew up, he became learned and wise. His pure character coming in contact with sin, was like Shirisha flower exposed in the sun. He died in the K. E.* Forty-eight, in the month of Kártika, on the third bright lunar day.

The queen was excessively grieved at the death of her son whose infant son Nandigupta became king. For a short time, the queen remained sunk in grief and did not exercise much cruelty. And from that time she became religious. The superintendent of the city, named Bhuyya, brother of Sindhu, and a good man, was her adviser in her pious deeds. She was now once more loved by all, because of her affection towards her subjects. Ministers who allay the cruelty of their sovereigns are scarce. For

* Káshmírian Era.

the benefit of her dead son, the queen built a town, named Abhimanyupura, and an image of a god, named Abhimanyusvámí. She then went to Diddápura and set up a god Diddásvámí, and a temple for the convenience of travellers from the interior of the country. For the benefit of her dead husband, she built Kangkanapura, and there set up an image of another god (Vishnu) of white stone which was also called Diddásvámí. She also built a large house (a sarai) for the Káshmírians and for her own countrymen (the people of Lohara.) She set up a god named Sinhasvámí after her father's name, and built a house for the dwelling of the Bráhmanas of her country. At the junction of the Vitastá and the Sindhu, she built temples and houses of gods, and made the place holy. She built in all sixty-four images of gods. She repaired the part of the city, which was injured by fire; and built stone walls to the temples. Her female servant Valgá of Vaivadhika caste, who used to support this crippled queen in her pastimes built a temple named Valgámatha. Vicious persons may do good things; but that is no guarantee that they will not commit what is evil. The fish which noiselessly play in the river, eat their own species. Peacocks live merely on rain water, but eat snakes which live on air, and the heron who sits still as in silent prayer, devours the fishes who trust him. In one year, the grief of the queen was allayed. She attempted to take away the life of her grandson, a boy bent on his play, by magic. In the K. E. 49 in

the month of Agraháyana, on the twelvth bright lunar day, she killed the child. In the K. E. 51 in the month of Agraháyana, on the fifth bright lunar day, she killed her other grandson named Tribhuvana.

The last surviving grandson Bhimagupta, was coronated by the cruel queen, in order to be murdered. In the meantime the minister Phalguna was murdered. It was through him that her atrocities were partly concealed from the public. She now appeared to the subjects in her hideous character. The character of a woman though born of high family, is low even as a river which rises from the mountain but runs down-wards. Lakshmí born of sea, loves the lily which grows in a tank, even in the same manner, women born of high family, degrade themselves. In a village named Vaddivasaparnotasa there was born one named Vána of the tribe of Khasha. He had a son named Tungga who tended buffaloes. This man with his five brothers came to Káshmira, and entered the service of the. minister for war and peace; and was employed to carry letters. He once brought a letter to the queen, she saw him, and fell in love with him. And though she enjoyed the intimacy of many persons, still she took this man to her favor. This shameless and vicious queen while living with Tungga murdered Bhuyya because he refused to live in criminal intimacy with her. Fie to wicked and hard hearted masters, who have no sense of justice in them. Good work brings no reward, but when any fault is committed both life and wealth are

lost. And to Rakka's son, the shameless Devakalasha who used to procure paramours for her, the queen gave the post of Velávita lately occupied by Bhuyya. Even Kardamarája and others who were warriors and lords of Dvára did the same mean service for her. After a residence of four or five years in the palace, the infant king grew to be a sensible boy. He saw that the laws of the kingdom were bad, and that it was necessary to reform them; and he observed that his grand-mother's character was disreputable. It was owing to the private instructions of Abhimanyu's widow that the young king turned so good. The cruel and sinful queen became alarmed and guided by the advice of Devakalasha, and without feeling any shame, openly bound the king. This act of hers cleared the doubt which the people had of the queen's guilt in respect of the murder of Nandigupta. And having put Bhímagupta to death after much torture, she usurped the throne in the K. E. 56.

Tungga, to whom the queen became every day more and more attached, at last superseded all, and became the chief minister. The old ministers made peace with Tungga and his five brothers, in order to conceal their attempt to effect a revolution in the kingdom. They consulted with the inhabitants of Káshmíra, and called in the son of the queen's brother, the spirited Vigraharája, who again brought in some Bráhmanas to perform certain ceremonies for the success of their effort. The Bráhmanas advised the murder of Tungga, and the

oppressed people began to seek for Tungga in order to kill him. Diddá shut up Tungga in a room, and waited for few days apprehending an attack. She bribed Sumanomattaka and other Bráhmanas with her gold. The intended attack, being thus bought off Vigraharája was obliged to retire. Tungga was once more safe in his place and killed Kardamarája and others who had attempted rebellion. Sulakkana son of Rakka, and other chief ministers were either exiled or allowed remain in the court according as Tungga and his partisans were angry or pleased with them. Vigraharája again began secretly to engage the Bráhmanas to his party. But Tungga came upon them and captured the Bráhmanas who were bribed. One Aditya, a favorite of Vigraharája attempted to fly, but was caught by the soldiers and killed. Vatsarája, a follower of Vigraharája was flying, but was wounded and captured. Tungga bound Sumanomattaka and other Bráhmanas, and sent them to prison.

On the death of Phalguna, the king of Rájapurí became very insolent, which led to an attack on him by the ministers of Káshmíra. In the battle which ensued with Prithvípála, commander of the Rájapurí forces, many were destroyed on either side. Two of the ministers of Káshmíra Shipátaka and Hansarája perished. But Tungga with his brothers suddenly entered the city by another way, and set it on fire. The Rájapurí army as well as Prithvípála and their king were defeated, and the king

now humbled consented to pay tribute to Tungga; so that Tungga recovered the money which was spent in the war. Returning to the capital of Káshmíra, the powerful Tungga accepted the lordship of Kampana and destroyed the villages of the Dámaras.

Diddá fearlessly made Sanggrámarája, the son of her brother Udayarája, Yuvarája. Her selection was made in the following manner. In order to test her nephews who were all young, she threw some fruits among them, and wished to see who could gather most. The princes began to quarrel with one another. She saw that while many of them had gathered the fruits, after being much beaten by their comrades, Sanggrámarája had gathered many without being hurt at all. She then asked him the cause of his success, to which he replied; "I set the others to quarrel and gathered the fruits without being hurt. For who does not gain his end by inducing others to danger and keeping himself aloof." The queen heard his wily words, and according to her feminine judgment thought him fit for the kingdom. The hero meditates conquest by strength, and the timid by wiles.

In the K. E. 89 in the month of Vádra,. on the eighth bright lunar day, the queen died, and the Yuvarája became king. This is the third change in dynasties effected by women. On the destruction of the Kantaka dynasty (whose history is narrated in this book) that of the Sátaváha flourished; as the mango trees flourish in the pleasure garden drenched with rain when the bad trees

are burnt by the wood-fire. The mildness of Sanggráma-rája shewed his patience. And he supported the earth with his arms as the serpent-king does with his numerous heads.

Here ends the Sixth Book of Rájatarangginí by Kahlana, son of Champaka Pravu the great minister of Káshmíra.

There were ten kings during a period of sixty-four years and twenty-three days.

BOOK VII.

[Invocation to Mohádeva.]

King Kshamapati was very grave and powerful. After the death of the queen, another attempt was made to destroy Tungga. But it failed, and his enemies lived to see his increasing glory. At this time Chandrákara died; he was a great warrior, and worthy of being a minister. He was known to the king. At this time also died the heroic sons of Punyákara in the village of Bhímatiká; and as there were none worthy of the post of minister, the king reluctantly favored the party of Tungga. The late queen, at the time of her death, had bestowed wealth on Tungga and his people, so that they might not quarrel with the king. The king was incapable of work even for the transaction of his duties and entrusted the administration to Tungga, and led a life of pleasure. What more shall I say of the king's meanness! He compromised his glory by making alliance with an unworthy family. For he gave his daughter Lothiká to Prema the headman of the Diddá temple, because Prema was a powerful man and might help him in his danger. So instead of marrying his daughter to a prince, he married her to a beggar Bráhmana.

At Paribásapura the Bráhmana ministers caused magic to be performed for the fall of Tungga. The revolution which was thus caused by a combination among the

Bráhmana ministers, was like the union of violent wind and fire. This the king came to know and felt greatly insulted thereby. They then attempted to destroy the king. Sajja and others were requested by the Bráhmanas to join the conspiracy for the overthrow of the king, and they agreed to it. But when the magical operation was near its completion. The king gained them over by a large bounty, and the conspiracy was divulged. The Bráhmanas fled in fear to the house of Rájakalasha who had instigated the act. Rájakalasha, whose wiles were now discovered, fought with obstinacy. But the Bráhmanas fled by a secret way, and Rájakalasha was overcome. The seven ministers, sons of Shrídhara then maintained the struggle but fell also. After their death, Rájakalasha was defeated by Sugandhisíha Tungga's brother and was brought bound by order of Tungga. On his way along the Skanda road, his guards made him dance, wounded and disarmed as he was. Another minister named Bhútikalasha (partisan of Rájakalasha) was also defeated and he fled with his son to Shúramatha. He was not captured out of pity and went away broken hearted and accompanied by his son to some other country. Thus the rebellion of Parihásapura benefitted Tungga. When Gunadeva had appeased the anger of the king, Bhútikalasha returned to the country after performing his bath in the Ganges. He obtained a post in the palace and was afterwards secretly employed by the king to assassinate

Tungga. But the secret oozed out, and Tungga came to know of it, and Bhútikalasha with his son was again sent to exile by the king. At this time died Mayyámattaka son of Chandrákara, who was just rising to prosperity. And Prema who was the king's son-in-law, and had done some good to the country died then; as also Ganggá and other favorites of the king. Only Tungga and his brothers survived. Thus perished all of whom Tungga had been afraid. He was like a tree on the side of a river, from whose base the earth is washed away by the waves and which therefore threatens to fall; but the waves bring back the soil and make its base firm again.

Tungga had administered the kingdom justly, and to the benefit of the people, but now his sense began to fail him. He took as his assistant a low-born Káyastha named Bhadreshvara.

He entrusted the management of the king's household to his wicked assistant in exclusion of the virtuous and the high minded. He deprived the Bráhmanas and the helpless and the king's dependants of their livelihood. Even the hardhearted men those who carry the dead &c., feed their own kith and kin, but this man killed his own relations. It was in the month of Chaitra that Tungga took this man into his favor, and in A'shára Sugandhísíha, Tungga's brother died. He was a great help to his brother and by his death Tungga thought himself deprived of the best member of his body.

Trilochanapála the Sháhí having asked for help against his enemy, the king of Káshmíra sent Tungga to his country in the month of Márgashírsha. He was accompanied by a large and powerful army with feudatory chiefs and ministers and Rajpoots. The Sháhi welcomed them to his country, and advanced to meet them; and they spent five or six days in pleasure and congratulation. Sháhí saw their want of discipline and told them that since they did not mean to fight with the Turushkas, they might remain at ease at the flank of a hill. But Tungga did not accept this good advice and he as well as his army was anxious for the battle. The Káshmírians crossed the river Toushí, and destroyed the detachment of soldiers sent by Hammíra to reconnoitre. But though the Káshmírians were eager for the fight, the wise Sháhí repeatedly advised them to take shelter behind the rock, but Tungga disregarded the advice, for all advice is vain, when one is doomed to destruction. The General of the Turks was well versed in the tactics of war and brought out his army early in the morning. On this the army of Tungga immediately dispersed, but the troops of the Sháhí fought for a while. When these latter fled, three persons were still seen in the field, gallantly fighting against the cavalry of the enemy. They were Jayásinha, Shrívardhana and Vibhramárka the Dámara. And there too was the valliant Trílochanapála whose valor passes description and who though overwhelmed by unequal numbers remained unconquered.

His body bled, and he looked like Mahádeva wrapt in the flames of the last fire with which the world is to be destroyed. After facing his numerous foes clad in mail, he at last retreated, and the enemy overran a large tract of the country. Hammíra though victorious in the field felt himself ill at ease on witnessing the super-human heroism of Trílochanapála. The Sháhí took shelter in Hástika and made great efforts to retrieve his fortune. Thus have I briefly narrated the fall and extinction of the line of Sháhí, and now the very existence of his kingdom of which I have spoken in the history of Shangkaravarmma, has become an object of doubt. Fate accomplishes what appears improbable even in dream, and what cannot even be conceived. Tungga returned to his country, but the king of Káshmíra as forbearing as he was devoid ambition, was not angry with him for his cowardly flight in the battle. Still Tungga was very much grieved. His son Kandarpasinha was proud of his wealth and his heroism and lived in a kingly style which gave his father much annoyance.

Vigraharája the king's brother privately wrote to the king advising him to kill Tungga. But the king remembered the last injunction of the late queen, and for a long time remained unsettled. Urged, however, by repeated letters he at last said to the carriers of the epistles that he seldom saw Tungga alone with his son, and if he was found alone the deed might be attempted. "For if you make an attempt on his life when he is not

alone, he will be able to destroy us. So wait till there be an opportunity." The messengers remembered the advice of the king, and tried to find Tungga alone. Within six months from this time the king sent for Tungga, and though he had dreamt an evil dream, still he went out of his house alone with his son. Tungga entered the king's court, and there remained in his presence for a short time, after which he went into the council chamber with five or six servants. He was followed by Pava, Sharka and others, who without saying anything to the king began to strike Tungga with their weapons. Sinharatha, born of the line of Mahárathа was the minister of king Shangkaravarmmá, and was the most dutiful of Tungga's attendants. Though without arms, still he tried to save Tungga by throwing himself over him. But Tungga was killed at the first blow, and the king was rejoiced. The wicked Kangka and Pártha the son of the court Bráhmana Dharmma an enemy of Tungga, were present on the spot. They placed their fingers on their lips, in fear, (perhaps to signify thereby that they would not interfere in the least) and threw down their arms to save themselves. Changga and the other ministers who were also present, though friendly to Tungga and armed, stood still in fear like women. The king cut off the heads of Tungga and his son and threw them outside the palace in order to encourage his own men and dishearten the followers of Tungga, so that they might not in ignorance of their master's fate still

hold out, or set fire to the palace. The servants saw their master's head and fled, very few showed any zeal for their master. One only named Bhujangga son of a Bráhmana feudatory chief entered the chamber and pursued the king from room to room. He broke open the doors and killed twenty warriors in the king's court. There died the treasurer Trailokyarája and the hero Abhinava son of the nurse of Kapyámatta. In the court-yard lay the dead bodies of thirty Ekánggs, followers of Tungga, Padmarája who remained unhurt in the fray, went to some shrine to assuage his grief for the death of his master. Others though they did not venture to fight, were killed by the king's partisans. Chandrákhya who considered himself a warrior, Arjjuna and Deláchakra the Dámara, though they threw down their arms, were killed by the king's party. Tungga died on the twelvth day after the new moon in the month of Ashára. His house and property were plundered by the king. After the death of Tungga and his son, who were not rebels, the wily people gained ascendancy in the palace. Nága the brother of Tungga who had abused the ears of the king with evil council, and was in fact the cause of the destruction of his brother and brother's son, and was ill spoken of by men, was now made lord of Kampana by the king. Kshemá wife of Kandarpasinha, Tungga's son, lived in criminal intimacy with Nága. After four days and when the tumult had ceased, Thinthá a chaste wife of Kandarpasinha, and daughter

of Sháhí burnt herself in the fire. Maungkhaná wife of Tungga fled with the celebrated Vichitrasinha, and Brátrisinha, sons of Kandarpasinha and with their mother Mammá; and passed her days at Rájapurí.

Bhadreshvara who was promoted to the post of Tungga, plundered the riches belonging to the gods Bhúteshvara and Ahideva. What more shall I say of the want of judgment of the king than that he gave good posts to Pártha and others. The very wicked Pártha who was known to live in criminal intimacy with the wife of his brother, was by the king made the superintendent of the city. Pártha polluted the shrine of Pravaresha by murders. Matangga son of Sindhu a very miserly man and an oppressor of the people began to augment the treasure of the avaricious king.

Now in former times there lived one Devamukha of Divira caste who had a son named Chandramukha by a prostitute, a woman who used to sell cakes, &c. By Tungga's favor he had been made one of the king's dependants, and had amassed great wealth. Though rich he was avaricious, and when presented with cakes he used to be angry with his servants. In his poverty he had been healthy, but in his days of prosperity he lost his good digestion and health. And so the people used to jeer him. He did one virtuous act at the time of his death. He gave one-third of one koti (of the current coin ?) for the repair of the shrine of Raneshvara. His sons Nandimukha and others were on bad

terms with one another, but they were made captains of regiments by the king. It was ridiculous to bestow on them the post of Tungga. They were sent against the Turks, like Tungga, but they fled to their country. The king was weak, and the ministers worthy of him, and consequently the Diviras and Dámaras of Darad rebelled.

Of the buildings erected in this reign, the following may be enumerated. Lothiká the king's daughter built a temple called after her name, and another after the name of her mother Tilottamá. Even the vicious aspire to virtuous acts, for even Bhadreshvara built a monastery. The king did not build any edifice with his own money.

The queen Shrílekhá daughter of Shríyashomanggala, became unchaste as her husband became weak. Jayákara son of Sugandhisíha by Jayalakshmí was her favorite, and on him she bestowed much wealth. She was mistress of the treasury in the village of Maya, and by favor of the king she became rich. In her habits she was parsimonious.

On the first of Ashára in the year four of the Káshmírian era the king died bequeathing his kingdom to his son Harirája.

Harirája was surrounded by good men, and was the delight of all. He cleared the country of thieves, so that market roads were safe during night. The king's orders which lasted for a short time only, were honored even

as the fleeting new moon. After a reign of twenty-two days this good king died on the eighth day after the new moon. Lives are like stars of the summer night, which set soon after they are seen. It is said that his unchaste mother removed him by a secret charm because he resented her bad behaviour.

The queen mother Shrílekha was ambitious of reigning and went to the coronation-bath, every thing being ready for the ceremony. But in the meantime the Ekánggas joined by Ságara son of the king's nurse, coronated the boy Anantadeva brother of the late king. The queen only reaped the sin of murdering her child for the kingdom, while another enjoyed it. Even as the serpent who is robbed of its jewel by one, reaps only sin, by stinging to death another with whom the stone is lodged. Her disappointment was so great that she forgot her affection for her son. Fie to the craving for enjoyment!

Vigraharája, the aged uncle (father's brother) of the new king approached the kingdom to usurp it. He brought a powerful army from Lohara, and within two and half days entered the capital after having burnt the gate when it was carelessly guarded. But when within the temple of Lothiká he and his followers were killed by the army sent by Shrílekhá. She then built two temples for the benefit of her husband's and son's souls, and again rose in rebellion.

In the meantime the king grew up and,—a king from his very infancy,—he indulged in costly habits, &c. Rúdra-

pála and other sons of Sháhí became his favorites, and obtained large salaries from the revenue of the kingdom. Still Rúdrapála remained a beggar as he was, though paid one and half lacs daily while Diddápála was happy with eighty thousand a day. Ananggapála the Vetála was also fed by the king; he thought of uprooting the statue of Sarasvatí. Rúdrapála was the protector of the thieves and Chandálas who plundered and killed men. The Káyasthas, under the protection of Rúdrapála, began to oppress the subjects. Utpala and others built a house for the blind. Rúdrápála married A'samatí the beautiful and eldest daughter of Induchandra king of Jálandhara (Jallender). She built a temple at Tripuresh-vara. Her younger sister Súryyamatí somewhat less beautiful than she, was married by Rúdrapála to the king. This man gave bad advices to his sovereign though his advices were pleasing to the ear.

At this time Tribhuvana the powerful lord of Kampana came with the Dámaras to usurp the kingdom. Though a large part of the royal army joined the rebel, the cavalry and the Ekánggas remained faithful to the king. In the battle which ensued the gallant king evaded his enemy's blow and struck Tribhuvana. Though protected with a strong iron mail which saved his life, Tribhuvana vomitted blood, and fled.

The king, as he moved over the battle field, his body covered with mangled flesh and blood and using his sword as a stick, was a terror to his foes.

He saw on the battle field the wounded Ekánggas who were named to him one after another; he was touched with pity, and relieved their anxiety as regards the gratuity due to them for their wounds. The grateful king bestowed ninety-six kotis of Dínnáras on them. And so great was the king's magnanimity that he gave some money even to Tribhuvana. The king held his sword so firmly during the battle, that he could not let go his hold when the battle was over, but after long milk-fomentation.

The king made his friend Brahmarája treasurer, but he excited the jealousy of Rúdrapála and consequently had to retire. He then joined the seven Mlechchha kings and the Dámaras, and placing the king of Darad at their head entered Káshmíra. When they arrived at the village Kshíraprishta, the gallant Rúdrapála went out to fight with them. It was settled that the battle was to commence the next day, and the lord of Darad went into the house of Krídápindaraka the Nága. There contrary to the advice of those around him, he threw his bayonet (Kunta) on a fish that was floating in the water, whereupon there arose from the place a serpent, having the body of a jackal, and the lord of Darad chased it. His army saw him run, and thought that the engagement of fighting on the succeeding day had been violated, and apprehending an attack from the enemy, rushed to battle. In the battle which raged, the lord of Darad lost his head, and the fame of Rúdrapála increased. The

Mlechchha kings were killed or imprisoned, and the king of Káshmíra obtained gold and jewels. Rúdrapála brought to his master the head of the king of Darad with crown adorned with pearls. Udayanavatsa brother of the deceased, caused magic to be performed by the Bráhmanas and Rúdrapála died of Lútá. The other sons of Sháhi were also soon removed.

When the Pálas the favorites of the king were dead, Súyyamatí became his most beloved. This queen otherwise called Subhata set up a Shiva on the banks of the Vitastá, and a temple called Subhatámatha, and at the time of sanctifying the god and temple she removed the poverty of many Bráhmanas by bestowing on them cows, horses, gold and jewels. By its side she built a village for Bráhmanas, with a temple, and named the village after that of A'shachandra *alias* Kallana, her younger brother whom she loved. By it she erected two other temples to Vijayesha and Amaresha and called them after the names of Sillana her another brother, and of her husband. In Vijayeshvara she gave one hundred and eight villages inhabited by Bráhmanas to holy and learned Bráhmanas. In Amareshvara she bestowed (on Bráhmanas) villages inhabited by the same caste people, and called after her husband; and she erected Trisúla, Vánalingga and other images of Shiva. When their son Rájarája died, both the king and the queen left the palace and lived near the temple of Sadáshiva. From this time the

ancient palace of kings was deserted and all the succeeding kings dwelt near this temple.

The grooms of the king's stable became rich, partly by royal gifts, for the king loved horses, and partly by plunder.

There was one Dallaka, the Daishika who was a great jester and favorite of the king. This was the man through whom Bhoja king of Málava built a golden tank, and it was through him that he fulfilled his resolution to wash his face always with the waters from the shrine of Pápasudana. He too robbed the people. He used to prepare betels with perfumes, and the king gave him almost all his riches. The king, for the further payment of this man's dues, mortgaged to him, rich as he was now, the throne and crown marked with the design of peacock's tail. Every month these things were brought from the betel man's house on the day of worship. At last the king stopped these excesses by giving charge of his treasury to his queen Súyyamatí. The fear caused by the grooms and Dallaka subsided at once, and the kingdom once more enjoyed peace. From this time the queen took up the administration of the country; and the king carried out the queen's orders. The husband submitted to the wife, but everything was amicably managed owing to the sinless character of both. The king was exceedingly pious. During his long reign, he constantly changed his favorites. Bálabhaungja gave up half of his own wealth, and filled the royal treasury

at Kshema. His court was adorned by his minister named Keshava, a Bráhmana and an inhabitant of Trigarta. People had previously seen this man poor and alone walking in the streets! Fortune is as fleeting as lightning in the clouds!

In Gouríshatridasháluya there lived a Vaishya named Prásádapála, and he had three sons named Haladhara, Vajra and Varáha. Of them Haladhara was favored by the queen, and at last became the prime minister. Both the king and the queen took his advice on every occasion. Haladhara completed and enlarged the building begun by Kshema. The custom of registering the color and value of gold by private individuals in a public office, thereby publishing an account of the wealth of individuals, was discontinued by this minister, so that future kings might not oppress the rich. He stopped oppression over the people by killing some of the king's grooms who plundered them of their wealth and women. At the junction of the Vitastá and the Indus, he built a golden temple. There he also built another temple and founded villages which were inhabited by Bráhmanas. His brothers and sons were rich and liberal. Vimba his nephew, son of Varáha, a great warrior and a rich man, went out to a distant country on some business. He killed many Dámaras, and at last perished in a battle with the people of Khasha in which he refused to fly though his followers were few. The king deposed Sála king of Champá, and set up another in his place.

The king fell into difficulties several times by suddenly entering foreign kingdoms without previous advice or plan. Once at Vallápura where his army was reduced in an attack on Kalasha son of Tukka, he was rescued from danger by the device of Haladhara. On another occasion, when he entered Urashá his passage was cut off by the enemies, and he was rescued by the lord of Kampana who cleared the passage, and gave the king an outlet. The king showed great courage when in danger.

The Dámaras who inhabited Krama killed Rájeshvara lord of Dvára and son of Bhadreshvara, as well as many others. He who serves royalty must always have a fall. Because the queen favored Haladhara, evil rumour began to spread regarding them; and Asháchandra the queen's youngest brother, arrested him and confiscated his property. But the king liberated him, and he prospered again. On account of the queen's favor he experienced prosperity and misery alternately, even like sun and shade on a rainy day.

Gradually the simple king became henpecked, a circumstance which became the cause of his misfortunes. By the advice of the queen who was blind in her affection for her son, the king made preparations to abdicate his kingdom to his son Kalasha, though in this he was opposed by wise Haladhara and other wisemen. "You will repent of this" said his ministers to him. In spite of this advice however, he coronated his son Ranáditya

(otherwise called Kalasha), in the Káshmírian era thirty-nine on the sixth of Srávana, bright moon.

This new king had a high notion of his sovereign dignity, and heartlessly told his father that he should address him by the title of *Deva*. The father stared at him in anger, but the son said smiling "when even the kings of Kanouje and other places address me in that way, what else should you do who have deposed yourself. Every day you shall feel such humiliation for even the Rishis cannot forego their pride." The late king remembered the words of his ministers, and could not give any reply. On another day, Haladhara seeing the boy served by other kings, and the father with few followers, pretended to be angry with the latter, and so managed to give the kingdom back to him. Haladhara reproached him and enquired if he was not ashamed to remain at ease, burdening the little boy with the weight of the kingdom. "Take upon yourself" he continued "the management of the kingdom, and let the youth enjoy the pleasures of his age." He said so, and by this artifice managed to give back the kingdom to the old man and to deprive the boy of it. The latter now became king only in name, and had to depend on his parents even for his food. In accustomed worship of weapons the boy was merely an assistant to his father. They who are glad or grieved without cause are like beasts unsettled in their actions. The queen by whose exertions her child had got the kingdom, repented when he had it. She

became jealous of her son's wives when they adorned themselves as befitted queens; and made them the objects of ridicule till they ceased to adorn their houses.

One day Kshítirája son of Vigraharája the old king's father's brother came to king Ananta and with lamentation told him that his son Bhuvanarája was aspiring to his (Kshítirája's) throne and that his grandson Níla had already usurped the kingdom and had made preparation to oppose the intended attack of his father Bhubanarája. That Níla had vested dogs with the holy threads of Bráhmanas and called these after the names of holy men revered by his father. Kshítirája afterwards left all worldly concerns, for even his wives were against him; and nominating Utkarsha son of Kalasha by queen Rámalekhá, an infant yet in its mother's breast, as heir, travelled in holy places in the company of learned men, and after enjoying peace for many years, died at Chakradhara, a devout Vishnuvite. He and his contemporary king Bhoja were both renowned for charity and learning and for being alike friends to the poets. King Ananta made Tanvanggarája (his father's brother's son) the guardian of his grandson. This Tanvangga enlarged the kingdom of his ward, and when he grew up, returned to Káshmíra and died at Chakradhara.

The king took the advice of his kinsmen and a revolution was caused by them. One Jindurája son of Madanarája son of Siddharája son of Buddharája son of Indurája who was proud of his heroism,

was sent against the kings of Darad, but he was called by the queen in her house and made to accept the post of minister. The Káshmírians lost the battle. The Dámaras too, to the grief of the queen, rose in rebellion. Jinduràja attacked and killed the rebel Dámara chief named Shobha a blind man and an inhabitant of Degráma. The king created Jinduràja lord of Kampana, and made Rájapurí and other places tributaries to Káshmíra.

At this time the minister Haladhara died. He was as a staff in the slippery path of king Ananta's reign. When on his death-bed at Chakradhara he was visited by the king and the queen for advice, he told the king not to attack another kingdom hastily, and when in danger to try to save his life first. "Jinduràja" he continued "you must regard him who has suddenly risen to power, with suspicion; and Jayánanda will breed quarrel between you and your son." According to this advice of the dying minister the king caused the powerful Jinduràja when he was unarmed, to be captured by Vijja.

Now in the course of time, prince Kalasha the nominal king was led by his servants to evil ways. There were the princes of the family of Sháhi named Vijja, Yittha, Rájapája and another who used to excite the prince to evil acts, and became his favorites. Jayánanda too the son of the treasurer Nága, who was always by the person of this prince king, taught him dishonest things. The

king's religious instructor Amarakantha being dead, he became the disciple of Amara's son Pramadakantha. Thus the king naturally of bad character, had for his *guru*, a man who advised evil things, and who was indiscriminate in his intercourse with women. This man boldly lived in criminal intercourse with his own daughter. There were some who were proud of their prowess, and used to go about in the streets at night. One night they fell down through fright and had their knees broken. But their wounds were cured by a cat merchant by simply passing his hands over their heads. This man had a cat for his ensign, for which he was so named, his former name being forgotten. He was really a great dunce, but was proud of his greatness and medical knowledge; and became the *guru* of shoemakers and washermen. He cured the men, above mentioned, by rubbing his hands besmeared with cats' ordure, on their heads.

Thus men of no real merit hoodwinked the king and held him completely in their power. The king's companions kept up nights, ate much but could not digest, the king too spent nights with them in music, drinking wine, and forcing women to their company. The servants once bound the unruly Kanaka son of Haladhara to a pillar when he was angry and tore off his nose. Chamaka (Kanaka?) some of whose limbs were mutilated became the favorite of the sovereign, because he used to procure women. The king preferred him to his ministers, and gave him the title of Thakkura, and he

gained much reputation. He discarded his low origin and thanked his broken nose. Thus the excited and shameless king did what should not be told, still I shall describe it because it comes in the way of my narrative. The king who loved to enjoy other peoples' wives did not spare his sister Kallaná and his daughter Nágá. The old king (the present king's father) who lived in retirement with his wife, was much grieved to hear of this, though he said nothing.

There lived a beggar Bráhmana named Loshtaka, an inhabitant of Ovaná of which village he was the soothsayer. One night when he was coming from the house of Sanggrámakshetrapála, he happened to say correctly what was within the closed fist of another, and so he gained much reputation, and this man of lust was made the *guru*, the soothsayer and the procurer of the king.

By these and other flatterers, the king was blinded and he came to consider guilty actions as meritorious. Words said in jest were good words with him, his valor consisted in oppression over his people and he showed his shamelessness and gallantry by intercourse with women who should not be touched. His simplicity was apparent by his putting up with the abuse of the wicked; and nothing of what his flatterers did, was left undone by him, because it was bad. Always knocking about from house to house to steal the embraces of other men's wives, he felt no pleasure in the embraces of his own wives at night. His pleasures were planned by others, and his

love of other people's wives began to increase. One night accompanied by five or six procurers, he stole into the house of Jinduraja, whose daughter-in-law (son's wife) who was as bad as a prostitute, invited the king by signs. When he entered the house the dog barked, and the Chandálas thinking it was a thief, ran with clubs. The king through fear, fell on the ground, and they were going to beat him, when his followers sheltered him with their bodies. But when they were thrashed they cried out, and said that it was king Kalasha; and so the Chandálas were stopped. Surely this mishap came to pass because the king went to his engagement placing his nose-less courtier in the front. He went out in disappointment captivated with the glance of the girl, but did not escape the eyes of the passers by in the streets. Even the king was insulted by the low people, because he did unkingly things owing to the baseness of his heart. Even gods are insulted for unruly passions, how then can mortals escape with undefiled honor. When the heart turns towards what is evil every thing gets confused. First of all, the man gets evil name, and then his evil desires are known. Virtue perishes first and then honor. Men doubt the fact of his being born in a good family, and then his life becomes endangered.

That very night when the wicked king returned to his capital, his parents heard of the affair. And after weeping for a long time for shame, grief and filial affection, they determined to capture him, they spent that

night in resolving to coronate the learned Harsha the eldest of their grandsons and son of Vappika (Kalasha). On the morning they sent for the king; but Vijja and Jayánanda warned the latter against seeing his parents. Led by the hand by Jayánanda and followed by Vijja the king went to his parents. But no sooner had he gone there than his father gave a slap on his face and told him to leave aside his weapon, Vijja supported the frightened king with his hand and touching his weapon proudly said to the old man. "Being the most honorable of men, O king! why do you forget that honorable men can never forsake their honor? I receive pay, and am a Rajpoot, and armed, how then can I leave him in danger as long as I am alive? You are the father, he the son, when we are away do what you think fit." Having stopped the tongue of the old king with words both harsh and mild, Vijja brought away the king from his father; and men admired Vijja for his speech before the ex-king. Fortunately for the king, his mother who was a very angry woman, said nothing; for had her anger been roused Kalasha would either have been brought under discipline or imprisoned. Vijja then hastily took the king to the house of Dilhá the favorite queen. She was informed of all that had happened, and pretending that the king was suffering from headache, besmeared the head of the frightened sovereign, with oil, and by this means she prevented the entrance of any other person, placed Vijja at the door and sheltered her husband.

On the other hand when the other persons had gone away, the mother of the king rebuked her husband, and on the pretence of looking to the welfare of her son went to him. When she came there to reconcile the father and the son, the king was alone and Vijja at the door. But the queen mother was denied admittance, whereupon the old king became angry and prepared himself to go to Vijayakshetra. When he with his wife had gone near to Padmapura, Vishchávata and other Bráhmana inhabitants of the place thus addressed him, "Why do you repent after having yourself abdicated your kingdom? whatever you may have done, whether good or bad, you should not now repent. You should have rebuked your bad son considering that you have not resigned your subjects to his evil will. The king is powerless as a doll set on a machine; that he is either good or bad is owing to the virtue or sin of his subjects, even as clouds discharge rain or thunderbolt according to the virtue or sin of trees. You are wishing to enjoy pleasure away from your wicked son, but how can that be fulfilled since you are leaving behind your treasures. For who cares to touch a man however worthy and well-born and pure if he be without wealth like a sword sharp and bright, but without the scabbard." When the old king heard thus, he thought of returning, and his son came to the spot with his wife, and tried to assuage his anger. The old man entered the capital still angry, and took away all the treasure. He set out again, and waited for his queen

on the other side of the river with horses, arms, mail shirts, &c. The ladies of the house loaded the boat with several articles, and did not leave even a peg in the house. The people at first knew nothing of the affair and remained silent, but when they were aware that the old king was going away from the place they began to weep and with tears showered flowers on the departing king. Nothing else was heard in the streets but lamentations, and cries of "O! mother," "O! father" "where are you going hence;" and when the voice of lamentations had gradually ceased in the streets, the sounds of sighs were heard like the sound of fountain on the hills. And the ear of the old king and his queen became so accustomed to the cries that they fancied they heard such sounds in the air even when they had departed. They were so shocked with the evil conduct of their son that they blamed even the birds for feeding their young ones. They then reached the shrine of Vijayeshvara and their hearts were soothed of the troubles on account of their son. There they passed their days in devotion and lived with their servants. The persons who followed him to the shrine were Tanvanggarája, Tungga &c., the princes, his kinsmen, and Suryyavarmá, Chandra, &c., and the Dámaras. The Dámaras and king Kshíra were stationed by him in their own towns; but they also served as his guard. The old king kept his treasure secure and passed his days in happiness. All the Rajpoot cavalry and the armed Dámaras were also

stationed near him. The year of his retirement to Vijayakshetra, according to the Káshmírian era, was 55.

When his father was gone, Kalasha found his treasuries empty. Though without money, he still wished to improve his kingdom, and consulted Vijja and others, and made those whom he knew well, his ministers. Jayánanda was made prime minister and Varáhadeva born in a place on the Vitastá was made the lord of Dvára. He also made Vijayamitra, lord of Kampana. He was formerly Amvarádhikarí (lit. lord of the Wardrobe) of Jindhurája lord of Kampana. And having placed men on several posts as he thought fit, he bestowed his attention on accumulating riches in order to fight against his father. Jayánanda borrowed money from rich men of bad character in order to collect an army of infantry and with Vijja and other Rajpoots marched with the army to Avantipura to attack the old king. The king liberated Jindurája from prison and honored him. Jindurája too marched along the Shimiká road to fight with the old king. Hearing of these preparations the Dámaras and the cavalry of the old king became incensed and hastily set out to meet the enemy. The gardens of Vijayeshvara were crowded with horses. The queen mother out of great affection for her son asked her enraged husband to grant an armistice for two days. At night he sent her trusty servants Mayya and other Bráhmanas to her son with the following private message. "How is it that your

senses are so upset that you wish to fight against your heroic father? For in the battle you are sure to die. Who destroyed the king of Darat and others? And why do you approach him for your sure destruction? When your father will ride, your army will be destroyed even as grass is destroyed by the fire. What army and what wealth are you master of, that you are engaging yourself in a battle with him? He has abdicated his kingdom and you enjoy it alone. What harm has been done to you, now that he has retired into a holy place? Those who advise you to war, are hurling you into danger, and in few days you will be reduced to poverty. Take away your army; so long I live, apprehend no harm from your father. Assuage him by entreaties." When Kalasha heard from the messengers, this message sent by his mother, he withdrew his army that very night. The queen mother heard of this, and filled with affection for her son, went to her husband in the morning, and rebuked him. The battle was thus averted by the queen. But through the advice of bad men the minds of both father and the son sometime remained clouded. It was natural under such circumstances that the peace established between them should be frequently disturbed. When not in the company of his queen, the old king became very often incensed at the acts of his son; but when she was near, she used to assuage his anger. Thus every day he was grieved and was again relieved of his grief and

resembled the lake in autumn, alternately disturbed and tranquil. The son destroyed the houses of his father's partisans, but the father was under the influence by his queen, and did nothing to the partisans of his son. Tormented by the queen who doted on her son and by harsh words of his followers, the old king always remained grieved. He intended to snatch the kingdom from his son whose army and partisans he believed to be weak, except only Jindurája whom he considered to be somewhat powerful. With this purpose he invited the sons of Tanvangga who had enmity with Kalasha to reign over the country. The queen saw this danger to her dynasty and sent messengers that very night to invite Harsha with a view to make him king. Invited by the messengers of his grand-mother, Harsha felt some encouragement. He freed himself from the mounted guards who were placed round him. He rode fast, and passed five yojanas in half a Kshana, so that the horses of the guards, which were inferior to that of the prince, were tired in the attempt to overtake him. Both his grandfather and grandmother received him with joy as he fell to their feet.

When the young prince, Kalasha's son, went to the old king, Kalasha trembled for fear. He wished for peace and desisted from his ill-advised attempts against his parents. He sent messengers to them, stopped all disturbances in the country; and for a short time reluctantly submitted to the instructions of his mother. The lord of Kampana

was under the orders of Kalasha proceeding to the country of Khasha; according to the advice of the queen mother he owned subjection to the old king, and was allowed passage by him. In order to prevent further disturbances in the country, the Bráhmanas commenced certain secret rites to destroy both the father and the son. When peace was concluded between them, the father at the request of his son lived with the queen mother in the capital for two months and a half.

Suspecting however that his son, at the instigation of Jayánanda, intended to imprison him, the old man went out of the capital with a sorrowful heart and lived at Jayeshvara. At night Kalasha burnt the forage of his father's horses and killed his foot soldiers with fire and poisoned arms and by artifice. The enmity between them kindled again, and the queen blinded by her affection for her son, prevented her husband from retaliating. There lived a prostitute, Kaivarta by caste, named Ladvá, and she had a submissive and very wily paramour named Thakka Dámara. Now king Kalasha was pleased to hear men call his parents by the names of the above pair. But his parents bestowed a pair of human images of gold equal to their own weight, in charity and so beguiled their grief. When their son found that they had remained unruffled by his satirical allusions and had riches enough to carry out their works he set fire to their place. The fire burnt the house of god Vijayeshvara

and the sacred things it contained. The queen was grieved to see every thing destroyed and attempted to commit suicide, but was forced out of the burning house by the sons of Tanvangga. On the preceding night the soldiers had taken off their clothes when going to bed; and when they rose the next morning they had nothing to cover themselves with, every thing being burnt. Kalasha stood on the terrace of his palace, and saw the flames rising to the sky, and danced with joy. The old king seeing every thing destroyed, crossed the river, but was drowned with his wife in the sea of grief. The queen found in the morning a *linga* unburnt which was made of jewels and which she sold for seventy lacs to the Tákás. With this money she bought food and clothes for the servants, and repaired the burnt house. The king found so vast a quantity of gold, &c., from the embers, that its narration astonishes one even to this day. When the place was reduced to wilderness, the king lived there by building huts of the barks of Nada. Though he had wealth, and was willing to re-build the town, yet he could not get his son's permission for so doing. It was thus that the son who had obtained the kingdom by mere chance, and who was protected by his mother's affection, harrassed his father. Wishing to send his parents away, he repeatedly sent messengers to his father and told him to go and live at Parnotsa. His queen also urged him to do the same, whereupon he became angry and rebuked her in the presence of Tanvangga

and Thakkana,—using the following harsh language,—such as he had never used before:—"Have I not lost glory, fame, heroism, kingdom, spirit, sense and wealth by being subjected to the influence of a wife? They say that woman is useless appendage to man; but in his last days man becomes a plaything for woman. Who has excited the jealousy of a woman but has fallen a victim to it? Some women have robbed their husbands of beauty, some of their strength, some their intellect, and some their life. As rivers in the rainy season bring rocks from the hills, even so women, in the pride of youth, fill the earth with sons not begotten by their husbands. And when they see their husbands old, they disregard them, and love their children. I have known my wife's faults, but in order to avoid quarrel, did not mind them much. And now having marred my worldly happiness, she attempts to rob the joys of my future life. I am old and near my death; where should I go, leaving Vijayakshetra? Why should I disturb with anxious thoughts, my devotion to Mahádeva who can cancel sins? A son is the savior of his father both in this, and in the future world; but who has a son like this of mine? He would drive me from this shrine, and wish me die in an unholy place. I now fully believe the rumour that Kalasha is not born of me. When the son is different from his father in form and character, and quarrels with kinsmen, and loves not his father, know him to be illegitimate." Thus the long suffering king re-

lieved his mind, and by expressing his thoughts inflicted a serious wound on the feelings of his wife. For there is the tradition that when the queen had lost her child she had brought the child of one named Prashasta. The queen became very much ashamed when the secret about her son's illegitimacy was revealed before her relatives, and like a vulgar woman, thus abused her husband. For when a woman who has subdued her husband, is rudely spoken to by him, she feels as if she had been kicked on the head. "This poor wretched man does not know to suit his words to the place where he speaks them. At one time he had no cloth to wear after his bath, so the people can well conceive what he has lost through me. You have abused me as an unchaste woman of your family, why do you not then make atonement now? Useless and old, driven by your son, as you are, from your kingdom, I fear lest people would say that your wife too has forsaken you." The king was very much hurt when thus abused, but sat mute and calm; but the blood was seen issuing out below his seat. When the queen was anxiously hurrying about to know whence the blood issued, Thakkana saw that the king in anger had impaled himself with his own sword. The king felt ashamed, and told him to report that he had dysentery (*Raktátisára*). Kings who are guided by women, or are spoilt of wealth by their sons, or trust servants once proved faithless, or allow an insignificant

enemy to gain power,—soon die. They spread the report that the king had one day, when riding, been oppressed by the autumn sun, and when thirsty, had drunk from a paddy field and had thus got the malady. So that the outsiders knew not the real cause of his death which occurred in the Káshmírian era 57, in the month Kárttika on the day of full moon, before the god Vijayesha. Relieved of the tyranny of his wife and son, the good king stretched his legs to sleep his long sleep. In death he was happy. He was never angry with any one, nor was any one angry with him. The descendant of Sanggrámarája was laid on the ground, covered with a sheet, as if he was not loved by any. Unmoved by the cries of his wife, nor angry at her words he slept his long sleep. He died as if to atone for the harsh words he had used to his wife. His grateful queen now honored his remains as if to atone for her unkindness towards her husband now dead.

She gave daily salaries to all from the Rajpoots to the Chandálas, so that her husband might be debtless. The servants being now paid, she guarded the rest of the treasures hoarded in the temple of Vijayeshvara for the benefit of her grandson. Her grandson laid his head on her feet and wept, she smelt her head and advised him not to trust his father. Suffering from excess of grief, the queen arose and performed the last ceremonies, and guarded the corpse herself. Having ordered one hundred horsemen to protect her grandson, she sent

the corpse of her husband in a *shiviká*, and after bowing to the god Vijayesháua, herself set out on a chariot drawn by a pair, after passing a day and night, and a portion of the succeeding day in the service of her husband's body. She accompanied her dead lord, listening to the funeral music mingled with the cries of the people which seemed to fill all sides. The carriage on which the corpse was borne was adorned with banners, and was so bright that it reflected the figures of men who stood round and the hair of the (subject) kings which waved in the air like Chámaras. When the soldiers had done due honor to the dead, and it was evening the queen arrived at the burning ground. Whether through affection for her son, or for some other reason she felt a desire to see her son at that moment. She fancied that the dust which was raised by the air was caused by the approach of her son with his soldiers, and she waited anxiously. At this moment some men approached by the road that led to the capital, and she asked them if Kalasha was come. Her son too was coming to her when some mistrustful persons told him that there might be danger in the step, and so dissuaded him. Thus disappointed, she ordered some water from the Vitastá, and addressed the river thus :—"Those who are dead, would surely have received salvation, if they had drunk thy water." When the water was brought to her, she touched it and cursed those mistrustful persons who had prevented the meeting

between herself and her son. "Those who have caused mortal enmity between us and our son, will shortly perish with all their race." Jayánanda, Jindurája, &c., soon died of this curse. In order to repel the imputations brought against her for her confidence in Haladhara, she swore by her hopes in the future world that she was innocent. And thus having established her fame she suddenly jumped from her little carriage into the burning fire. And the flames rose and reddened the sky and appeared to the people as if it were painted in a picture. Among the servants who followed the old king to death were Ganggádhara, Takkibuddha, Dandaka, the charioteer Távuddána and Nikávalgá. Senata and Kshemata of the lines of Vappata and Udbhata were the favorites of the king, they lived at Vijayeshvara indifferent to the pleasures of life. The whims and varying temperament of our mind are inconstant and fragile as vessels made of glass, but that which takes root in our heart is like a strong instrument which never becomes blunt or is worn out. The late king was over sixty-one years when he died. On the fourth day after their death, the sons of Tanvanggarája collected the bones of the late king and queen and took them to the Ganges.

On the other hand, Harsha having got the wealth of his grandmother at Vijayeshvara, and being joined by some of her retainers, quarreled with his father. Both the father and the son were then at Vijayeshvara, but on the breaking out of the quarrel, the father went to his

capital while the son remained there. The penniless father feared his rich son and sent messenger to him; he treated for peace, and invited him. The proud son was at last persuaded by the solicitations of the messengers repeatedly sent to him, to reluctantly make peace with his father. The father was to protect the person and property of the son, and the son to pay a certain amount to the father every day. When Kalasha entered Vijayeshvara to receive Harsha, his eyes ached to see the houses he had burnt before, and his ears were filled with the reproaches of the populace. Accompanied by his son who came with his treasure the king entered the capital; and the treasures were sealed with the seal of his son. From this time the king turned virtuous, and learnt frugality which dispels poverty

A relative of the king named Nayana who lived at Selyapura, had a son named Japyaka. He turned a Dámara, became rich by selling the produce of the place in other countries; and was avaricious. Every day he caused the ground to be dug to the extent of a krosha and a half, deposited his Dinnáras, and then sowed the ground with grain. He feared lest his men who deposited the coin should betray the secret, and privately murdered many of them. One day when he intended to take some of the money out of the store, his men suddenly fled, his horse got entangled in the vine creepers, and he was killed by a foot soldier. The king obtained this wealth from under the ground, and be-

came rich to the end of his days. The coin was besmeared with mud, and was day and night washed in the stream of the Vitastá, so that its waters remained muddy for several months. It is strange that the avaricious and rich men cannot give away in charity, nor enjoy their wealth, but leave them for others. The fortunate king got wealth by various means; even as the streams flow by various channels, but meet at last in the sea. Birds from various quarters meet at night in one tree, even so wealth flows of itself from various quarters and meets the fortunate man. Rains descend from the sky, and collect in a tank by many channels and passages over the surrounding land, even so is the fortunate man filled with riches by diverse ways.

The king now became as mindful as his father was to protect his men. Though economical as a merchant, yet he was liberal in good works. He personally inspected the past expenditure and calculated the future; and would not be away from his bhúrja (leaf) and khatika (chalk). He used to buy jewels himself at proper prices, so that no dealer could deceive him. He could not be seen after noon. He knew every thing relating to his people by means of his spies, except perhaps their dreams. His kingdom he considered as his home, and there was no pauper in the country. He removed all causes of disturbance from the kingdom. He did not punish the thieves too severely. He lost no wealth which was saved by his ministers' advice, but what

was lost by the ministers, he made up by other means. His kingdom was always gladdened by marriages, feasts, operas and great festivals, and by absence of poverty. The king devised rules so that those who succeeded him might govern the kingdom without superintendents even in the time of festivities. In the meantime, Thakkana and two others, sons of Tanvangga with their servants Malla and others, sons of Gunggu, returned from foreign country (the banks of the Ganges whither they had gone with the bones of the late king,) and the king satisfied them with money. Malla lost his brother in the expedition.

Though the king had attained his maturity, still he suffered himself to be advised by evil men, and did evil things. One named Vulliya, the Takka, brought him girls of different tribes and nationalities from Turushka. The king thus increased the number of his women in his house to seventy-two. Though excessively addicted to women, he kept up his vigour by taking fish-soup, &c. On days of religious festivities he used to eat the offerings paid to gods. Possessed of qualities, both good and bad, he did not renew the stone temple of Mahádeva at Vijayakshetra after it had been burnt, but raised a high golden umbrella to the god. At Tripureshvara he fixed a permanent income for the Shiva there, and made a house for him of pure gold. He set up a god named Kalasheshvara, and built a temple for him of stone, and bestowed innumerable golden uten-

sils to it. The king wanted to set a golden umbrella over the god; and a mechanic came to him from Turushka and told him that many thousand pieces of gold would be required for the umbrella. This man knew the art of plating copper with gold. While engaged in preparing the umbrella he lived in the court, favored by the king. The minister Nonaka was wiser than the mechanic, and learnt the art of covering copper with gold, and so the umbrella was finished with little gold. The enormously rich king set up a linga named Anantesha and other images of gods.

At this time Sahajapála king of Rájapurí died and was succeeded by his son Sanggrámapala. The king's uncle (father's brother) the powerful Madanapála attempted to snatch the kingdom from the hands of the boy. Afraid of Madanapála the young king's sister and Jassarája the Thakkura came for help to the king of Káshmíra. The king was pleased with them and sent them back, accompanied by Jayánanda, Vijja and others. Jayánanda drove the enemy from the country, and became as powerful as the ministers of Sanggrámapála. The ministers therefore wished for his departure and tried to frighten him in various ways, but in vain. Jayánanda suspected that it was Vijja who advised the people of Rájapurí to act thus towards him and became angry with him. The people gave him riches and prayed for his departure. On the pretence of keeping the kingdom safe from enemies,

he left his army there, and returned to Káshmíra. The king of Káshmíra was very much pleased with him as he had managed to keep Rájapurí under control. Vijja and others conducted themselves in a kingly style.

At this time Jayánanda was suddenly carried off by a mortal disease. During his illness the king came to his house to enquire about his health. In the course of a conversation he told the king that he had something very private to say to the king. When the other people had gone out, he still remained silent, when Vijja, who was still there, came out on pretence of throwing off the remnant of the betel he was chewing. The king trusted Vijja and asked him as to what he had to do outside, still the sensible Vijja loitered there. Jayánanda then told the king what Vijja had done at Rájapurí, and warned him that Vijja's prosperity would be the ruin of his kingdom. He also showed the king how Vijja, had, through his pay, and by his other gains, became very rich. The king became suspicious towards Vijja, and when he returned to his palace, Vijja perceived his intentions, and asked leave to depart. The king out of politeness at first denied the permission, but on his urgent solicitation, gladly allowed him to go. Having reached his house he sent his brothers with all his furniture out of Káshmíra, and again went to the king to bid him adieu. The king and Vijja whose minds were naturally estranged from each other for political reasons, both behaved in a strange manner. The king

did not prevent his servant's departure, nor did the servant reproach his king in anger. The king accompanied Vijja a few steps, and smiled and talked on ordinary topics, and then went away. As Haladhara at the time of his death had accused Jindurája, even so Jayánanda ousted Vijja from his post. The king did not listen to the advice of his ministers to soothe Vijja's anger by money. The people followed Vijja believing that the king would surely re-call him. The king feared an attack from this powerful man and did not sleep for five nights and started even at the waving of a grass. When Vijja had passed Shúrapura, the people who followed him returned, and the king's fear was allayed; and he told his ministers of the apprehension he had felt. Hearing this, they advised him to sieze on Vijja's wealth, but the king did not follow the advice; and they knew that the king was politic. Vijja did not create any disturbance on his way, and was everywhere honored. Though he had attained power yet he was ever true to his king and revered him as a god.

Thus causing Vijja and others to be exiled Jayánanda gained much wealth, but soon died through the curse of Súyyamati.* By the same curse and at the same time died Jindurája who had quarrelled with the king. Vijja too and his brothers who had attained so much wealth died through the effect of that curse at

* See page 203.

Gauda. Vijja died of a sudden disease, and his younger brothers suffered long imprisonment. When they at last fled from the prison, Pájaka was killed by a tiger and his younger brothers died after undergoing much suffering. Madana, &c., two or three other persons who had caused disagreement between the father and the son did not die, but became troublesome soon after.

Vámana who was a protigee of Jayánanda now took care of his children and was made prime minister by the king. The works of this wise man are still spoken of in society by wise and old men. The avaricious king took back the villages which belonged to god Avantisvámí, and built a treasury named Kalashagangja. He was anxious to keep his people safe and feared Nonakas' cruelty, and therefore did not give him even a fourth portion of the gain caused by him, (by electroplating?). Prashastakalasha and other sons of Rájakalasha then became his favorite ministers, and by their advice the king brought back disobedient and wayward sons and thieves to honest work and occupation.

Madanapála again attacked Rájapurí, and the king of Káshmíra sent his general Vapyata for the help of the city. Madanapála was defeated, captured and brought to Káshmíra.

Kandarpa, Varáhadeva's brother, was now made lord of Dvára. This person had learnt politics and war from Jinduréja. He destroyed many Dámaras, conquered Rájapurí and other places and was obeyed by many infe-

rior chiefs. He was quick tempered and frequently resigned his post, but was soothed and induced by the king to accept it again. Madana was made the lord of Kampana. He destroyed Vopa and many other powerful Dámaras. The king was pleased with the services of Vijayasinha who had destroyed many thieves, and kept hawks, made him the Police Superintendent of the capital. At the time when Kandarpa, Udayasinha and others went to Lohara, the king kept Bhuvanarája aloof. He married Bhuvanamatí, daughter of Kírttirája, king of Nílapura, and made peace with him. He induced Malla, son of Gungga to accept the post of lord of Dvára, taking back the place from Vijayasinha and his party. Malla made his power felt by kings, and showed his valor at Urasá country. With fifty horsemen he defeated the numerous cavalry of king Abhaya, and conquered his kingdom.

In the year 63 of the Káshmírian era, eight kings came to the king of Káshmíra and entered the capital, namely, Kirtti, king of Nyarvvapura, (Nilapura?) Asata, king of Champa, Kalasha son of Tukka, king of Vallápura, Sangrámapála, king of Rájapurí, Utkarsha, king of Lohara, Munggaja, king of Urvasha, Gámbhírasíha, king of Kánda, and Uttamarája king of Káshthaváta. The streets of the capital were crowded so that they could hardly be seen. They were comfortably lodged there when the waters of the Vitastá were frozen. Whatever these kings thought within themselves, was known to

minister Vámana. This minister was very wise, and did whatever was required, without haste, as if it were an ordinary every-day work.

When these kings returned to their kingdoms, Malla refused to hold his post any longer, and the king asked Kandarpa to accept it again. This proud minister attacked and got possession, by stratagem, of the strong fortress of Svápika. When he appeared in the capital he refused, although requested by the king, to accept the post, being grieved for some reason or other. Prashastakalasha, who was employed as messenger from the king to induce him to accept the post of lord of Dvára, was offended at Kandarpa's haughty words, and collected some armed men and placed his brother Ratnakalasha in the post. But the new man had become popular by means of his gold and was not equal to Kandarpa. Can a painted lion equal a real lion? The king, however, gave Kandarpa the post of the Police Superintendent of the capital. But he felt pity at the abject condition to which he reduced the thieves, and therefore threw up his appointment and retired in sorrow to the banks of the Ganges. At the time of his departure the king caught hold of his garment (wishing to prevent his going) but he forcibly threw away the king's hand and went away in anger. He was brought back to the king, who, though much grieved, wished only to destroy his pride, not his life. The wise king who knew the hearts of his servants thus suffered the rise and fall of his principal men.

This king was excessively fond of songs and patronized dancing girls, many of whom he brought from other countries. Near Jayavana he built a town after his name with large houses all contiguous to each other. He also built there rows of temples, villages of Bráhmanas, palaces and large houses and gardens with tanks in them.

At this time the king's son Harsha rose to reputation on account of his uncommon talents. He knew the tongues of different countries, and was a poet in all languages. He knew all sciences and his fame had spread to foreign countries. This prince paid salaries to the learned and to powerful men who came from various foreign countries, and whom his frugal father refused to entertain. The pay which he received from his father was insufficient to meet his charity and expenses, and so he took his food every other day. He used to sing to his father like other singers, and with the reward he received he used to feed those worthy of his charity.

One day, when he was singing to the king, and the court was pleased with his song, the king went out to the bath-room. Angry and grieved at this interruption and insult, Harsha bent his head towards the ground. If a master be unforgiving, or friends prove faithless; if a wife speaks harshly, or a son becomes proud or servants reply insolently, the pain and insult, though great, may with difficulty be borne;—but not so the indifference of a listener of song. A jester of the king named Vishvá-

vatva told Harsha as in jest that he might destroy his father and reign in his place. The prince in anger rebuked him, but Dhammata who sat there said smiling that the fellow had said nothing wrong. The ambitious courtiers showed their affection to the prince, as the amorous prostitutes show their affection to their paramours. When the king re-entered the court, he gave reward to his son, and pleased him with kind words.

On another day, when the prince had retired to his chamber after dining with his father, Vishvávatva told him the same thing privately. The prince replied that what his father did was right, and forbade him to continue the topic longer, but when the man still urged the same point, the prince in anger gave him a push. But finding that the blow had by chance hurt his nose which was bleeding, the nobly-descended prince took pity on the man and caused the blood to be washed by his servants. He told the jester that if he again spoke on that subject, he would have the same punishment, and smiled and gave him a cloth. The man, on account of this gift, thought that the innocent prince favored his proposal as a wicked man thinks that a woman will favor him if she but smiles.

After much endeavour and the lapse of a long period, the prince was induced to do the deed. Entertaining this sinful idea he once invited his father, and engaged Tíkshnas to murder him. But when the king came, the murderers felt affection for him and did not strike him,

nor did the son betray his purpose. And to prevent the secret from being divulged the Tíkshṇas were taken into confidence. But Vishvávatva himself disclosed to the king the intention of the prince. Harsha came to know of this, and though repeatedly asked by the king's servants, he did not go to the king to dine with him that day. His absence confirmed the suspicion of his guilt, and in grief the king and his family did not dine on that day. When in the morning Thakkana and his brother came, the king expressed his grief and wept long, placing his head on the lap of Thakkana. He also spoke about Dhammata and hinted that Dhammata should be bound and brought to him. They expressed their inability to do so and pleaded for their brother. "By your favor" they said, "we relieve those who are in trouble, we keep our doors open at night for those in distress. Whether our younger brother be guilty or not; how can we desert him when he comes for help for his life. If we protect him, we will be accused of rebellion, so we have no other resource left than to leave the country." Thus saying they bowed to the king, and the king reluctantly granted them leave to go. Fearing an attack on the way they went out of the country with their servants and force and troops.

When the sons of Tanvangga were gone, the king called his son to him when no one else was in the room, and soothed him and spoke thus:—"Since the creation, the son is everywhere known by the fame of the father, but

I am known to all owing to your far-famed merits. Meritorious, and of pure reputation as you are, why do you take to wicked ways? You should not be angry with me without hearing the reason why I am not giving you your grandfather's riches and your own. The king without wealth is slighted both by his own men and strangers, and hence I keep your wealth. After the construction of the city is completed, I shall resign the kingdom to you and shall retire either to Váránasí (Benaras) or to Nandíkshetra. You will very soon be master of the kingdom and the wealth. Why then without understanding my purpose do you act like the wicked? I do not believe what wicked men have said of you, so speak the truth and acquit yourself of the alleged guilt." The king out of his affection wished that the prince might deny his guilt and prove himself innocent, and therefore made the enquiry. He was willing to pardon his son and wished to prove the innocence of his son to the people even by a falsehood. Harsha praised the speech of his father and went out saying that he would speak the truth through some faithful person. To the person sent by his father, the prince said that through the advice of wicked men he had really intended to rebel, and fled in fear to his own house. When the messenger returned to the king, the king saw the miserable countenance of the man and struck his head with his hand and exclaimed "O my son!"

The king then caused Harsha to be attacked, but the soldiers, hearing that he would strike off his own head if his son was killed, only surrounded the palace of Harsha. The Tíkshuas (prince's followers) closed the gate and surrounded the prince, and, feeling their death unavoidable, thus spoke rudely to their master, "O! wicked, careless and hateful man, where can you hope to live after destroying us by intrigue? You know that your father will save your life, and he knows that you will save his life, but we only shall be killed. Fight, being in our midst, or we will kill you,—in either case you die." The king heard of this and became very apprehensive for his son's safety. Now Dandaka, a very respectable man who was with the king, came to Harsha. The Tíkshnas admitted him taking him for a partisan of the prince. Dandaka came to the prince and addressed him, after bewitching those around, "O! prince, though you live a long life, still the elements which compose you will perish according to unavoidable laws. And since death is sure and nigh, perform that for which you have taken up arms. You who are young and a warrior, and whose fame for learning is widely known, should not delay the fight. These will help you and I shall lead, and whatever may betide, be it victory or defeat, you will be decked with glory. Rise and shave, and speedily dress as befits a warrior." Revered by the Tíkshnas, he induced the prince and the barber to go into an inner chamber, leaving his arms behind and jumping

with delight, and shut the door. Then he proclaimed aloud to the king's soldiers that he had placed the prince in safety, and bade them now do their duty. Diseases are removed by medicines, the body is protected from swords by mail, and the fears of kings are averted by wise men. The king's soldiers, intending to enter the prince's palace with cries, tried to scale the wall. The Tíkshnas left the prince in the room, the doors of which were strong, and rushed out. Two or three fell there, and the rest of the proud band issued out without attempting to oppose the assailants. They then went to the temple of Sadáshiva, passing that of Súryyamatígourísha and killing those who opposed them. Though the king ordered his men not to kill his kinsmen, still Sahaja, his relative, perished in the affray, and Tivya, a learned Bráhmana and warrior, was killed by the enemy. So also died Rámadeva and Keshí, the latter being a native of Karnáta. Some who deserted their arms and attempted to kill their own partisans were captured and killed as cowards deserve. On the sixth bright lunar day in the month of Pousha in the year sixty-four of the Káshmírian era, this fight between the father and the son caused by the courtiers took place. Thus, for his companionship with wicked men, the prince was humbled and imprisoned. The queen, Bhuvanamatí, was at first requested to make peace between the father and the son; but when the latter was imprisoned, the proud queen committed suicide by cutting her throat.

The king placed faithful ministers as guards over his son, and, moved by paternal kindness, used to send him good food. He allowed Prayága, the prince's servant, to remain by the side of his master, thinking him to be incapable of intriguing. The minister, Nonaka, advised the king either to kill the prince or to pluck out his eyes. The king, whose character became as bad as that of a beast, felt a passion for some of the ladies beloved by his son. One of them, Sugalá, the grand-daughter of king Tukka, became the favorite of her father-in-law and wished for the murder of her husband. And having consulted Nonaka they sent poison by two cooks at the time when the prince used to take his meal. But Prayága heard of this from another cook, and did not give that dish to his master to eat; and in order to test the truth, the food was given to two dogs. When Harsha heard that the dogs are dead he despaired of his life; and believing this to be the secret machination of his father, he did not take the food which was daily sent to him, but lived on whatever food Prayága could get for him. When the king heard that the prince did not take the food sent through the cooks, he sent for Prayága and asked him the reason. Prayága then sent for the two cooks and informed the king about the affair of the poison, and told him that the prince had come to know of the stratagem. The king employed other cooks, yet the prince, apprehending danger, did not take any food, but lived on what Prayága brought him. The prince

saw that every one was against him, and considered each day that he lived as so much gained, nor trusted that he would be alive much longer.

The king began to commit unheard of crimes, such as foretold his sudden death. First he uprooted the copper image of the Sun, and then took it away from the temple. Wishing to obtain the properties of those who died without leaving any children, the cruel king descended to mean actions. The curses of the people and his excessive fondness for women brought on gonorrhœa. The king now thought of performing certain ceremonies (Kumbhapratishthá) in the temple of Hara. Then the king's nose began to bleed,—all attempts to cure it failed or rather increased the disease. Much bleeding reduced him and he was obliged to take to bed. He had indigestion, and lost his strength and flesh. He was anxious to give his kingdom to Harsha, but seeing his ministers averse to it, he brought Utkarsha from the hills of Lohara. On his death-bed he distributed riches to all, high and low, but not to the females of his household. He then asked his ministers to bring Harsha that he might give him riches and send him out of the kingdom. The ministers sent away the royal guards who kept watch on Harsha and placed the Thakkuras of Lohara in their place, and then informed Utkarsha of all that had happened. They then took Harsha out to the dancing house, and tied him, bereft of all his friends, to the four-pillared room. On the

other hand the king, on the point of his death, told his men to take him to a shrine. Remembering that his disease was the result of his uprooting Támrasvámí he wished to take refuge at Mártanda. Urged by fear the king went to that shrine leaving that of Vijaya-kshetra. At the time of death the wise and the foolish alike act like children. This action of the king showed his weakness, and the good instructions he had received became objects of laughter. On the third bright lunar day in the month of Agraháyana at night fall the king set out in a carriage drawn by a pair towards the temple of the Sun. The sounds of the drum, &c., drowned that of the lamentations of the people. He then went by river in a boat with his ministers and ladies. Next day, at about evening, he reached the temple of the Sun, and there, in the hope of life, he caused a golden image to be made. His pain was further aggravated by his anxiety to see his eldest son Harsha, but still his servants disobeyed him, and would not bring Harsha before the dying king. The king sighed, and opening the doors of his room heard the songs which the singers sang outside, and which were composed by Harsha. When a king's order at the time of his death is not attended to, it gives greater pain than death itself. He instructed Utkarsha to divide (the kingdom) with his brother Harsha, and his tongue lost the power of speech. He only muttered repeatedly the name of Harsha, and to understand his

intentions the minister, Nonaka, brought a looking glass. The king smiled and shook his head refusing the mirror, and bit his lips and muttered something ; and after a day and a half, he entirely lost his power of speech. At the moment of his death he signed to his ministers to approach him, and caused himself to be taken, by those who were not overwhelmed with grief, before the image of the Sun. At the age of forty-nine on the sixth bright lunar day in the month of Agrabáyana in the year sixty-five of the Káshmírian era he died. Mammanká and six others of his queens died in his funeral, as also a concubine named Joyamatí. Kayyá, another of his mistresses whom he had enriched with his favor, was the disgrace of her sex. She forgot that she was the principal of the late king's mistresses, and had been born of low caste, and the position of her lover. It grieves us that she went to Vijayakshetra and took into her favor the officers of the place. Fie to the woman who was once beloved of the king, but brought herself down to be an object of enjoyment of the villagers. All the ministers were anxious to coronate Utkarsha, only the grateful minister Vámana performed the funeral rites of the late king. On one side arose the music and songs of coronation, and on the other the lamentation for the dead and funeral music.

A difference now arose between the new king and Vijayamalla, son of the late king by queen Padmashrí. The king promised to pay him every day the same amount

which his father had bequeathed to Harsha. Some of the officers and ministers stood as securities and became mediators. The king also allowed a salary to Jayarája son of Kayyá. Women, even when they are weeping for their deceased husbands, think of their means of livelihood; sons, even when attending the last ceremonies of their fathers, speak of their future prosperity; and other relatives, servants, &c., also entertain selfish thoughts in a similar manner. And yet stupid men hoard riches by wicked means for their wives and children. The king then entered the capital, but the people of that city wished Harsha for their king; and even as a sickman does not feel the delights of a festal day, they felt no delight in that day of coronation.

On the other hand, when Harsha's father had gone out of the capital to die, he was bound to the four pillars and took no food that day. Like a travelling merchant, when all his merchandize is lost, he remained sunk in grief. On the next day, the Thakkuras with some difficulty made him eat something. They then promised to bestow on him the possession of their country (Lohara); for, they said, his brother could not be king of both the countries. When he had thus been soothed, he heard of the death of his father and he fasted. On the next day he heard of the arrival of Utkarsha into the capital. When he was weeping and sighing for the death of his father, his younger brother the king sent a man to bathe him. Just when he had finished his bath, sounds of

music arose as the king was now ready for the bath of coronation. By this good omen Harsha felt sure of getting the kingdom, as sure as thunder follows lightning. From that time he met with many good omens, and his attainment of the kingdom was near at hand. When his brother sent him a man to attend to his meal, he sent the man back asking to be released, and to be sent out of the kingdom. Or if he was detained there, he asked that his dues might be paid. If neither of these were done he threatened he would commit suicide by refraining from food. The king induced him to take his food by falsely promising him his due. Harsha asked for his due every day and every day the king deferred payment till the next day. Thus the king gained time, but his conduct aroused suspicion in the mind of the imprisoned prince. Harsha one day beat his servant Prayága to avert all suspicion regarding the step he was going to take, and then privately sent him to Vijayamalla, informing him how he had been imposed upon by the king. Prayága complained to Vijayamalla, the younger brother of Harsha, that his elder pined in confinement while he was in the kingdom. Vijayamalla's heart was touched with grief, and after thinking for a long time he expressed his doubt as to whether the king would hear him, but added that he would try his best to have him released. In the mean time he urged on Harsha to take care to preserve his

own life. Thus saying he sent Prayága to Harshadeva and began to devise means for his release.

Utkarsha, now master of the kingdom, was puffed up with vanity, and did nothing for its good administration. Though his ministers, Kandarpa and others, had helped him to the throne, he refused to listen to their advice regarding the management of the country, nor did he do any thing himself. His only work during the day was to see how the wealth in his treasury increased. Wisemen saw that he did nothing which might increase his expense, and knew him to be avaricious. The wanton widows of his father who were fed only on rice and samudga *(moong dall)* spread the story of his miserliness far and wide. His habits being parsimonious, he could not become a favourite with the subjects who had prodigal kings before.

Vijayamalla did not receive his pay regularly, and prepared himself for retiring into his native place; and in order to keep himself safe from violence he requested the king that those who had acted as mediators between them before might accompany him. His prayer was granted and he set out from the capital and encamped one night at Lavanotsa. The neutral army came over to his side. They reminded him that Harsha was in prison, and that if he, too, went away from the kingdom it was all that the king could wish for. They therefore asked him to release Harsha from prison before he went away. Thus addressed by armed soldiers,

Vijayamalla marched back towards the capital early next morning. Some of the Dámaras heard of his return and knew his purpose and joined him. Vijayamalla then made Madhurávatta, who was one of the mediators, the head of his cavalry. Nága, who belonged to the party of Vijayamalla, but who had not left that of the king, hastened to the king with a few horsemen by way of Padmapura, but was delayed by some accident on the road. Vijayamalla, on the other hand, hastened towards the capital and, encouraged by a signal of a light on the top of a Shála tree, surrounded the capital and burnt the houses. Jayarája, too, whom the king had disappointed, after making a promise, espoused the cause of Vijayamalla. These two princes now began to consider as to what they should do of the king. Vijayamalla sent message to the king to intimate that he would retire when Harshadeva was released, and at the same time burnt the stables for elephants, buffaloes, &c.

"Coronate the liberal Harsha, set aside this king who is as parsimonious as the merchant of the Khasha tribe." Thus spake the good people of the city, and went to Harsha and showered flowers on him through the holes of his prison. When the king's army was defeated, and the prison was deserted by the guards, Harsha sent the Thakkuras to the army of Vijayamalla; and afraid of having made the king's enemies his friends, he advised them to deliver the following message: "The wicked man is now in trouble, so release me soon or the king will slay me." When he had thus instructed the Thakkuras,

and they were deliberating as to what to do, he heard the sound as if some body kicking against the door from outside. "Have they deceived me," said Harsha. "Open the door, O! Thakkuras." But the Thakkuras were panic-struck, and so he controlled his fears and opened the door himself. Sixteen armed men of Lohara entered the room to murder him. Nonaka had repeatedly told the king that the tumult would cease in a moment if Harsha was beheaded; and the king had acted on his advice and had sent these murderers. Immediately after the king changed his mind and thought that if Harsha's life was spared now, he might be of some service hereafter. He therefore cancelled his former order and directed his men to keep Harsha safe from the Thakkuras. He instructed them, however, that they were to kill Harsha if he sent them a particular ring, but that on the contrary they were to release him if he sent them a certain other ring. Then he showed them the two rings which were on his fingers, and told them to await his future command. The murderers accordingly entered the room, but did not kill Harsha on the spot. Harsha called every one of them by name, gave them betels and made them sit down before him. Thus received, the men took the betels offered and left their arms aside and gave up all intention to murder him. The man who possesses an honest mind, and walks in the paths of virtue, attains wealth and fame and destroys his sin, and even

his foes turn to friends. The prince then thus addressed them and said, "Why are you ashamed? Servants who obey the orders of their master are not to blame. Wait here for a little while and you will see very strange things, and will observe how the condition of man changes every moment. As clouds which assume the shapes of elephants and tigers and serpents, afterwards descend on earth in drops, even so the disposition of man constantly varies, and becomes cruel or kind on different occasions. We perceive regular changes in Nature with the progress of time; in the same way, do you watch the changes in man. Heat increases just before the rain, and darkness thickens just before dawn. In the same way, kings doomed to death may yet get kingdoms, for, as in Nature, excessive suffering may lead to good fortune." Feeling sure of future greatness, by the good omen of his life being spared, Harsha narrated instances of good men who had attained happiness after undergoing sufferings like him. To while away the time he related to them the pure and lucid story of Harishchandra. They did not know that all the time that Harsha was so entertaining them, he was engaged in getting information as to how matters stood outside. Utkarsha thought of many plans regarding Harsha, but at last thought it expedient to kill him, and repeatedly sent messengers to that effect. But he forgot to send the ring, so that the murderers did not obey the messages. Finding his

orders repeatedly disregarded, the king recollected all about the rings and sent Shúra, a Rajpoot of noble qualities, giving him, however, the wrong one through mistake. Thus king Utkarsha, through one act of forgetfulness and one mistake, had to lose his life. The murderers, too, had been gained over to Harsha's favor by his politeness; and when Shúra came they believed that he had brought the fatal ring. They wanted to kill Shúra for this;—but when the doors were opened and they saw the ring brought, they danced with joy as they approached the prince, taking Shúra with them. The Rajpoot did not believe that the ring conveyed an order for release and was leaving the room, when they fell to his feet; and he remained thoughtful.

On the other hand Vijayamalla thought that Harsha was dead, and was very angry and vigorously maintained his opposition. He intended to burn the capital, and was with difficulty deterred from so doing by the king's men, who assured him that Harsha was living. And to make him believe their statement, they sent to him Sugalá, Harsha's wife, clad as a lady should when her husband is alive. Vijayamalla saw her, and gave up his intention to burn the city. The king now thought that the tumult would cease if Harsha was released. Nonaka, Prashastakalasha and others went and released Harsha, and reluctantly relinquished their intention of destroying him. The citizens showered flowers on

Harsha as he rode on horse with the ministers to the king in the place of battle. When he arrived there the king congratulated him, and told him to go and tell his brother to stop hostilities, and after his return thence he would settle Harsha's claims at his leisure. Harsha consented to do so and went out. The king with his ministers entered the treasury, leaving the field of battle.

When Vijayamalla saw Harsha, now safely delivered from the dangers he was in, he was for a time motionless with joy. And after salutations and embraces they began a long conversation. Those who stood by expressed their wish that Harsha would kill Utkarsha and be king. Vijayamalla did not approve of this proposal, on which Harsha was surprised. He saved himself by riding to and fro, his person being the object of contention between the two brothers, Utkarsha and Vijayamalla. As the tree which is saved from forest fire by rain fears the thunder-bolt, as one after escaping the alligator runs the risk of death by drowning, even so man is saved from one danger and thrown into another by Fate, so that the happiness that succeeds may be all the more relished. Some of Harsha's foot-soldiers discovered that their master was saving himself on pretence of riding and joined him.

Harsha consulted Vijayamalla for a time, and then went to the king to say that the hostilities had ceased. But when he was entering the palace where the king was he was forbidden to do so by Vijayasinha. "After

escaping death," he enquired, "why are you again entering there to die, O! You of little sense? Relinquish your fear, and go and take your seat on the throne." The servants brought the throne from the treasury, and Harsha hastily sat on it. Sugalá, his wife, who had formerly exerted so much against him, now took her seat by his side; and the ministers came to his coronation. Hearing of this, the wily Vijayasinha drew out Utkarsha from his chamber and placed him in another room. The late king was now taken, with but few attendants, to the new king. Prosperity lasts not for ever with any one! Vijayasinha then placed Utkarsha under guard and informed Harsha of it. Harsha then employed the Thakkuras, with whom he had been acquainted in his prison, as his own guards, and felt himself safe from Vijayamalla. On the other hand, Vijayamalla heard that Harsha, his elder brother, had become king, and went to him and was well received by Harsha's men and taken to his (Vijayamalla's) house. When the king's army came near, he caused Vijayamalla to be brought to him and styled him his deliverer, saying that,—"you have given me my life and kingdom;" and clasped his hands before him. Thus favored by the gods and by his own judicious management, Harsha became king. He sat on the throne with the very clothes that he had when in prison. And when weary with the toil, he retired to his bed at night leaving all cares aside. He could not sleep, though he lay with his

eyes shut, for he fancied he heard the sound of slaughter.

Utkarsha, now a prisoner, asked of his ministers for advice. Nonaka rebuked him and spoke to him harshly as follows :—"You did not listen to the advice I gave you in the morning : now attend to my words, and I shall tell you what will befall you for your injudicious acts. You insulted Harsha when he was imprisoned, tomorrow he will deliver you to the hands of the executioners. There is no respite but in death ; but even death is hard to attain, now that the war is over. It is not proper to rebuke a person in time of distress. You always thought of present happiness, and not of possible adversity, and therefore in a moment you have lost all. As a small hole in a worn out cloth becomes larger the more you attempt to sew it up, even so a bad action, when strengthened and supported by bad means, becomes a hundred times worse." When Utkarsha heard this, he retired from the presence of the ministers into another inner chamber with one of his mistresses, named Sahajá. He pretended to be going to repeat the Sandhyá prayers ; but there he hid himself in the dark, and in the excess of his grief he cut the arteries of his throat with a cloth-cutting knife. Sahajá heard the sound made by the knife, and saw with terror the stream of blood flowing out of the screen. She then saw his head hanging, and thick blood issuing out of the wound. Her subsequent conduct is edifying to wives who love

their husbands. Night goes away leaving the moon behind her, but when the sun sets, evening follows him. The conduct of women, too, in the same way, is sometimes blameable and some times praiseworthy. Though Kayyá and Sahajá were both beloved of their husband, yet every one praised the latter and spoke ill of the former. Sahajá was a dancing girl in a temple: the late king saw her once in a dancing hall and made her his mistress. She purified her love by perishing in fire. When she was a prostitute, she was also beloved of Harsha, and though Harsha now asked her to live with him, she did not turn away from death. Utkarsha died when he was a little younger than twenty-four years of age, and after reigning for twenty-two days. His corpse lay for one night and was burnt on the morning. Some of his mistresses who were then among the hills of Lahara also perished by fire.

Harsha's party now disarmed the late king's ministers, but Nonaka resolved to die and did not give up his arms. Prashastakalasha, however, induced him to lay down his arms, telling him that the king must release them in time, as otherwise there is no one to be his ministers. Consequently it was not wise to sacrifice his life. The king then had Nonaka *alias* Nona, Sihlárabhatta, Prashastakalasha, &c., bound, and sent them to prison. Thus in one day Harsha created a revolution as if it had been achieved by the gods.

The reigns of other kings have been narrated; but it is difficult to narrate the present one. Here I shall relate king Harsha's character. He was full of energy; but possessed traits of character inconsistent with each other. He devised various laws, but also subverted all rules. His power was felt on all sides, and yet was frequently disobeyed. He was very charitable, but at the same time plundered many people. He was very kind, but caused many murders. He did many good as well as sinful acts. He was both loved and hated, was both good and bad, and was admired and spoken ill of. Surely he was made of atoms of fire, for even at the time of his birth great men could not look at him. His prowess was not equalled either among men or gods, it might among Dánavas. His earrings were bright as suns, and he wore a crown and a turban. His look was like that of a lion. He wore beard, and his shoulders were like those of a bull. He had long arms, and was of a somewhat dark complexion. His body was of proper proportions. His chest was broad, and his waist was narrow, and his voice deep as that of clouds. In form he could shame even superhuman beings. He hung four large bells at the four lion-gates that he might know by their sound when any one was coming to speak to him. He heard the complaints of the grieved, and relieved their misery. In the palace there was none meagerly clad, or clad in unwrought cloth, or without gold ornaments. Numerous people

gathered at the lion-gates, and it appeared as if the wealth of various countries was collected there. The numerous ministers and guards walked in the palace adorned with gold ornaments. Thus reigned the new king, and implicitly followed the advice of Vijayamalla.

The court was filled with Vijayamalla's men, whose advice the king followed out of gratitude; and disregarding his own men he gave posts to his father's ministers. Kandarpa was placed at Dvára, Madana at Kampana, and Vijayasinha, &c., in their respective posts. When his anger abated, he released Prashastakalasha and others and gave them their own posts. But recollecting the many evil acts done by Nonaka, and being angry with him, Harsha impaled him with his half brother (son of his nurse.) Subsequently, however, when he found himself in difficulties he remembered Nonaka, the wise and faithful to his master, and repented of his deed. A worthy man, though he does us injury, is sometimes of service to us. Nonaka was impaled by Vishabhatta and other Rajpoots, but not before he had seen his wife mutilated, her ears and nose being cut off. The king bestowed wealth on his servants who had shared his captivity. Sunna, son of Vajra, was made prime minister, and when the king was out, the people generally mistook his minister for the king. This Sunna had a younger brother, named Yáyarája, who was made chief of his attendants, and was loved by the king more dearly

than even his life. Dhammata,* who for his tenderness for his two brothers had gone to the banks of the Ganges, now returned with his nephews to Káshmíra. The king, for whom Dhammata had lost his elder brother, now honored him and his nephews and looked on him as his own self.

Thus when the king and Vijayamalla were administering the kingdom the latter, instigated by wicked men, changed his mind and wanted to rebel. Why give the kingdom to another after conquering it? Thus advised by the wicked, he wished to usurp the kingdom, and began to plan the death of his elder brother. Intending to kill him in a solitary room, he invited Harsha to a religious feast which he instituted. The king knew his purpose, and fearing an attack ordered his army to be collected. In the meantime, when the army was being ready, Vijayamalla stole horses from the royal stable and attempted to get away from the city with the horses forcing his way through the king's army. In his flight he fought with superhuman bravery with the royal army, seated on his horse with his wife. Untimely rains, which fell everywhere, bewildered the people about this time. The contest was hot, and prince Vijayamalla was covered with arrows. The sons of Chandaka (Chandálas) pursued him with a determination to kill

* See pages 214—5. This person was implicated in Harsha's rebellion against his father.

him, and his army became reduced. He came to the spot where the Vitastá and the Sindhu met, and the bridge over it being broken by the force of the waves, he first caused the horses to descend into the water, and then swam over to the other side with his wife. Thus he came out safely with his wife in the face of his enemy, and his horse followed him across the river. When the enemies were out of sight, he rode on his horse and went towards Darat by the road leading to Lahara. Kandarpa, lord of Dvára, had secured all the passes against Vijayamalla; but the latter scaled the mountains and reached the city of Darat encircled by mountains. There Vidyádhara welcomed him, and some of Vijayamalla's men joined their master. On the other hand, Harsha learnt that the Dámaras were willing to fight for Vijayamalla and began to deviso plans, but which did not succeed. Vijayamalla passed the winter at Darat, and having secured the Dámaras in his cause, marched out in pride from his retreat in the month of Chaitra. He had now overcome all difficulties, and was encamping on the road, when he died by the fall of snow. Fate mars the efforts of the great by insignificant means!

Harsha was now relieved of his fears. He was the most powerful king of his time and neighbourhood. He introduced many elegant customs in his kingdom. Previous to his time no one except the king tied his hair or wore a turban or ornaments. No distinction was allowed in the kingdom, in so much that Madana, lord of

Kampana, had incurred the king's anger for tying his hair, and Joyánanda, the chief minister for wearing colored cloth. But this king introduced fitting dresses in his kingdom. He ordered some of his female servants to adorn some of his ministers with good robes. He liked the customs of the south, and introduced coins like those current in Karnáta. His court was filled with men adorned with palm leaves and broad marks of sandal and good long swords. Women clothed themselves like men, and wore garlands of gold in imitation of the leaves of Ketaka, and adorned themselves with marks of sandal and lines of collyrium drawn from the eyes to the ears, and with the holy thread made of gold. The ends of their garments kissed the ground, and their breast and arms down to the elbows were covered by boddice. Their smiles were white as camphor.

Those who came to beg from the king could, by the king's bounty, feed others who depended on them ; as the clouds, by their connection with the sea, can nourish the earth with rain. By the king's liberality those who came to sing became almost as rich as himself. He bestowed immense gold on the learned, and allowed them to ride on cars drawn by pair and to use umbrella. In the reign of Kalasha, one Rihlana, a learned man, went out of Káshmíra and lived in the court of Karnáta. There the king named Parmádi gave him the title of Vidyápati; and he used to ride on elephant before the army, and he alone used the umbrella in presence of

the king. But now he heard that the liberal Harsha was a friend of the learned, and repented having gone out of Káshmíra.

Harsha's capital became one of the beautiful things of the earth, adorned with gold and high buildings which touched the clouds. In the pleasure-garden of the king there were almost all sorts of trees. He excavated a large tank named Pampá adorned with various birds and animals. He himself was learned in various departments of knowledge. Even to this day his songs are listened, even by his enemies, with tears in their eyes. He used to sleep two praharas during the day and to keep up nights, when he gave audience to the people and passed his time in enjoyment. He spent the night in conversation with the learned, and in songs and dancing in the court, which was lighted with thousand lamps. At the close of conversation was only heard the noise caused by the chewing of betels or the sound produced by the dried Shefáli in the hair of the women. A cloudlike canopy hung above, and the burning lamps looked like a wall of fire. The bars of gold were like serpents, the swords looked like smoke, the females beamed like Apsarás, the ministers were as stars, the learned like an assembly of the gods, and the singers like gandharvas. This place appeared to be the seat of both Yama and Kuvera, for Charity and Fear here walked together. Such was the appearance

of the court at night, which it is impossible to describe. The king was richer than Indra.

In his time transactions were carried on mostly by gold and silver coins, and very little by copper dinnárs. Sunna was the chief executive officer, and had attained to the highest rank, but behaved meanly owing to his great avarice. He deprived the monastaries (mathas) at Ajaya-vana, one of his estates, and at Mulaka and Vijayeshvara, of the means of their support. In the reign of this king the hungry, the helpless, the sick and the poor were relieved of their grievances. One Champaka squandered his long accumulated wealth by spending it at Nandi-kshetra for seven days in every year. The king enriched the Bráhmanas, who wore deer-skins by his liberality. The king's wife, Vasantalekha, a daughter of the Sáhi family, built monasteries and villages for the habitation of the Bráhmanas in the capital and at Tripureshvara. She shone as bright as a flame, and her character was so elevated that the like of her was never seen in the country.

The new ministers, as they grew up in power, guided the king's mind against the former ministers, on whom they always looked with jealousy. It is by a whim of Fortune that great men are deceived and led by the weak. Though the king was learned and well skilled in business, yet he was misled by his wicked ministers. In order to repay the enmity of his father, now dead, he caused the monasteries, &c., in the capital, called after his father's name, to be plundered. And having squan-

dered the hoarded treasures of his avaricious father, he gave him the name of Páyasena.

In the mean time, Bhuvanarája planned to get possession of Lohara, and secretly collected foot-soldiers and stationed them at Kota. But hearing that Kandarpa, the lord of Dvára, was advancing to meet him, he again hid himself.

At this time Sangrámapála, king of Rájapurí, found opportunity to rise against Káshmíra. But the king became angry with Kandarpa for trying to collect the scattered men of Kota, and sent Dandanáyaka to Rájapurí. He hastily went with his army by way of Lohara, but loitered for a month and a half near the waters of Kota. On the approach of the summer months, he got frightened by the power of the enemy and felt no inclination to proceed in the expedition. On the other hand, Kandarpa was rebuked for his inactivity, as he did nothing, not knowing the king's inclination. When rebuked, he determined, although he had no military equipments, to conquer Rájapurí, and vowed not to take food till he had conquered it. He proceeded along the mountains, lived in mountain caves, and abstained from food, and found himself, on the sixth day, a little beyond one yojana of Rájapurí. He reached the place without meeting with opposition, and entered the enemy's line and disarmed them. Of the army of Dandanáyaka, only one officer followed Kandarpa; his name was Kularája, and he was born of the line of Buddharája. He was killed by

the warriors of Rájapurí in the way, and they thought, because that officer had the device of a white umbrella, that it was Kandarpa himself whom they had killed. At noon, however, Kandarpa, with twenty or thirty men, entered the capital of Rájapurí. Before the gates of this city, three hundred infantry of Kandarpa opposed thirty thousand warriors of the enemy. In this battle the Káshmírians lost two hundred men, and four hundred of the Khash as perished. When the battle was over, the place was lighted by numerous fires for performing the last rites of the dead, and it looked like the cooking place of Death. By this act of Kandarpa the fiendish anger of the king was appeased in the bloody battle field.

Exasperated by the defeat, the enemy rallied, and came to fight again with Kandarpa in the last prohara of the day. Kandarpa discharged iron nárácha besmeared in a preparation of oil, which set fire on every side where they fell. The foolish enemies believing that Kandarpa knew the art of discharging fire arms, and in fear, fled afar. Even in the midst of danger, the bravery, spirit, presence of mind, tact and coolness never leave great men. At sunset he entered the capital, but again saw the streets outside the city covered with soldiers. But when he again came out to fight, he found that Dandanáyaka had arrived, and seeing the carnage caused in the late battle, had remained there in fear with his army. Some are emboldened by their own loss,—some are frightened at the sight of the loss of other people.

Who can understand human nature? Kandarpa then came out and brought the frightened captain into the town, as the Hangsa in the fable led the crow. Who can, by his own valor, enter a foreign country like Kandarpa, when the people there are loyal, and the army large and united? Within one month Kandarpa returned to his country, after exacting tribute from the fallen king of Rájapurí. Harsha welcomed him, and rose as he came, so that he became the object of envy of Dandanáyaka and others.

Kandarpa was invested with a title for the good administration of Paribásapura. But the king, through the evil advice of his prime minister who had been largely bribed, removed the seat from Kandarpa and ordered him to sit near his feet. The ministers who were jealous of Kandarpa, were very glad, particularly as they thought that some one out of them would gain the lordship of Dvára. By their advice the king made Kandarpa lord of Lohara and sent him to that province where a rebellion had broken out. The mean-minded ministers thus drove Kandarpa, the wise and valorous, from the neighbourhood of the king. Kings who cannot judge for themselves soon perish by the council of the wily. As sands creep out of the hand, so the liking of the king towards Kandarpa gradually decreased during his absence. The ministers now told the king that Kandarpa had taken with him two sons of Utkarsha and intended to reign at Lohara. The

king believed their tale, and sent Patta and Asidhara with an army to capture and kill him. By some mistake in the sending of letters, Kandarpa learnt of the arrival of the army and its purpose; he became astonished and disgusted and stunned for the moment. Just at this time Asidhara arrived. Kandarpa was then playing at dice. Asidhara attempted to tie his hand, but Kandarpa withdrew his hand, and he wrung the hand of his opponent so that he retired in excess of pain. Kandarpa then reproached himself that he had ever taken service under such a king after serving under king Anantadeva. He said in sorrow to Patta that if the king would send him his relatives, he would deliver up the fort in his possession and depart. When his relatives came, he did not revolt against his king, but quietly gave up his possessions and went to Benaras.

He killed a chief of Gayá and placed another in his stead, and thus obliged the withdrawal of the tax which was levied on the Káshmírians who came here to perform the Shraddha of their forefathers. He also destroyed a robber chief and cleared the way to the East, and made it safe for the travellers. He destroyed a fierce tiger at Benaras, and adorned the East with many temples.

Since the exile of Kandarpa, the bad ministers envied one another, and did much injury to the king. As fattened rams, maddened with pride, strike one another with their horns, even so the ministers quarrelled with one another. And as thornless shrub which lie between the

rams is soon torn to pieces, even so the helpless king suffered from the disputes of his ministers. Thus passed sometime. Dhammata, son of Tanvangga, wished to get the kingdom by rebellion, and attempted to kill the king. The wily Dhammata induced Jayarája, son of a prostitute,* to murder the king, and sent him for that purpose. He thought within himself that after the king's death he would inherit the kingdom, as Jayarája was a prostitute's son. And Jayarája too would naturally be suspected of the crime. They incited the people of the village of Viláva to rebellion, and also won over two or three inmates of the king's household. The plan succeeded for a while, and the king sent Dhammata with honors to Rájapurí as ambassador. But Jayarája eventually found his plans beginning to fail and came to Dhammata, who was waiting in the house of "thousand good omens" for an auspicious day to start. When holding a private consultation, they were overheard by a follower of Prayága from near the wall. He divulged everything to Prayága, who informed the king about it, and the king forbade the journey of Dhammata. Afraid of the destruction of his own kinsmen, the king refrained from taking severe measures; he only remained always on guard. Jayarája seeing his attempt fruitless, employed Nága and Pája, two heroic but low dámaras as his spies. The king heard that Jayarája had set out with his followers to fight with him and made preparations for defence.

* See pages 222 and 223.

The wily Dhammata, on the other hand, armed himself on the morning, and pretending to set out for battle, led Jayarája into a chamber to worship. Jayarája then, with his nephew Dhammata, entered the room and, to his terror, found himself before the king in a room with closed doors. Having set the guards outside the room, Prayága, by the king's order, whispered to Dhammata to murder Jayarája. The king thought that as Jayarája confided in Dhammata he would surely disarm himself. And by ordering Dhammata to murder his colleague, Dhammata would not think that the king had knowledge of his guilt. And if Jayarája resisted and fought with Dhammata, the death of one or both of them would be to the king's advantage, and people would not blame or suspect the king if both of them died in the scuffle. Thus thinking the wise king determined on that step, and Dhammata, believing that his own share of the guilt was unknown to the king, thus spoke with insolence to Jayarája: "The king is displeased with thee, and if thou art no longer a rebel, then cast aside thy arms without delay to show thy innocence." Whether by divine influence, or by reason of his confidence in Dhammata, Jayarája, though expert in arms, laid down his weapons when thus rebuked. When Tulla, son of Ajjaka and grandson of Tanvangga, saw the weakness of Jayarája, he severely rebuked him: "Surely thou art not born of Kajja by king Kalasha; your father must surely have been a neuter." Tulla knew not the virtue of patience

under necessity, and these words were like cold water sprinkled on a sleeping man. When Jayarája was tortured to confess the plans of rebellion, he confessed his own crimes, but did not say regarding those of Dhammata At night he was tortured to death by a cord put round his neck by Jayaka, a door-keeper. His head was severed from his body, and thrown into the waters of Bhattá-ranadvala, where it was eaten by fishes. In the Káshmírian era 71, in the month of Bhádra, Jayarája was murdered, and then the king secretly planned the destruction of Dhammata.

For this purpose the king sent for Thakkura named Kalasharája, a man well skilled in arms, and who was living at Lohara. The king received him with kindness, and told him that when Prayága would send a messenger to him, he would do the work, Prayága feared that the act might be left undone, and angrily told the king to take council and to do what seemed fit. The king was sitting with his five principal ministers when Vámana told him that the deed should be done before the ministers left the room. He said these words and there died within the closed doors. By the kings order Prayága sent a messenger to Kalasharája, and accordingly, Kalasharája, with his two sons, went to Dhammata. Dhammata was at that time in the capital, and was exposing sena (a kind of hunting bird) to the sun. When he saw Kalasharája and his two sons, he shrieked, and his servants fled. Kalasharája then asked Dham-

mata to draw his weapon; and Dhammata took up his dagger to kill him. Kalasharája struck him in the front, and his sons from behind. Dhammata fell down and died. The eldest son of Kalasharája was wounded by the weapon of Dhammata, which was poisoned, and suffered from repeated sores. Unfortunately for him, his sword had broken and he was ill-armed. They threw him down from behind, and his body was, by the king's order, given to be eaten by dogs. The king took under his protection Rihlana and Sahlana, grandsons of Tauvangga, as they were unarmed.

Tulla and others were enraged and intended to rebel, but were kept back by the wiles of Udayasinha. "You are my sons," said the virtuous Udayasinha to them, and relying on his faith, and influenced by love of life, they laid down their arms. "Come to the king," said Udayasinha to them, "and show that you are innocent." They all went by the way leading to the palace. The umbrella-bearer of Dhammata, who was bred up in Dhammata's house, smiled and said to Tulla: "Have you forgotten, O! grandson of Tauvangga, what you said to Jayarája before. Your case is similar to his. Why have you then, O! fool, assumed patience and weakness? It appears that you were born of my father, and your heroic father gave me birth." Thus saying he committed suicide by his sword. Pretending to lead them to the king, the officers shut Tulla and others up in the

prison. The king was kind hearted and intended to spare them on account of their youth. But at night one wicked Vimbiya tortured them by tying a rope round their necks in the king's presence. Vimbiya murdered four of them,—Tulla, Vijayarája, Vulla and Gulla. Even to this day, old men speak of their beauty, even after death, with tears in their eyes. Long was the place of their death known by their scattered teeth red with the marks of betel.

The two sons of Utkarsha had now grown up, and the elder of them named Domba was secretly murdered by the king. The young and spirited boy Jayamalla, son of Vijayamalla, whom the king regarded as a spark of fire, was murdered in the similar way. Thus it is by a divine providence that while kings murder their relatives to relieve themselves, their kingdoms are enjoyed by strangers after their deaths. Bees are killed providentially by the waving of the Asvattha (peepul) leaves near the beehive in order that some stranger may obtain the honey with ease. The great crime of murdering his own relatives spoilt the soundness of the king's judgment, so that even children were murdered by his men.

Kshema, son of Vámana, knew that the king bore an ill will against his own father, and advised him to rob the umbrella and gold belonging to god Kalashesha set up by his father. But he was prevented from this act by the council of Prayága. Haladhara's grandson,

Loshtadhara, a courtier who entered like devil into the heart of the ill-advised king, thus privately said to the king in order to please him : " Confiscate the lands and gold of Kalashesha, and with the stones of the temple, I shall build for you a bridge over the Vitastá." The weak king who believes that a picture can be painted on the sky, or cloth made of lily thread, or thinks it possible to obtain the gold which is seen only in dreams, or to make a wall of snow, is disappointed. The accomplishment of this plan was prevented by Prayága, even as a good doctor prevents the desire of food of his patient.

One day in the midst of mirth and jollity, Loshtadhara asked the king to relieve an imprisoned god. The king smiled and asked what he meant. He replied that at Abhundapura there was a god named Bhíma possessing gold and jewels. During the disturbance which took place among the king's officers, in the time of Kalasha, the doors of the temple of Bhimakeshava were long closed. And when the disturbance ceased and the doors were opened, it was seen that thieves had stolen the god's golden kavacha. There being yet much wealth left, the doors were closed again in fear of the thieves ; and since then the doors have remained closed. " Bring you, therefore, the wealth from that place, and the god too relieved of confinement, shall receive flowers, &c." The king did as advised, and got much gold and jewels. " If the god,"—so thought the king,—" which is not

worshipped, has so much wealth, what may not those possess which are receiving worship." And when the king, so thinking, went to rob any god, the people of the place paid large ransom for it, which was brought on elephants. The king intended to complete his grand army by plundering gods, and robbed every idol of the wealth bestowed on it by former kings. After he had plundered the idols of their wealth, he employed Udayarája for the purpose of bringing the images; and in order to deprive them of their sanctity, he caused urine and ordure to be poured into them through the orifices in their noses, hands and legs. He took away all those images which were built of gold and silver. The images were dragged by ropes tied round their ancle-joints, spat upon and made naked, and mutilated. Neither in the capital, nor in towns or villages, was there a temple left from which the idol was not taken out by Harsha the Turashka. Two influential gods were beyond his power, Shríranasvámí in the capital, and Mártanda at Pattana. When the king was giving alms, two men asked for and obtained two images of Buddha, and preserved them. One of these persons was Kanaka, born at Parihásapura, and the other was Shramana, a good looking singer, born in some other town. A man bent on acquiring riches does not scruple to do evil acts, though he may have large fortune. Though Harsha had the wealth of his father and grandfather, and the riches brought by Utkarsha from Lohara, yet

he robbed the gods, on whom the former kings bestowed wealth, and still unable to defray his enormous expenses, wished to get more. Fie to such king!

With the king's nominal consent, the ministers appointed new men in the principal offices. Fie to the time-serving servants! The minister Gouraka, though a good man, assisted the king in plundering the gods, and became a principal financial officer (Arthanáyaka). Helaka, a Bráhmana who served in the temple of Samarasvámí, and who was formerly a confidential officer of Vijayamalla, and was at first hated by the present king, now doubled the tribute from the temple, and became another principal financial officer; he was admitted to the king's presence, and gradually became the greatest officer. What more need be said of a king who exacted money through his various heads of departments, and appointed one over ordure. The money thus got was spent on evil purposes by the ignorant, hypocrite and idle people who surrounded the sovereign. The king's money was spent in order to get stag-eyed women and horses, to receive the evil council of the courtiers, and flattery of the minstrels. The king's time was spent in appeasing his women's anger or enjoying their favor, in hearing description of horses, in following the advice of servants, and in hunting. Kings walk, sit, drink, feast, enjoy themselves or are merry, or perform charitable acts; following, like a shadow, the example of other people, and without judging whether they are

good or bad. Believing the flattery of their minstrels, they consider themselves superhuman, and imagine that they have one eye or two hands more than other people; nor ever think that they will have to die. Women who gain ascendency over kings at night become their ministers by day, and yet the foolish kings think that they are powerful. What others pronounce to be good is eaten by them with relish; what others pronounce as bad is rejected by them; and when others frighten them, they are struck with sudden fear. Kings and boys are alike. All this, which may be attributed to kings in general, is as nothing compared to what king Harsha did. Pleased with the sound of drums, the king gave to Bhímanáyaka, the musician, a pair of elephants, male and female. Champaka's younger brother, Kanaka, a pupil of Bhímanáyaka, began to learn singing in the sorrow of his heart; and to assuage his sorrows, the king gave him one lac of golden dínnáras. On one occasion Harsha saw a picture of Chandalá, the beautiful wife of Parmándi, king of Karnáta, and became enamoured of her. Vile courtiers excite the foolish as men excite dogs. Thus excited, Harsha shamelessly vowed before the court to destroy Parmándi and to have Chandalá. He vowed not to use prepared camphor till he obtained her. The bards and minstrels laughed at him, concealing their ridicule in songs: "You are now on your way to the south: there is camphor in your hand, as we know by its smell, and the camphor is pre-

pared; it is fit for king Harsha to present it to his love." "Until the king of Karnáta is killed, and Chandalá is won; until Kalyánapura is entered, and Pimmalá is visited, and the royal garden is left behind, the powerful king will not use camphor." Madana, lord of Kampana, rose high in the king's favor for his getting the picture to the king, and for which he received dress, ornaments, and a daily pay. The king's foolishness and restlessness became known by Madana's shameless and flattering words.

Some of the courtiers brought an old woman from Kampana and told the king that she was his (the king's) mother, and so got some gold out of him. Others brought female servants and introduced them to the king as goddesses; and the king, forgetting his dignity, bowed to them, while the others laughed. The female servants, taught lewdness by the courtiers, made a fool of the king; and the king's good fortune and greatness left him on account of his being addicted to them. The king wished to have long life, and was so foolish as to ask these servants (considering them as goddesses) for the boon, and they granted him one hundred years of life. He was anxious to have funeral cakes given to him after death, and one Domva gave him a certain liquid, chemically prepared, pretending that it ensured the cake after death, and induced the king to drink it. What more can be said of his foolishness? When asked by the courtiers, he pretended to bestow on them long life as if it were

wealth in his hand. What good man can narrate those shameful things which this sovereign did in order to become handsome and strong? Thus, for a long time, this bad and foolish monarch was thrown into troubles by his own ministers. As ignorant people are now sceptical about the uncommonly good acts of king Meghaváhana and others, so people will hereafter hesitate to believe such uncommonly wicked things about king Harsha. Though the kingdom was mismanaged, yet his enemies could not take advantage of it so long as he lived. One night, when the room was lighted by lamps, and he was teaching dancing girls to dance, an enemy from a distance shot an arrow at him. That he did not perish, or was even struck by it, was either because the time of his death had not yet come, or on account of the sins of his subjects. Somehow the females of the king's zenana became corrupt; the young women and their youthful paramours planned his destruction. The king, however, discovered their plot, and in anger punished some of the women, and some eloped with their lovers. The servants were afraid of their own guilt, and wished to save themselves at their master's cost. The king's evil name spread on every side, as was but right and proper, he being the son of king Kalasha. He constantly took to his embraces matrons of the rank of his mother (his aunts) who had taken him on their laps when he was a child, and also ladies of the rank of his sister (his cousins) and oppressed

Nágá, the daughter of his father's sister, and forced her to his bed. He had in his pay one hundred Turashka princes, and to the day of his death he used to eat the flesh of tame hog.*

On one occasion he got angry with the people of Rájapurí on account of some defect in their offering submission, and marched against that country. Other kings saw his uncommonly large army on the way and considered him powerful enough to attack the three worlds. Harsha sat down with the army before Rájapurí. After a siege of one month, the food within the fort became scarce, and Sangrámapála, the king of the place, in order to relieve his men, went out to make peace, promising such tribute and homage as king Harsha might order. Harsha, fixed on his purpose of conquest, refused the terms; but the king of Rájapurí won over the avaricious Dandanáyaka by bribe. When the king of Káshmíra retired from the army to his camp, Dandanáyaka secretly induced the soldiers to demand extra pay for having left their country behind. The rude and proud soldiers demanded the extra pay, but they were disappointed, as the king's treasury was at a distance. Now, when the king was appeasing the soldiers, Dandanáyaka frightened him by saying that the Turashkas would attack him. The king had very little patience;

* We should make allowance for the facts and opinion of a historian who lived in the reign of one whose not very remote ancestor had usurped the throne of Harsha.

he withdrew his army from the place, and fled in fear, leaving his treasure and baggage in the way. Servants who are favored without being tested, bring on troubles in times of danger like a sword which is taken to battle without being examined. The king himself was unworthy, and disregarded worthy persons. From this time the fame of his power abated. Now he admitted the mighty prowess of Kandarpa, who had done what he and his army could not. The king wished to bring back Kandarpa, but was prevented by the wiles of Dandanáyaka. The king arrested Dandanáyaka, knowing his disaffection, but did not persecute him on account of entreaty of his courtiers. Dandanáyaka, when in confinement, did not take milk, nor the things sent to him by his friends, but stored them. The foolish king afterwards reinstated him in his former post, although he had deserved capital punishment. The courtiers again excited the king with flattery, as Karna, &c, did Duryyadhana after his defeat at Ghoshajátra. He who is beaten in arguments abuses his opponent, the unchaste woman scolds and taxes her husband, and the Káyastha who has robbed much wealth throws the king in trouble; thus they cover their own defects and prosper.

Now the selfish Hela, who had appropriated the money entrusted to him for distribution to others, became afraid, and tried to induce the king to some evil action. He advised him, in conjunction with the people of Lohara, to capture the fort of Dháta in order to subju-

gate the province of Darad. This fort was formerly held by Lakvanachandra the Dámara, but he was killed by Janaka the lord of Dvára by the orders of king Ananta, and his wife died of starvation at Dvára. But the fort was subsequently again taken by the king of Darad through the negligence of king Kalasha. The people of Darad had also taken Anantagráma. The king was ready to lead the army. In that country there was no lake, and the people used to collect snow for the purposes of water. In the present year there was no rain, and they had consumed their snow. Hela, otherwise called Mahattama, saw their weakness and excited the king against them, and the king prepared himself for the march. At this time the lord of Dvára was proceeding to Vataganda by the king's order. Champaka tried to betray him, but the king prevented him from proceeding and made him lord of Mandala, and he ruled over Dvára with other lords of Dvára. The king then took the lord of Dvára with him and, crossing the river Madhumatí, invested the fort with his army. He sent the officers of his army on all sides, and remained alone himself within his entrenchment at a distance from the army. The battle raged between the two armies, and the soldiers of Darad from within their fort hurled stones on their enemies. Malla, son of Gangga, with his sons, did many acts of valor at Dháta, and he also built a religious house. An astrologer had foretold that his son would get a kingdom, and so his heroic sons, Uch-

chala and Sussala, tried to increase their fame. The elder of them, aspiring to the throne, set out for the war on the side of the king, and won great reputation. The enemy could hardly keep the fort on account of want of rain and of the powers of the foe. But at this moment a heavy shower of rain, unfriendly to Harsha, overflowed the country; and the tops of the fort was covered with ice as if clad in mail. Fate raises the falling and throws down the aspiring, as if playing with a Kundaka (ball). Troubled with rain, and remembering the comforts of home, the wicked ministers collected themselves within the king's encampment. The king returned from the seat of war, disappointed of his hope of success, and the soldiers began to desert and run away, leaving behind their arms, baggage and treasure. They were pursued by the enemy, and many of them perished in the large river. On the waves of the Madhumatí floated the clothes, arms, horses, &c., of the retiring army. The number of men that perished in the river and the number killed or captured by the victorious army of Darad cannot be counted. Uchchala, with his younger brother, tried to save the soldiers of Káshmíra thus left without leaders. These two brothers, like two rocks on the beach, checked the rushing and sea-like army of Darada. They won great reputation by protecting the army, and henceforward people considered these two proud men, and not the impotent king, worthy of the kingdom. The veneration of the people for them rose still higher, because after such acts they did not condescend to pre-

sent themselves before the king. Harsha was now relieved of the fear of the enemy and entered his capital. The people compared the brothers with Ráma and Lakshmana and the king with Rávana, (thereby foreshadowing a coming event, viz., the dethronement of Harsha by the brothers).

The shameless and idle king, not in any way depressed by his late reverses, began to oppress his subjects as usual. Mean minded people punish those who are near for small offences, not those who commit serious crimes at a distance. The dog bites the stone, but not the man who throws it at him. The king once heard that Madana, whom he had created lord of Kampana, spoke of the king's late defeat; he was angry with him and wished for his death. He also found fault with him, because he did not perform certain act as the queen commanded. Madana was caught at Madava and was brought before the king, but in fear he took refuge in the house of the rich minister named Jhakka. Though his minister begged the king to spare Madana's life, yet the king caused Madana and his sons to be killed by his soldiers. The king's anger could never be appeased. Such is the doom of those who depend on their acquaintance with the great and serve them without fear. On the day of Madana's death on the banks of Karnejapa, the curse of queen Súryyamatí was fully realized.

Afraid of the power of Kalasharája, the king confined him in the house of Lakshmídhara, and in order to kill him, sent to him his enemy, Udaya, on the pretence of

learning something from him. The proud Kalasharája saw the other blazing in prosperity, became very angry, and snatched a sword and killed him. But the angry servants of the murdered man killed Kalasharája. Thus the servants of the foolish king began to perish one after another.

As salt brings additional pain to sores, so the country, oppressed by the king, suffered additional calamities. The Vishas stole gold plates from the king's palace, but they died before the sun arose. A great pestilence broke out, and gradually increased, and the wailings of people and funeral music ceased not by day or by night. In the year 75 of the Káshmírian era, a famine broke out in the village of Udíyakradita, and all the stores became empty. One khári of grain sold at five hundred dínnáras, two pala of vine-juice sold for a dínnára, and one pala of wool sold at six dínnáras; while salt, black pepper, and assafœtida could not be had at all. Rivers were filled up with dead bodies, which were swollen with water. The king, on the other hand, perfectly indifferent to these calamities, observed that his capital could not be seen from a distance owing to the trees which surrounded it, and ordered them to be cut down. The trees, with flowers and fruits, were accordingly cut down, and the black bees moaned everywhere over them, as persons lament over the dead bodies of their relatives. Advised by the Káyasthas, the king severely oppressed the surviving people everywhere in cities and in villages. The

Dámaras became riotous, and he ordered the lord of Mandala to massacre them. The Dámaras inhabiting Madava and Lohara were first attacked and murdered like birds in the nests. Even the Bráhmanas who dwelt at Madava were not spared by the destroyer of the Lavanyas (Dámaras). Poles were fixed on the place where the Dámaras were executed. One wife of a Lavanya was impaled, the rest were terrified, and fled on all sides. Some fled to the country of the Mlechchhas and lived on beef, others took to working wheels at wells. The lord of Mandala sent to the fierce king many garlands made of the heads of the Lavanyas. The gates of the palace was seen filled with Dámara heads. Gold, cloth, and other valuable things were kept at the palace-gate, and whoever brought a Dámara head obtained one of them from the door as his reward. And the birds lingered at the king's gate to feed on human heads. Wherever the king stopped, the gates were adorned with garlands of Dámara heads. The bad smell which arose, and the cry of jackals, made the place appear like the spot assigned for the burning of the dead. From the tank at Valeraka to Lokapunya, the lord of Mandala erected a row of the impaled Dámaras. After having quite depopulated Madava of the Dámaras, the lord of Mandala intended to do the same with Kramarájya, and marched towards it. In despair the Dámaras of this place collected an army at Louláha. They fought a fierce battle, and the lord of Mandala was for a time baffled. But the king, like a

Rákshasa, was bent on destroying this beautiful kingdom. Some wise men of the time have said that the king was fond of revelry in the night, and sleep in the day; that he was fond of cruelty and tumult, disregarded duty and liked bad works. These are the peculiar vices of Rákshasas.

In the meantime the younger and youthful son of Malla became the delight of the wife of Lakshmídhara. The lady was enamoured of the prince Sussala, who lived in her neighbourhood, and disliked her husband, whose form was like that of a monkey. Now Lakshmídhara, urged by anger and jealousy, asked the king why, after murdering innumerable kinsmen, he had spared the two brothers, Uchchala and Sussala, who might be kings hereafter. The king had never felt any regret for the massacre of his kinsmen. But in the present instance, when Lakshmídhara repeatedly urged the same thing to the king, and caused it to be repeated by others, the king remembered the high spirit of the brothers, and was afraid to kill them. And forgetting the love which kinsmen bear to one another, he consulted his ministers, and came to the determination to murder them. Thakkaná, a prostitute who had heard the consultation, informed the youths of the king's evil design. The fact was confirmed by their friend Darshanapála, and they fled that very night with two or three attendants.

In the Káshmírian era 76, in the month of Agraháyana, the two brothers fled, and reached the seat of the

Dámaras. One of the Lavanyas, named Prashastarája, intending to rise against the king, sent his younger brother Sillarája, and invited the youths to his territory. But the elder Uchchala went to Rájapurí in the kingdom of Kahla, and the younger went to the king of Kálingjara. None ever thought at that time that these exiles would one day be kings. Only the king, who understood business and saw the state of things, became alarmed. Through Lakshmídhara, the king promised wealth to Sanggrámapála if he would murder Uchchala. But when the son of Malla (Uchchala) went to Sanggrámapála, the latter became afraid of him, and welcomed him and praised him. Even the enemy and the envious were led by fate to honor him who was destined to rise to fortune. The people of Rájapurí were the natural enemies of the people of Káshmíra, and were prepared to do anything against the latter when instigated and helped by influential enemies of Káshmíra. Uchchala had frequent interviews with some of the Dámaras who went to him. The oppressed Dámaras were thus greatly encouraged, and sent messengers with many presents to bring Uchchala back into Káshmíra. Janaka, son of Suryavarnachandra, sent him a diplomatic messenger and thereby encouraged him. Seeing so many messengers of the Dámaras, Sanggrámapála was relieved of his fear of the king, and now openly honored Uchchala. When Sanggrámapála was on the point of placing camphor on the head of Uchchala as a pledge of not harming

him, there came one Kalasharája, a principal Thakkura of Rájapurí, who was bribed by king Harsha; and he said the following words to Sanggrámapála in private:—"You have not done what would please king Harsha, and have come to serve Uchchala. Consider duly the power of the king of Káshmíra, and that of this beggar. Serve the king and so save yourself. Confine this man within the castle of Rájagirí, and then the king will give you what you desire; and out of fear (for having Uchchala in your hold) he will ever be thy friend." The king of the Khashas, when thus addressed, became frightened and consented to the proposal,.and replied,—"I cannot capture this spirited man, but I shall send him to you on some pretence, and then you can bind him." Thus saying he sent Kalasharája to his house, and told Uchchala to go to Kalasharája on the morning. "He is the principal minister here," said Sanggrámapála to Uchchala, "and when you become his friend, we shall march with you and your followers to destroy your enemies." On the next day, when Uchchala was going to the minister's house, he saw ill omens, and was then told by his men about the purpose of the minister; and he fled from Rájapurí.

On the other hand, when the king of the Khashas heard that, owing to the discovery of the plan, his victim had fled, he set out with his army. On hearing of his approach, the great warrior Uchchala, with his followers, intended to meet him in battle. But when the battle

was about to commence, the king of the Khashas prevented the engagement, and brought Uchchala together with Kalasharája into his court. Disregarding the advice of his followers and burning with anger, Uchchala entered the court of this king. There was none who could now look the spirited and angry warrior in the face.

Uchchala thus addressed to the king and his ministers with harsh and angry words: "Formerly at Dárvvábhisára there lived a king named Nara of the Gotra of Bháradvája, who had a son named Naraváhana, and Naraváhana had a son named Phulla. Phulla had a son named Sárthaváhana, his son was Chandana, and Chandana had two sons, Gopála and Sinharája. Sinharája had several children, his daughter Diddá was married to Kshemagupta. Diddá made Sanggrámarája (son of her brother Udayarája) king. She had another brother, Kántirája, and he had a son named Jassarája. Sanggrámarája had a son named Ananta, while of Jassarája were born Tanvangga and Gungga. Ananta's son was Kalasharája, and of Gungga was born Malla. Kalasha's son is king Harshadeva, and we are Malla's sons!* Why then do the wicked enquire who we are? But so long as the earth is for the enjoyment of the powerful, wherein is the necessity for genealogy? And who is the friend of the powerful, but his own arms. Fortunately the

* Genealogy according to the speech of Uchchala at the court of Khasha.

kings of Káshmíra have ruled by their valor, not by the favor of their subordinates, and you will now see my valor." When he had said this, he went out for battle followed by one hundred foot soldiers. One man brought a dead hare before him, which he considered a good omen.

NARA.

KING OF DÁRVVABHISÁRA.

- Naraváhana.
  - Phulla.
    - Sárthaváhana.
      - Chandana.
        - Gopála.
        - Sinharája (had several children.)
          - Kantirája.
            - Jassarája.
              - Tanvangga.
              - Gungga.
                - Malla.
                  - Uchchala.
                  - Sussala.
          - Udayarája.
            - Sanggrámarája (King of Káshmíra.)
              - Ananta (King of Káshmíra.)
                - Kalasharája, (King of Káshmíra.)
                  - Harshadeva, (King of Káshmíra.)
          - Diddá married to Kshemagupta, (King of Káshmíra.)

Now Váttadeva and other Dámaras left their work at wheels and joined him. Uchchala left Sangrámapála and his army and arrived at Rájapurí, where the queens assisted him. He took his meals there, and when in the evening he was going to his residence, the army of Kalasharája attacked him outside the palace. The gates of the palace too were closed by the queens after he had gone out. In this affray, Uchchala lost Loshtávatta and others. And when the principal men of the place intervened and stopped the combat, Uchchala's small army became smaller.

He was reduced to much difficulty on the day of full-moon in the month of Chaitra, but on the fifth day of the dark moon he fearlessly set out for battle. He allowed Vattadeva and others to take their own course that they might create confusion in the kingdom. He intended to enter Káshmíra by the way which led through Kramarájya. Kapila, grandson of Kshema, whom the king had placed at Lohara after Udayasíha, fled as Uchchala entered the place. Uchchala moved before his army with sword and shield, and arrived at Parnotsa, and there compelled the royal army to fly. He captured Sujjaka, Lord of Dvára, who was reposing at ease and apprehended no danger, and soon entered Káshmíra. Some of the Dámaras and the people of Khasha, who inhabited the mountains and who were enemies of the king, now joined Uchchala.

King Harsha trembled to hear that the enemy was so near him, all unexpected, and as if he had fallen from the sky or risen from the ground. He was at a loss to think as to how to prevent Uchchala from entering Kramarájya and killing the Lord of Mandala. Dandanáyaka, who had collected an army, being delayed, the king sent Patta with a large force. But whether it was the will of the gods, or because he was seized with a desire to rise in rebellion, Patta avoided the enemy and loitered in the way. Tilakarája and others, whom the king had sent, joined Patta, but did not advance on the enemy. Dandanáyaka and others were also puzzled, so that Uchchala gained firm footing.

When Uchchala was entering Varáhamúla, a good-omened mare came to him from the enemy's side, and the garland fell from the neck of the Great Varáha (an incarnation of Vishnu) on his head, as if crowning him king of the world. Káka and other warriors, born of Vaidya caste, opposed Uchchala, so that he left Hushkapura and turned towards Kramarájya. Hearing of his approach, the Dámaras became excited and rebelled against the Lord of Mandala. They killed Yasharája and other good warriors, and defeated the Lord of Mandala and crippled his power. The Lord of Mandala slowly retreated to Táramúlaka, and the Dámaras, led by Uchchala, followed him there. The Lord of Mandala was at the head of his army and could not for a long time be captured. A great battle was fought between the two

armies. On the other hand A'nanda, maternal uncle of Uchchala, assisted by a great number of Dámaras, effected a rising at Madava. At the time of rebellion the Dámaras came from all sides by thousands, like the black bees from the caves of the Himálayas when the winter is over. The unfortunate king had under him Sahela the great at Kampana, who was useless to him, like the Lord of Dvára. He was attacked by A'nanda, and after fighting many battles fled from Madava. On the other hand, Uchchala surrounded the Lord of Mandala and captured him with his army. Who can describe the feeling of the soldiers when they knew that, armed and protected by mail as they were, they had been made captives. Though captured, the Lord of Mandala still remained loyal, wishing well of his king; for honorable persons, even when in extreme danger, do not forget their fidility to their masters. He advised the conqueror immediately to enter the town, (capital ?) inducing him to believe that he would not have another similar opportunity. He thought that Uchchala's army would be busy in plundering the villages and city when Uchchala would be entering the capital, and so there would be a diversion. Uchchala was accordingly induced immediately to enter Parihásapura, whence exit was difficult on account of the water on all sides. The Lord of Mandala then urged his own men to set fire at night to the house in which he and Uchchala lodged, but his men refused to do so and thus saved his life. If his body

had been as strong as his mind was vigorous, what would not he have effected who did not care for his own life. Fie to Fate, who is partial to the low, and makes heroes weak in body, while neuters receive full development. The hide of the tortoise which lives in water is impenetrable, while the skin of the lion, who braves battles, is left without the hard cover. The Lord of Mandala sent a message to the king that he had induced the fox (Uchchala) into that place, and had thrown him before the lion (the king), and asked him to come out and kill the fox. The king marched with his soldiers, all determined either to conquer or to die. The royal army reached the bridge of Bharata, and by some contrivance killed the enemy's soldiers and crossed the bridge. The Lord of Mandala, who was at the enemy's post, now joined the king's army, and attacked the enemy and killed many of them. When Uchchala's army was broken, some of the Jángdhikás fled, and some of the Dámaras took shelter within the Rájavihára. One Dámara named Trillasena entered the Vihára, the royalists mistook him for Uchchala, and burnt the building. Uchchala and Somapála fought for a long time in the midst of the royal cavalry, but were at last dissuaded by Janakachandra and others from the unequal fight, and were so rescued from the jaws of death.

Uchchala then went out of Parihásapura. At Gourikávála he crossed the Vitastá on horse back, and returned to Táramulaka with the Dámaras. Flushed

even as gamblers become with a little success, the king praised himself and returned to his capital. He did not pursue his enemies, a circumstance which encouraged the Dámaras, notwithstanding their defeat. In the month of Jaishtha the prudent Uchchala determined to re-assemble his men who had fled. This undaunted man, although defeated, had full reliance on his own strength, and made extraordinary preparations in the midst of a famine.* When Uchchala had got possession of Parihásakeshava he had preserved the image, but the king, on obtaining possession of the town, uprooted it, and from that time to the time of the king's decapitation, the sky remained pervaded with an ash color. This part of the country had formerly been dark, even in day time lighted only by *Rupiká* (a kind of plant), but had become lighted, as the people say, since the image of the god had been set up. Now it became dark again.

The king, now that the enemies were a little checked, became inflated. Sussala now appeared towards Shúrapura. He was the younger brother of Uchchala, and had lived at Avanáha, where he was roused from his lethargy by his father's rebuke and order to join his elder brother. The king of Kalpa assisted him with a few horsemen, and it was long before he could part from his benefactor, and hence his delay. The brothers, who had hitherto manifested a bitter hostility to the enemy, now employed milder means in order to deceive the

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* See page 261.

enemy. Sussala gained a victory over the king's commander Mánikya, and won not only reputation, but wealth also from the battle-field of Shúrapura. Thus the opening of his career was brilliant. The king disregarded Uchchala and sent the Lord of Mandala, Patta and others, to fight with Sussala, who was rapidly advancing. Sussala broke the army at Shúrapura, and many of the king's soldiers were drowned and perished in the water of the Vaitaraní. In this battle the rebellious and powerful Darshanapála was defeated. The survivors of the king's broken army fled on the next day to Sahela, who lived at Lokapunya. Sahela fearing an attack from Sussala, took shelter with the remnant of that broken army within the city. Thus the king was brought to straits by Sussala. His brother Uchchala, who was at Táramula, gained ascendance.

Uchchala was led by the Dámaras, who were mostly foot soldiers, and who terrified the cavalry, and once more passed through the difficult mountain path which led to Lohara. The king too again made Udayarája Lord of Dvára, and sent the Lord of Mandala to Lohara to subdue Uchchala. The maternal uncle of Uchchala and Sussala now arrived at Padmapura, and none of the king's ministers ventured to accept from the king the governorship of Kampana. And the king asked, with a sigh, "who is there for me?" On which Chandrarája took from the king's hand the garland of investment to the lordship of Kampana. This man acted as befitted the

line of Jindurája, &c., who slept with death. Thus he was made the Commander-in-Chief in the last hour of danger, just as the son of Drona was made by Duryodhana. He marched out, and drove the enemy from Padmapura. In the month of Bhádra, on the ninth bright lunar day, the usurper of Kampana (the maternal uncle of the rebel brothers) was killed at Avantipura by Chandrarája, who was slowly going on in his march of conquest. His death happened in this wise. Leaving his army to fight near Gobarddhanadhara, he was hearing songs, attended only by few persons, when he was surprised and killed by his enemy's cavalry which went by the way along the Vitastá. Where do the careless prosper? The king saw his head which Chandrarája had sent to him, and thought that fortune was yet in his favor, and hoped for victory. Fortune, when she deserts, sometimes turns back, even as a lion turns back when retreating. Chandrarája, thus strengthened, slowly entered Vijayakshetra, dividing his army into eight or ten divisions.

Like the weighman, Fortune would not keep the two scales unadjusted. On the third day, the Lord of Mandala's army were put to great trouble at Lohara by untimely rain. The soldiers, oppressed by the cold wind, and drowned in the mud of the paddy-fields, soon left their horses, swords, mails, &c. Though the kind-hearted Uchchala protected the Lord of Mandala, he was found out and killed by Ganakachandra and others. Harsha's

officers were mostly rebellious, but this man won fame by sacrificing himself. Like Devasharmma's, this man's high virtues are adorable; for had they been otherwise, some one or other at least would have spoken ill of him.

About this time Uchchala, who had been to Hiranyapura, was coronated by Bráhmanas there. Harsha heard this and became disheartened, and was advised by many ministers who were with him to go to the hills of Lohara with them,—"There the subjects were submissive to you before, and are displeased with their new king, and they will soon come to take you there, or you may yourself proceed to the spot." But the king replied that he could not depart all of a sudden leaving his wives, his treasures, his throne and other valuable things behind. His advisers urged that faithful men could ride with the females and treasures of the king, and as for the throne, it would be no disgrace if others sate on it, seeing that kings, who loved women of the low caste eating dog's flesh, had once filled it. "Let that go," said the king; "say if you have other advice to give." The ministers angrily replied that kings who ruled in accordance to the maxims of Kshetriyas, and considered death in a battle a blessing, gave no rest to their army in this world. Want of endeavour, vanity, fear, and difference among ministers and not enemies, were the foes that increased the danger of the kings. The idle who did not superintend his work, but relied on his servants, met

danger at every step, like a blind man who trusted to his staff. The fool, blinded with vanity, who did not arm himself even against a small enemy, wilfully suffered the enemy to gain strength. Even Indra in time might degenerate into a reptile, and even a reptile might attain the greatness of Indra. So to think that one is strong and another is weak was improper vanity. He whose preparations are incomplete can strike panic in a conqueror, can destroy him though he be complete in his preparations. Even the rich and well-to-do people were sometimes attacked by the poor, and those dependent on others; and why were the former overcome and were afraid of the latter? Or why could they not show their powers? Nothing could be accomplished when there was difference among the ministers, as in harrowing nothing was done if the two frames were drawn by turns instead of being drawn together. Though the king were possessed of all the resources of the country, but depended on hope, his enemy, though weak, could take his life and his kingdom. He who followed the enemy and marched only to places attacked by the foe, never conquered. Fortune might be adverse, yet if the king fall in battle, surrounded by warriors, he won fame. Only the fortunate fell in the furious battle-field, their pride satisfied, their persons deserving of respect, and all blessings realized in them. Considering death in battle a noble action, the Kshetriyas became fearless as gamblers.

The ministers who gave this advice were, however, asked by Harsha to give other counsel; on which they sighed and said to the king, whose time of death was drawing near,—"Can you die in the hour of danger as Utkarsha did, for otherwise some unworthy fate will befal you." He replied to them that he could not kill himself, and asked them to kill him when in extreme danger. When they heard the unmanly words of their master, they wept and said that they could not help him, as they were not bestowed with the power to do so. Surely the king had employed beasts in human shape. Though you may live for a yuga, still you shall have to die in the end; therefore it is shame for servants to display cowardice when success can be achieved by the sacrifice of ones body. Even women enter fire thinking of their love for their lords. Who then can be baser than he who forgets his love for his master? Those who, like actors, are unaffected by their master's sorrow, fear or timidity, make the earth unhallowed, although it be full of shrines. He who sees his son oppressed with hunger, his wife taking service under other men, his friends fainting, his cow, when yielding milk, crying for want of food, his parents dying but not getting food, and his master subdued by the enemy, has no worse thing to suffer in hell.

The king again said to these beasts in human form,—"I know what I should do, but my mind is bewildered as of one possessed with devils. No one

will enjoy the kingdom so well and so completely as I have lately done. The saying that death and prosperity live on the lips of kings is verified in me alone in Kali yuga. Why should a mortal grieve at the approach of death, when Rudra, Upendra, Mahendra shall pass away. One thought alone grieves me, *viz.*, that, through my fault, the world which was like a wife, will be like an old female servant in the possession of any one who is powerful enough to win her. From this time, now that the kingdom is weak, any one will aspire to it, knowing that it is attainable by conspiracy. Those that are rising, though of small strength, will laugh in pride to see the fruitlessness of mighty attempts. Even impartial people do not blame the endeavour if it ends in brilliant success. The parade of wealth that I made for the benefit of the people will now be reckoned as stupidity. Uchchala, who is rising by his own exertion, will laugh at my good works. I am calm through shame, and not through fear, for I wish for this sort of death. For I wish it to be said of me that if my own people had not snatched the kingdom from me, no one else could have taken it. In old times," continued Harsha, "there was a king named Muktápída, who was a shining light among kings. But his enemies took advantage of his weakness, and he died miserably. Muktápída had left his army at various places at Uttarápatha, and, when attended by a few men, had his passage opposed by his enemies over a difficult way. There king Shalya,

with eight lacs of horse, determined to capture him, without any arms as he was. Muktápída's judgment was bewildered at the failure of all his plans, and he asked his chief minister, Bhavasvámí, as to what was to be done. The minister, after cool deliberation as to the means of escape, and knowing destruction to be inevitable, said that those who aspire after fame, follow the path of duty and keep their judgment sedate. Those who understand their duty, try to maintain their fame, and the attainment of kingdom follows of itself. When the body perishes, and is reduced to ashes, man is remembered by his fame, even as camphor is known by smell. When life is extinct, the name of the renowned still dwells in the tongues of those who praise him. To be famous is to live till the end of time (kalpa), for fame exists without diminution. The sedate do not think of money when the enemy attempts to rob wealth and power. Brahmá often disgraces those in high position; through the agency of the elephant he destroys the lily from which he himself was born, and he insults the moon through the Chandála (eclipse). They who can maintain their fame from such vicissitudes which destroy renown, degrade one suddenly, are indeed fortunate. The cane that grows on the mountain and clings to the bamboo and sets fire to the wood to maintain its dignity is degraded by kings, who place it in the hands of door-keepers. 'Having enjoyed to the full thy heart's desires, you should now try to preserve the beauty of

thy fame. Pretend to be suddenly attacked with Dandakálasaka disease, which kills speedily, and I shall tell you to-morrow what more you will have to do to avert the danger.' Thus saying the prime minister withdrew, and reached his own house. The king pretended to have that disease, and rolled on the ground restlessly and wept, and kept his eyes steadfast. Perspiration, spasms, vomiting and pains in the body, indicated to the people that the king was dying. The minister pretended to believe that the king would die, and in order to show his gratitude, perished by entering into fire. The minister did not say to the king what was to be done next (as he had promised to do.) But the king was in heart pleased with him at his self-sacrifice, and said that he was young and was able to bear pain, and so he too entered into fire. Thus by his self-sacrifice he attained fame which he had not obtained by his deeds. So, if any disgrace comes to the great, they can rid themselves of it either by their own or by their minister's judgment."

When king Harsha had said this, the ministers advised him to send his son Bhoja within the fort that his line might not be extinct. After the prince had set out with due ceremonies, the king, through the advice of Dandanáyaka, caused him to return. Judgment, courage, and presence of mind, all were at once lost in the impending danger. Wealth, fame, heroism, and power, are all subservient to good fortune, even as lightening, herons, thunder, and rainbow, all depend upon clouds. In

his days of prosperity, the people wondered why the king, who was superior to all in wisdom and valor, did not attack Indra; and in the days of his misfortune, they wondered why the king, who was so foolish, infirm, inert and blind, was born on earth.

The king allowed travelling allowance to the Tantrí soldiers who were within the town, and whom he sent in order to oppose the enemy. The king's servants, with their friends, took shelter with the opposite party; and those who did not go were induced to remain by money. Only two or three remained faithful and did not think of going over to the enemy, but why should they be praised who died like women. There was one dancing girl named Kánashrávatí born in the family of dancing girls. She adopted one Jayamatí of unknown parentage as her child. Now, when this latter attained her youth, she did not marry, but loved Uchchala. Avaricious of wealth, she first entered the zenana of the Lord of Mandala; and on his death she shamelessly went over to Uchchala, and through her good fortune became the principal queen. The king's servants shamelessly went over to Uchchala, placing their guru at their head, and accepted his pay and thus lost the respect of the army.

Shrílekhá's nephew (brother's son) had a son named Vaddamanggala. The king attacked and killed him to give vent to his anger on the relatives of Malla. Shvashravá, wife of Vaddamanggala, and daughter of the maternal uncle of Uchchala, went to her home and burnt

herself. The daughters of Sháhi told the king that the great and proud Malla (Uchchala's father) concealed under his vow of silence a cruel heart, and was like Yama, and was creating disaffection among the king's people in order to obtain the kingdom for his son. They advised the king to kill him without fear. The king attacked his house in person, and remained stationed at the door. Malla came out to satisfy the king of his innocence, and though entreated by his sons, the saint-like man did not leave the king. In order to gain the king's confidence, Malla sent out from his house the step-brothers of Uchchala, named Sahlana, &c. The king, whose death was nigh, was angry with Malla, who lived as a hermit and worshipped fire. While he was worshipping his gods, he was summoned by his enemies, and he issued out in that very dress to fight. He issued out in his attire of devotion with ashes, &c., on his forehead. The black and the white hair on his head looked like the meeting of the rivers at Prayága. His cap was his helmet his umbrella, his shield, and his stick his sword. Some of his servants whom he had treated kindly fell in the scuffle before he came out. Two Bráhmanas, named Rathávatta and Vijaya, as well as Pouragava, Koshtaka and Sajjaka also perished in the affray. Udayarája was wounded, but not killed. When Malla saw the doors completely beset with the enemy's soldiers, he, leaving his work aside, leapt on their heads. White through age, he moved over the swords and shields, like a haŋgsa, over

the moss and lotus, and within a short time was seen lying down pierced with a hundred sharp arrows. The king was riding over the place and cut off, in his pride, the head of Udayarája, who was already dead. What action of the king was not miserable?

Queen Kusumalekha, beloved of Malla, perished by throwing herself in the fire that was kept up in the house. The young wives of Sahlana and Rahla, named Aptasatí and Sahajá, daughters-in-law of Malla, also perished in the fire. Six females of the family, delicately brought up, thus perished in the flames. These conflagrations took place on the left banks of the Vitastá; and the fires and hot tears warmed the waters of the river. Nandá (wife of Malla,) mother of the future kings, and descended of noble family, was living in the zenana on the other side of the river, when she saw the smoke of the fire and became anxious. She saw from the terrace of her house the armies of her sons on the north and south, and cursed the king that, within few days, her sons would revenge the death of their father, even as Parashuráma did. She then perished in the fire which was kept up in the house; as also Chándrá, a nurse who was unable to bear the sight of the fire nearly extinguished over the ashes of one girl whom she had nursed with her milk, and she burnt herself to death. The flames appeared like dancing female servants

The king was nearly killed, but was accidentally saved by Darshanapála. He survived the rebellion in order to

suffer insults hereafter, and he was yet to live one year more. Malla was killed on the ninth dark lunar day in the month of Bhádra; and when his sons heard of it, their grief was only replaced by anger.

On the next day Sussala went in fury from the villages of Vahnipuraka, &c., to Vijayakshetra. Chandraraja set out to meet Sussala, but was deserted by Patta and Darshanapála with their armies; but though deserted, he fought gallantly for a long time with his small army in spite of great odds. In this battle, two of the king's favorites, Akshotamalla and Chácharimalla, fell. Chandraraja, and after him Induraja, were also killed. On the fall of Chandraraja, all hopes of success left king Harsha.

When Sussala entered the country, Patta and others were alarmed and wore the garb of king's flatterers, entered the palace, and shut and bolted the doors after them. The courtier Padma was wounded in the scuffle outside, and Lakshmídhara, who wished to die, was brought by the Dámaras bound. Sussala went up the treasury at Vijayeshvara, and saw below the royalists panic-struck like beasts. The wily Sussala smiled and gave assurance of safety, and so caused Patta and Darshanapála to be brought before him. As there was no staircase, the followers of Sussala pulled them up like dead men with ropes tied round their hands. But Sussala relieved them of all troubles by consenting to their proposal of going out to foreign countries and hide their shame. But after listening to the kind words of

Sussala, and making a comfortable repast over fried meat, their ardour to leave the country cooled on that very day. Sussala obtained possession of the place by the most wonderful means. For Jásata, son of the maternal uncle of Harsha, and Umádhara, &c., three other Rájas, as well as Rajpoot cavalry and Tantri chieftains, and a large army, still remained on the side of the king. While these collected in the courtyard of god Vijayeshvara, Sussala went up, breaking through the gate, alone and sword in hand, and abused them in anger. They submitted, and he assured them of safety and made the god witness of his assurance. And when he had re-ascended his house, his people brought to his palace, adorned with gold and silver hilted swords, those royalists who had laid down their arms, their hands tied with ropes. He placed them under the custody of the Dámaras, and they were herded like beasts

Sussala remained there for three days, after which he set out, and when he had reached the village of Suvarnasánura, he liberated Patta and Darshanapála, who consented to go into foreign countries. Patta then went to Súrapura, where he joined his wife, but the weak man forgot his promise to go into exile. And whatever intention Darshanapála may have had to leave his country, was now relinquished for his friendship for Patta.

Now Sussala obtained possession of the capital, and intended to usurp the kingdom for himself before his brother could arrive. And with this object he thought

of fighting with his elder. The two brothers loved each other, and were of the same age, and both were powerful, so that there was equality between them. In two or three days Sussala attacked several places, but remained in the neighbourhood of the capital.

Bhojadeva, otherwise called Vupya, son of king Harsha, set out for battle in order to burn Kalasha built by Sussala. Harsha, who feared that his sons might turn against him as he had rebelled against his father, brought them up as weak and spiritless men. But now, in this time of helplessness, when there was none to check the prince, he led armies in some battles. If this prince had been brought up as his great-grandfather had, could he not have cleared the country of the rebellious kinsmen? All men know politics, but mistake in its applications; many there are who are learned in the Shástras, but few are practical men. The son should not be blamed for the ingratitude of the father. Though tila (*sesamum orientale*) is covered with rind, yet who discards the perfumed oil which comes out of it. The prince showed great ability in fighting against his powerful enemy.

The wicked Pittha, son of Deveshvara, who had been honored and promoted by the king, joined the enemy's side. Pittha's son, Malla, requested the king to allow him to go to battle against Sussala, and was at last allowed by Harsha to go to battle. "You will know my heart to-day, O! king," said the proud Malla as he went

away. He washed the stain of his line (his father's disaffection) in battle in which he fell. The king was not more grieved at the entire ruin which came upon him, than he was because he knew not before the loyalty of this grateful man. Kings, puffed up with wealth and ignorance, know not the hearts of men until it is too late to do anything for them than to lament their loss.

The army of Sussala was defeated by prince Bhoja, and he fled from the battle to Lavanotsa. On the other hand, Bhoja returned from his victory, and suffering from the hot rays of the sun, sat for a short time with his father in a garden. He heard a voice from the north side of the palace saying "the elder son of Malla has arrived; prepare a bridge." Dandanáyaka had informed Uchchala that if he did not march that very day, Sussala would usurp the kingdom. Uchchala came in hastily, and in the very beginning of the fight killed Devanáyaka, who was stationed before Charadeva. Nága, the superintendent of the city, with the royal cavalry and a large body of infantry went out for battle. He had relied on this superior army in the battle against Sussala, and he did not now fear to meet Uchchala. Uchchala feared Nága, and had a smaller army, but Nága, when he approached him, took off his turban and bowed to him. But Uchchala did not trust him after his experience of the conduct of the Lord of Mandala, and told him to retire to his house at Dumba, which Nága did. The fruit of Nága's disaffection was visible in this

world, as he ended his life as a beggar in this very country.

On arriving to the river side, the king saw the Dámaras black and disfigured on the other side of the bridge; and among them Janakachandra shone in his white mail. The great bridge of boats which the king had built for his own purpose, now served the purpose of his foes. The king was disgusted with the people, and calmly saw the battle with his relatives on the other side of the bridge. On the other hand, the daughter of Sháhi and other queens intended to perish in the flames, and took some fire with them, and ascended a house which had a hundred doors. As the king's party was unable to overcome the opponents, the ladies were preparing to light the fire, when the king forbade them to commit suicide by fire, and went to the other side of the bridge to join the battle. Janakachandra and his men drove by their arrows the royal elephant which was in the front of the bridge. The beast, struck by arrows in a mortal part, retreated, vomiting and breathing hard and treading on the king's soldiers. This unfortunate accident caused numerous deaths among the cavalry and infantry of the royalists. Repulsed by the enemy, the king recrossed the bridge and entered the palace with a hundred doors. The king, who had never been seen even in privacy without garments, who even at the time of taking his meals did not cast away the signs of royalty, was now seen perspiring from fear and from

the heat of the sun, his armour repeatedly slipping from his shoulders, and as often replaced. Through his restlessness, the whip struck the horse and made the animal run, the reins fell from his hand, and were taken up and pulled again. His hair fell to his shoulders, and he drew them round his ears, which looked like caverns surrounded by black serpents ; and the sword dropped from his hand. There were no ornaments in his ears, his red lips were pale and dried for want of betel, and he was frequently licking it with his tongue. There was dust in his eyes, which disfigured his face and made it pale. He was looking on his queens behind him, and moving about in the courtyard, and with his hand forbidding his queens to light the pile which they were ready to do.

There was a house of Mallarája near the capital, Janakachandra set fire to this after crossing the river. On seeing the flame approaching towards the capital, Bhoja thought the kingdom was lost, and fled. He rode out of the courtyard through the gate, pierced with the great lances of the enemies. With five or six horsemen he went towards Lohara, and crossing the bridge, arrived before the Matha of Sinharája. The king gazed with tearful eyes on the direction in which his son had disappeared, and with horsemen went round and round the house. In order to save some of the queens who in the meantime were intending to commit suicide, the king's men attempted to break in into the rectangular building. The daughters of Sháhi, believing that the enemies had

arrived, went up to the top of the rectangular house and set it on fire.

At this time the Dámaras who dwelt there, armed themselves and hurt one another, and plundered the palace with a hundred doors which was now on fire. In doing so, some died, some endangered their lives, and some got things they had never seen before, and became the objects of ridicule. Some took a mouthful of camphor, considering it to be white sugar, and burnt his mouth, and threw the pot into the river. Some took gold-colored pictures, and the burnt clothes and ashes of variagated hues, believing them to be gold. Some Dámara women thinking the pearls in which no holes had been made to be rice, pounded them in mills. Fortune now left the kingdom. The beautiful and well-dressed females of the king were seen at every step to be captured by the cruel Dámaras. Vasantalekhá and other sixteen queens, together with the wives of their sons, perished in the flames. The bursting sounds of the burning houses were heard like the roarings of the summer clouds on the sea. The king saw these things from the side of Shrípadmashrí, a place for the distribution of water, and often and often repeated the line composed by the Rishis, "The fire that rises for oppressing the subjects is not quenched till it has burnt the king's dynasty, fortune, and life."

Uchchala, accompanied by the Dámaras, thus burnt the capital, but finding the enemy still possessed of an

army, re-crossed the river. The king wished to die in battle, a wish worthy of his family, but was swayed every moment by the wavering opinions of the infantry. The king was going to battle through the advice of Anantapála and other Rajpoots, but was remonstrated by Dandanáyaka at every step. Champaka advised the king either to go to battle or to Lohara, and the latter step was deemed better by Prayága. But the king, not having heard anything of his son, became anxious, and ordered Champaka to follow the footsteps of prince Bhojadeva. Champaka sighed and said, "You will soon be left alone with Prayága, so do not send me away." And the king replied to him with tears in his eyes, that, "they say you never rebelled, then wherefore do you disobey my orders now. Though the sun shines, I cannot see anything without my son, so you cannot be angry when he shall embrace me. Even in these days there is difference without cause between the prince and the minister." Thus rebuked by his master, Champaka, abashed and with downcast face, set out after the prince. Of his horsemen and followers and his brothers, fifty in all, who set out with him, only five were left, including himself, when he crossed the river. Not getting any news of the prince, he arrived in the evening at the junction of the Vitastá and the Sindhu. The king sent other faithful men in search of his son, while more of his people, on the pretence of searching for the prince, deserted him.

Dandanáyaka was now the king's adviser—the same man who had taken bribe in the wars with Rájapurí, &c., who had employed unworthy servants, who was the cause of the royal army being destroyed by fire, who had opposed the prince when he was going to Lohara, and who, when the king was busy in some other battle, had admitted the enemy into the city. Harsha, weak, and listening to various advices, could not determine what to do. As the pipe will not sound if one breathes through all the holes, even so the king could not come to any determination from the several advices he received. When even low people insolently offer advice, though unasked, according to their judgment it is a certain sign of the loss of fortune's favor. The charioteer, named Troilokya, who was speaking to Dandanáyaka, pulled the reins of his horse and said to the king: "On former days your grandfather conquered with the help of the Ekánngas, fighting side by side with the cavalry. So let us go near Akshapatala to collect a similar army; then falling on them we shall destroy the enemy whose army is mostly composed of infantry." But when he consented to move towards that place, his army scattered itself on all directions, as the crowd which comes to a theatre does when overtaken by rain. The king gave the jewelled ornaments of his neck to the Rajpoots, whom he found on the other side of the Vitastá, to defray the expenses of his son on the road. When these ensigns of royalty were given to his followers, the king looked

shorn of his glories. The number of his soldiers diminished at every step; and when he arrived at Akshapatala, there was none to attend him. The king felt suspicious, and in the evening went round the houses of the ministers; he waited at their doors, but none allowed him entrance. The false friends of the king did not help him in this last extremity. After passing by the houses of all for help, he entered the house of the minister Kapila. At that time Kapila was at Lohara, but his wife was willing to give him shelter, and afterwards to send him by boat to the fort of Lohara. But the king was bewildered, and did not accept the offer.

The king's sons who had rebelled against him as he did against his father, hid themselves from him as bankrupts hide from those who lend. The king now came to know that he had done many things wrong by hearing himself ill spoken of. Previous to this the ministers used to hide many things from him. Having lost hope in every thing, and mistrusting those around him, he passed with a small retinue to Pradyumna. When the darkness deepened and it deepened at every step, the horses stopped. At this time the proud Rajpoots, Anantapála and others, who counted their dynasties thirty-six generations back, deserted him. When the king arrived before the temple of Johila, he descended from his horse, and Dandanáyaka and the king's younger brother now deserted him. His younger brother left him on the pretence that there was his father-in-law's house in the neighbourhood, and that he would return

after paying a visit. Prayága asked the king's younger brother something for the king's food, and he gave him an ornament, but not saktu (powdered oats).

The king, whose life was nearly at its end, was shorn of his glories, and had only one piece of cloth to wear, and had Prayága for his only follower. One Mukta, cook of Jelaka, who was a servant of Champaka, now came to the king, and was received into his confidence. When they were wandering about, a woman from a cavern in a rock told them that the land before them was not passable, owing to the canals being cut for the supply of water. And when they had seated by the Vitastá, Prayága called for the boatmen, in order to go to Jayapura fort. Prayága made an agreement with the armed men who were in the neighbourhood to take them to the house of Bhímádeva, where the king wished to go. Bhímádeva was a partisan of Uchchala, but had said that he would follow the king if the king would come to his house. When the boat was brought in by the boatmen, the timid king who was hurrying to destruction would not get into it. At the time of destruction, the light of man's intellect fails and leads him to death. In this time of rebellion the proud Vimba of Niláshvíya who, like ladies of the zenana, would not even look on others, with his friendly followers instead of joining the Dámaras went to the king who was looking out for help.

The rainy season now set in as if to wash the world guilty of rebellion; what did not the king suffer then? The earth seemed without men, the rains darkened all

sides, and he was without help and in fear of the enemy. For the interests of history, I must name those who should have been forgotten on account of their wicked acts. Within the forests of Pitrivana there are some revered gods who were named Someshvara; they belonged to Sománanda, the Siddha. There in the garden shaded by the trees was a cot of Shinna, an insignificant hermit. He, with a prostitute named Bhishchá, generally known as Virahabhujanggí, led the life of a procurer. The king was then near the temple of Pratápagaurisha, and was brought here by Mukta who considered it to be a place for holy men to live. Mukta led the way, the king followed him, and Prayága went last; and thus they went by the fitful light of the lightning. The king reached the cottage led by Mukta and Prayága, without turban, wearing a sewed piece of cloth, and sinking down with fatigue. He was grieved as he remembered the hero Kandarpa who was driven out by his evil ministers, and who could have extricated him from his present danger; he grieved even as Utpala had grieved when he thought of the Daitya. Mukta entered the cottage by scaling the wall, and then opened the door and the king entered the yard, but the hermit was not there. When the king was coming in, his right foot was cut by a stone and bled, and he knew by that bad omen that his death was nigh. The cottage room was barred, so that the king passed the dreadful and cloudy night in the yard. He passed the night sitting on

a muddy place which was prepared for sacrifice, and besmeared with mud, and covered with a servant's blanket. His cares made him sleepless, though much of his grief was allayed while he was nodding in sleep. "Who am I? Who has conquered me? Where am I to-day? Who is my follower? What should now be done?" Thus he thought and trembled every moment. "My kingdom is snatched away, my wives are burnt, my son separated from me, myself alone and without friends, without provisions for the road, and rolling in the yard of a beggar?" Thus thinking of his misfortunes, he could not find an instance, even in history, of a person whose end was as miserable as his own.

On the other hand, prince Bhoja reached Hastikarna with two or three horsemen. While thus travelling, he fancied that the kingdom would be theirs again in five or six days, even if Indra were their enemy. What does not a man, when excited by his valor, propose to do? But fortune mars all. He waited at Ranggaváta for his servant Nágeshvara, to whom his mother gave provision for the journey. Hearing of his servant's approach, he issued from the empty temple where he was living, suspecting nothing; but he was attacked by the rebels. Wh ` the treason was discovered, the prince, true to his Kshetriya caste, displayed wonderful feats of bravery. After killing his enemies in battle, like a lion, he died the death of a hero, besmeared with blood. Padma, son of his maternal uncle, and possessed of great valor, fell overwhelmed with numbers.

At night Uchchala entered the monastery of queen Surjjamatí. His brother, too, tired of war, came from Lavanotsa. Hearing that prince Bhoja was dead, and Harsha alone was living, they felt as if a pale had been withdrawn from their mind, and only the point of a sword was left there.

On the morning Mukta sought out the hermit, who entered the cottage and bowed to the king and unbarred the door of his room. The king and Mukta entered the room which was full of gnats, and there was spread a grass mat, and the floor was sprinkled with water. He, whose words bestowed honor on kings before, now flattered a beggar through fear. The king was pained at the shameful words and behaviour of the beggar when requested for some beggarly food. Prayága gave the hermit his wearing sheet to sell, and sent him to a shop to buy food with its proceeds. This man, with his rude and indecent words, was a cause of uneasiness to the king, and the king feared he would be betrayed. At mid-day the beggar returned with a female hermit, on whose shoulder he had placed pots containing food. The king, finding himself seen by the woman, despaired of his life. Oppressed by grief, he, at the request of Prayága, merely touched the food presented to him by Prayága, but did not eat it. Prayága asked for news of the female hermit, who lived in village, whereupon she told him of the death of Bhoja. Prayága said that it was a lie, but the king believed the painful news. He had fallen in

battle, behaving as heroes covet to do at the time of their death, but the king through the excess of his grief lamented as if he had died on his lap. He saw in his own person the necklaces which should have adorned his youthful son, and became afflicted. He was ashamed to think that his boy, whom he should have protected, had died in that way, while he was saving his life by unworthy means.

Thus oppressed with unspeakable grief for his son, he spent the second night in the house of the hermit. Prayága asked the king to go to Bhagavanmatha, but that night he was unable through grief to think of it. The night having the moon for its face seemed to moan; and it seemed to cry in the cries of Chakravâka, and to weap in heavy dews. On the morning Prayága saw his master hungry and thirsty, and asked the hermit for breakfast. The hermit went out and brought two plates full of rice and curry. He said that he had stolen those two plates from a religious feast of a householder, on which Prayága sighed and said :—" See, O king! see the rejoicings of the people on your dethronement." The king smiling replied :—" Why do you talk like a fool? He who is gone is gone; his loss does not create loss to other people. All seek for their own pleasure; no one grieves for others. When the sun, which is like the only eye of the earth, sets, the people sleep at ease. Who ever deprives himself of rest on account of his separation from the sun. Having heard of the death of my son,

who was the life of my life, I sit here apparently at ease. Why then blame others?" When the king had said so, Prayága rejected the two plates already brought and again privately sent the hermit to prepare food. The hermit said that what remained of the proceeds of the sale of the sheet, after defraying the expenses of the previous day, would hardly suffice to pay him, still he would try. Thus saying he went out as if grieved.

Men of poor worth cannot keep a secret; they can digest Amrita as little as mercury. Manoratha, the friend and adviser of the hermit, came to know of these things. He tempted the hermit and said that they would get riches if they discovered the king to his enemies. Manoratha was born of some low caste servant, for good or bad works of a man indicate his birth. Iltáraja heard from them of Harsha's whereabouts and informed Uchchala of it, and Uchchala sent him to capture Harsha. Some say that one Bhúribhishcha, of the Káyastha caste, was the cause of the hermit and his friend going to Iltáraja. If it be true, as many have heard, that this servant (Bhúribhishcha) acted treacherously, then the various insults that he was subsequently subjected to (making him ride on the shoulder of a Chandála who eats the flesh of dog, and his death in prison) were all well deserved.

On the other hand, Harsha, being excessively hungry, and being repeatedly asked by Prayága, thought of taking some food in spite of his grief for his son. Expecting

the hermit every moment to arrive with food, they frequently looked out like young birds from the nest. They soon saw the cottage surrounded by armed men, and heard the noise made on the bars of the door at the courtyard. They found out their danger, and saw the vile hermit calling out from the yard to their enemies to approach Mukta who was armed. Leaving Mukta, the king opened the door, and fearlessly took up a light knife which was nigh. One cruel warrior encased in mail, and sword in hand, came to the king puffed up with pride and courage. Though the room was small, yet by his skill the king threw him on the ground, and through mercy spared his life. He proudly said even then, that no end would be gained by destroying that poor fallen man. Another person, lifting up one end of the roof of the cottage, entered the room, and he was followed by another, but they saw him armed and fell to the ground through fear. The king was standing on the body of the one who had first entered the room, and for a moment looked like the goddess on the lion. This last battle of the king was not attended with loud yells or war music, or the sound of the warlike instruments. The armed Dámaras were entered into the room noiselessly as cats to kill a rat in an earthen pot. Another person entered the room through the roof, killed Prayága, and wounded the king in the head and arm; and having eluded the blow aimed by the king, hastily struck him twice on his breast with his knife. Harsha twice called

out the name of god Maheshvara, and fell dead on the ground like a tree severed at its stem. He was a king, but was killed in the hut like a thief who had fled into a room. Never did he look so noble as now, nor were his faults ever so completely hid from view as at this moment. Possibly, it was his aversion to war which alone spoilt the nobility of his soul. Possibly his fault lay in being led by the counsel of others. It was the fault of his ministers which brought on misfortunes. He died in the Káshmírian era seventy-seven, on the fifth day of the bright moon, in the month of Bhádra, aged forty-two years and eight months. It was by magic that this king wishing, like Dúryyodhana to destroy his relatives, caused the extirpation of his own line and kindred. He was born when the Sun was in the Cancer.

The low (un-Bráhmanical) people severed the head of their master as of a thief, and sent it to his enemy. When his head was severed the whole world shook, and although there were no clouds in the sky, it rained heavily. They who fixed the head on a stick and did other improper acts suffered greatly for those actions. The beheading of kings, even like the destruction of images of gods, had only recently been introduced in this country. Uchchala, through a sense of propriety, refrained from looking on the head when it was sent to him ; he remained thoughtful for some time, and had it burnt. O ! fie, that the body of the late king, like that of a thief, should not have received the benefit of funeral

rites without the orders of Uchchala. Deserted by his servants, his own race extirpated, himself naked, Harsha's remains like those of a helpless man were burnt by one Gouraka, a wood-seller.

This long history of Harsha is as wonderful as Rámáyana or Mahávárata. Fortune is restless like the lightning in the clouds; and sudden rising brings evil consequences in the end. Still the pride of wealth of those men, whose aspiration is clouded by ignorance, is not assuaged. Though the late king had many women in the zenana, none wept for him; though he had many servants, none followed him or retired to the shrines. It is shameful that men's minds do not become indifferent to worldly affairs, and that they themselves do not retire to forests, after seeing this heartlessness of persons whose minds are engrossed in their own pleasures. It cannot be ascertained what there was before life began, nor what will come after death. Between the two stages, living beings are suddenly subjected to miseries, and then retire no one knows where, even like an actor without head or legs, who acts for a while, and then retires behind the screen.

As the sun leaving the godless peak of the Himálaya dwells on Sumaru, so the splendour of royalty left the fallen race of Udayarája and rested on that of Sátaváhana. Here ends the seventh book of Rájataranggini by Kahlana, son of Champakaprabhu the great minister of Káshmíra.

During ninety-seven years, eleven months and twenty-seven days, there reigned six kings of the line of Udayarája.

APPENDIX A.

Here we give a line-for-line translation of Kahlana Pandita's calculation, fixing the age of Gonanda, the first king of Káshmíra, mentioned in his book.

Line 48. In Kali Yuga, Gonanda and others reigned in Káshmíra for 2,268 years.

" 49. Some authors have made this erroneous calculation (as given in line 48) being misled by the supposition that the battle described in Mahávárata took place at the end of the Dvápara Yuga.

" 50. For, if the number of years during which these kings reigned be added together, and the sum be deducted from the years of Kali Yuga which are past, there remains nothing.

" 51. The Kurus and the Pándavas lived when 653 years of Kali were past.

" 52. Now the 24th year of the Laukika (current) era coincides with 1070 of Saka era.

" 53. From the time when Gonanda lived 2,330 years are past.

" 54. The fifty-two kings (whose history is a blank) reigned for 1,266 years.

" 55. In Chitrashikhandi it is said that to travel from one star (Riksha) to another, the Great Bear (Munis) takes a hundred years; and historians have given the following calculations.

" 56. When Yudhishthira reigned the Great Bear was at Maghá star. He therefore reigned at 2,526th year (before) the Saka era.

Note.—Kahlana Pandita makes Gonanda contemporaneous with the battle of Mahávárata, and fixes the date of that event at 653rd year of Kali. He rejects the opinion held by some that it took place at the end of Dvápara. Now the reigns of the kings whose history is known, covered a period of 2,330 years, up to the time of Kahlana Pandita; and those of the fifty-two kings whose history is not known covered a period of 1,266 years, making a total of 3,596 years, between the time of the first king of Káshmíra and Kahlana. But the first king,

Gonanda, lived in 653 of the Kali Yuga, hence Kahlana lived in the year 4,249th of Kali. Again the author says, that he wrote his book in the year 1070 of Śaka era ; and we have just seen that Gonanda lived 3,596 years before Kahlana, hence we find that Gonanda reigned 2,526 years before the Saka era (as stated in line 56). There prevailed a peculiar era in Káshmíra called the Laukika, or the current era, according to which, as each century was completed, it was left out of calculation. We have the author's statement that he was writing on the 24th of this era. Deducting 24 from 3,596 we get 3,572 (from the time of Gonanda), and this year was therefore the close of a century of the Laukika era. Dividing it by 100 we have 35·72, *i.e.*, Gonanda was reigning on the 72nd year of the 36th century before the current Laukika century in which the historian wrote.

From the above, it is easy to fix dates according to the Christian era which is, roughly speaking, 78 years before the Saka era. The following statement of the times of Gonanda and Kahlana Pandita respectively, will shew the dates at a glance :—

	Kali.	Saka.	Laukika.	Christian Era.
		(Before.)	(Before.)	B. C.
Gonanda ...	653	2,526	*36·72	2,448
	(After.)		(After.)	A. D.
Kahlana ...	4,249	1,070	1·24	1,148

APPENDIX B.

The story of the Bráhmana and his Nága wife is thus related : There was a tank in a garden which had clear and sweet water, and in it lived a Nága, named Sushravá. Now a certain young Bráhmana named Visikha, being weary of long travelling, once rested in the shade of a tree beside the tank in the garden. And when he was relieved of weariness by the pleasant air he fetched some water from the tank and was going to eat oat-flour when he heard the music of small bells, and saw two beautiful girls with sweet white eyes dressed in blue were

* Reckoning as 1 the current Laukika century in which Kahlana wrote.

issuing out of the grove before him. Their eyes were lined with fine lines of collyrium, and the gentle wind was moving like banners the ends of their garments over their shoulders. The girls were eating some pulse. The Bráhmana stopped taking his meal out of shame, and was grieved to see creatures so beautiful taking such coarse food. He therefore invited them to what he had for meal, and brought them water from the tank, and expressed his love for them at the same time. And when they had washed their faces and were seated, the Bráhmana began to fan them with the fan made of leaves, and said that it must be in consequence of some virtuous actions done by him in times past that he had met them. With the curiosity of a Bráhmana he also asked them as to what race they graced by their birth, and how came they to be so hungry that they were eating such coarse food. One of them replied that they were the daughters of Nága Sushravá and that they saw no reason why they should not eat coarse food when better food was wanting. "My name," continued she, "is Irávartí, and my father intends to marry me to Vidyádharendra; and this is my youngest sister named Chandralekhá." The Bráhmana again asked them the reason of their poverty, to which they replied that he might put that question to their father, for he only knew the cause. "He will come," said they, "on the month of Jaishta on the twelvth dark lunar day, during the festival of Takshakayátrá. You will be able to know him by his crystal crown, and we will also be near him." Thus saying they went away.

Now, when the festival approached, and the dancers and singers and spectators gathered, the Bráhmana too wandered about there, drawn by his curiosity, and recognized the father of the damsels by the signs they told him. The father too had been informed by his daughters about their meeting with the Bráhmana, and now came forward to welcome him. In the course of conversation, the Bráhmana asked the Nága the reason of his poverty. "The proud and wise man who has the sense to distinguish right from wrong," replied the Nága with a sigh, "will rather prefer to hide his sorrow which cannot be remedied, than loudly complain of it. A good man when he hears of the misery of others will be sorry if he cannot remove it. An ordinary man places much value on everything that he does, and laments loudly at every misfortune that he suffers. He praises himself, and thinks himself wronged

when he has to bear any misfortune, and suggests to himself unfair means to get rid of it. He thinks that his miseries will last for ever, and grieves from the very bottom of his heart, and talks loudly of his grief and suffers eternally. Who can know, however, the sorrow of those who are reserved, if their children and servants do not give them out; but since mine has been betrayed to you by my girls, I will not hide it any longer. See if you can do anything to alleviate it. Yonder you see a hermit under the tree, who watches the fields rich with harvest. It is through fear of him that we have fled. We cannot eat anything of the new harvest because he eats nothing, so we are wellnigh starved. If you can do anything to destroy his austerity, and to make him eat of the new harvest, we know how to reward the service of him who does us a benefit." Be it so, said the Bráhmana as he went away, and began to think day and night as to how he could accomplish the task.

Once when the hermit was sitting while his food was being cooked, the Bráhmana stole into the place and dropped some new rice into the cooking pot. And when the food was ready the hermit ate it. Thus relieved of the religious prohibition, the Nága greedily ate of the new fruits which he brought down from the trees by pelting at them, and his misery was removed. He then invited the Bráhmana to his house, and told his daughters to entertain the host and benefactor. After a few days had passed, the Bráhmana expressed his wish to return home asking at the same time his youngest daughter, Chandralekhá, in marriage as the favor he was promised. Though the parties were not marriageable (he being a Bráhmana and she a Nága girl), the father consented, and also loaded him with riches. He returned to Narapura where he was passing his days in happiness and mutual affection when the event narrated in the text happened.

APPENDIX C.

Sandhimati died impaled by the orders of his master, and his corpse was thrown into the field where the dead were burnt; as has been stated in the text. The story of his revi-

ving is as follows :—His religious instructor named Ishána, though he was master of his passions, was much afflicted to learn of his death, and went to that place to perform the last ceremonies due to the remains of his pupil. Here he found the body fixed to the pale (pike), and reduced to skeleton, the wolves having devoured the flesh ; and the wind was passing through the hole in his head. Ishána began to weep as he disengaged the stick from the body ; and driving back the howling wolves, he dragged away the corpse from the place ; the hair of his late pupil covered with dust touched his feet. But when he was going to perform the last ceremony, the following lines marked on his forehead by Vidhátá caught his eye : "Poverty so long as he lives, ten years' imprisonment, death on a pale, and then kingdom again." Seeing that the first three lines had agreed with the fact, he became much anxious to know how the fourth would come to pass. He thought that Fate was irresistible, and in spite of every opposition what was writ by Fate must come to happen. He recollected the history of king Pártha of Manipura, who, when killed, was brought back to life by the daughter of a Nága ; and Parikshita when burnt in his mother's womb by the arrow of Ashvatthamá, was revived by Krishna. Who but Fate brought to life again Kacha who was burnt by Daitya, and the Nágas who were devoured by Garúda ? Saying all these to himself, he watched the skeleton in hope to see it revive again.

Now, at midnight, while he was watching, his thoughts having driven sleep away, he felt the smell of burning incense, and then he heard the loud sound of drums. Soon after he saw Yoginís coming that way with a burning light. They then got hold of the skeleton and ran away with it. Much astonished he ran after them sword in hand. He found them among the trees, seated around the skeleton, and repairing it. Each of them lent it a member of her own body, and having finished the whole, they began to dance around it. The corpse then rose as from a sleep, and each of them began to caress him for which purpose they had brought him to life. When the night began to wane, Ishána feared that they would take back the members which they had supplied, and so he with a yell rushed into their circle. The Yoginís fled at the same time bidding him not to fear, for they would not take back the members they had given, nor would they themselves be

mutilated because of their gift; and assuring him that through their blessings he would be king under the name of Aryyarája.

Sandhimati clothed in heavenly robes and garlands, and remembering the facts before his death, bowed to his Guru. He, too, in excess of delight embraced him whom he never hoped to see alive again. They then, in wise conversation, began to discuss on the worthlessness of the world. The citizens in the meantime having learnt what had happened came to the spot, both young and old, with the ministers of the State. They at first doubted the identity of Sandhimati, but his speech dispelled their doubts. The Bráhmanas then bathed his newly received heavenly body in the neighbouring grove, and he entered the city accompanied by his army.

APPENDIX D.

THE stories that are related of king Meghaváhana, are as follow:—One day when he was walking, he heard a cry near him of "thief thief," and he also heard the voice of weeping. "Who is there, kill the thief," said the king in anger; after which the crying ceased, but he saw not the thief. Two or three days after when he went out to ride, some two or three beautiful women came to him for help. The kind-hearted king stopped his horse, and heard what they had to say. They made their obeisance and said: "O merciful king! Since thou hast begun to reign, who shall fear the oppression of other men? Once, when the sky was covered with clouds, and the peasants were afraid of a hail storm and anxious to protect their fields of ripened corn, they got angry with the Nágas who were our husbands and raised the cry of 'thief.' You heard it and ordered that thy should be killed, and they were bound with ropes. Now have mercy on us and on them." The king smiled and ordered them to be released. The Nágas, thus freed, bowed to the king and went away with their wives.

It is related that in an expedition which this king led against others, he meditated when his soldiers were sleeping at ease under the Palm trees, how he could conquer the island before him. While thus thinking, he heard a cry from the seaside forest exclaiming "Even in the reign

of Meghaváhana this man is killed." Grieved to hear this the king went to the spot taking with him an umbrella; and there he saw a hunter chief killing a man before the temple of Chandí. "Fie to your wicked act," said the king to the hunter, "you do not know what may betide you." The hunter became afraid, and replied that his child was lying on the point of death, and a heavenly voice had proclaimed that if he sacrificed the man before the shrine of Chandí his child would be saved. For a long time he offered no sacrifice, and hence his child was dying, and his many friends also would die, for the child was the life of all. "You protect the helpless, and why do you not protect the child whose death many will lament." When the king heard the words of the hunter and looked on the suppliant look of the man who was being sacrificed, he thus said "Hear O! hunter, I shall protect both you and your child and its many friends, as also this friendless man. Here I offer myself a sacrifice before the goddess, kill me without fear, and let them both live. Astonished at this great self-sacrifice of the king, the hunter replied "your mercy, O! king, has got the better of your reason; why should you disregard your valuable life which should be saved at the cost of the three worlds? Kings should not care for pride or fame or virtue or wealth or friends or wives or sons when their own life is in danger. Therefore have no mercy on this man. If you live, your subjects as well as my son will live." To this the king who was willing to offer himself a sacrifice thus replied: "What do you know of justice, you who dwell in forests; the inhabitants of the deserts know not the pleasure of bathing in the Ganges. Do you, O! fool, oppose my attempt to buy immortal glory with this mortal body? Speak no more, if you feel hesitation to strike me, cannot I do so with my own sword?" Thus saying he drew his sword, and when he was on the point of striking himself, his hand was stayed by a heavenly being, and his head was crowned with flowers. And he saw not the goddess nor the hunter nor the victim nor the child. A divine personage introduced himself to the king as Varuna. He said that the umbrella which stood over the king's head was captured by the king's father-in-law named Rauma from his city in former times. "Without the umbrella," said Varuna, "our subjects are subjected to endless dangers. Therefore, before

taking back this umbrella, I have tested your kindness, and this magical show was my own creation." The king then delivered the umbrella to Varuna, and also offered prayers to him, and said that "even the kalpa tree was not equal to good beings. For the tree gave blessings when asked, while the good gave benefits unasked. If you had not asked the umbrella for the benefit of your subjects, but had taken it for your own use, your act would not have been righteous. Charitable men do not favor their dependants by halves, a tree gives shade as well as fruits. Urged by my dependants I ask for some favor. With your favor I have conquered the whole earth, now advise me how I can cross the ocean to the island." Then replied Varuna that "if you wish to cross the sea I will make its water hard." The king acknowledged the favor when the god disappeared with the umbrella. On the next day, the king crossed the hardened sea with his astonished army.

It is said that some time after he had forbidden the killing of animals, a Bráhmana took his dead son and came to the king's door and began to weep. He said that as he had given no sacrifice to Durgá who wanted some, his only son had died of fever that day. "If you do not save my son O! king! by permitting the sacrifice of a living being I shall hold thee as the cause of the child's death. Say thou O! chief of men! if there is no difference between the life of a Bráhmana and that of a beast. Those kings are dead, O! mother earth! who killed even Rishis to save Bráhmanas." When the Bráhmana had said these and other harsh words through grief, the king thought that he had resolved not to kill animals, and asked himself if he should break his vow for the Bráhmana. "But if he dies for me," he thought, "I shall be guilty of greater sin, my mind is in doubt, nor can it choose either alternative, like the flower which falls in the whirl-pool where many currents meet. Therefore, by sacrificing myself, I shall satisfy Durgá, I shall save the life of the Bráhmana and of his son, as well as keep my promise." Thus determining he dismissed the Bráhmana, promising to revive his son the next day. In the night, when the king was going to sacrifice himself, Durgá prevented him from so doing, and brought the Bráhmana's dead son to life again.

APPENDIX E.

The visit of Shiva to the king is thus narrated :

At Shri hill the prince met a follower of Shiva named Ashvapáda, who gave him some roots, &c., to eat and said that in a former birth he (Ashvapáda) had attained perfection and had asked the prince what he wanted, and the prince had asked to have a kingdom. "And when I was thinking as to how your desire could be attained, Mahádeva said to me that you were his favored follower, and that he would fulfil your desire. Thus saying, Mahádeva disappeared." These words reminded the prince of his former life, and with a desire of getting the kingdom, he worshipped Shiva for one year, after which period Shiva appeared to him in the form of a hermit, and promised him to give whatever he wanted. The prince wanted to be king of the world. "Wherefore do you ask," questioned the god in the form of a hermit, "temporary enjoyment instead of salvation." The prince answered, "I asked you for the kingdom believing you to be a false hermit, for surely you are not Shiva, the great guru of the world. For the great give more than what is asked of them, they will give milk if a thirsty man asks for water. You cannot know the pain which I feel for ~~not~~ getting salvation." Shiva became glad, and showed his real person to him and said that "in due course, when you will be reigning, Ashvapáda by my orders will warn you of your salvation." When Shiva disappeared, the prince took leave of Ashvapáda and came to Káshmíra.

The death of king Pravarasena is thus told :

By the orders of Shiva, Ashvapáda addressed one Jayanta, a Káshmírian Bráhmana, saying "I hope you are not weary of travelling, show this letter to the king." But the Bráhmana said that he was weary of travelling, and could not set out that day. Whereupon Ashvapáda replied that he was a hermit of the class that carried human skulls, and as he had touched him, he should bathe. So saying he pushed the Bráhmana into a pond. Rising from the water, when Jayanta opened his eyes, he saw himself in his native country, and the servants of the king busy in fetching water from the river for the king to worship. Jayanta found opportunity to put the billet hastily in one of the water-vessels. Now, when the king was bathing Shiva Pravaresha, the letter dropped from the pot, he

read it, and sent for Jayanta whom he dismissed satisfied with royal presents. The contents of the letter were as follow :— "You have done what should have been done, you have given large gifts, and enjoyed what should have been enjoyed, your years are on the decline, what more shall you do? Come to the house of Shiva." The king ascended the heaven piercing through the stony house and the people saw him going towards Kailása across the clear sky, like another sun. The king reached the court of Shiva in his human body. Even to this day may be seen the passage through which the king made his exit into heaven.

Jayanta who got riches by this strange means, built a village inhabited by Bráhmanas, and called it after his name.

APPENDIX F.

The selection of the spot for the construction of the new city is thus narrated :—

One night the king set out in order to ascertain the best place and time to build his city. The stars were reflected on the jewels of his crown, and looked like mustard kept for charming away evil spirits. He then saw on the banks of a river the trees lighted up by the light of the burning dead; and on the other side of the river he saw a gigantic Rákshasa with hands uplifted and making a hedious yell. The fiery glance of the Rákshasa fell on him which made him turn pale; while the being filled the air with yells, and laughing aloud, said "If you and Vikramáditya and Shúdraka be excepted, patience exists not in this earth. I will O king! fulfil your desire, so cross the bridge and come over to my side." So saying he stretched his leg and made a bridge of it over the river. Seeing the bridge made of his limb, the king drew out his knife, and having cut out some flesh he made something like steps. The place where he crossed is still called Kshurikávála. When the king had gone over to the other side, the Rákshasa advised him to build the city where in the morning the king would see a thread spread by him, and then disappeared. In the village of Sháritaka the seat of Yaksha Atta and the goddess Sháriká, the king found the thread left by the Rákshasa.

APPENDIX G.

Here is an account of the lives of this king and queen on their previous births :—

The king in his former life was a dice-player ; he lost everything in the play, and became indifferent to worldly life. He then wished to commit suicide. Thus dice-players are never satisfied till they have lost everything. But then he felt a desire to see the goddess Bhramaravásiní who was in the Vindhyá hills, though the attempt might cost him his life, and to get her blessing. For five yoyanas round the place where the goddess resided, the black bees used to sting those who approached, and so made the place inaccessible. But the dice-player thought light of the danger, for life he thought was transient. He first covered himself with mail, then with buffalo hide, and then with clay and dung. The sun dried up the clay, which gave him pain, and he looked like a moving brick. Despairing of life he left the direct way and went through deep dark caverns. The noise of the black bees which deafened the ear, rose like the sound of death. The dust that rose from the first layer of clay blinded their eyes, and though they stung, yet they could not oppose him. They retired for a time, but after the pilgrim had proceeded three yoyanas, the first layer of clay was all rubbed away. Then the bees fell on the buffalo hide, and made a loud "chata-chatá" sound. When he had proceeded half a yoyana more, he knew by the "rana-raná" sound that the bees had fallen on his iron mail. He then began to run fast, but the iron cover was cut by the bees and fell off from his body, but still he did not lose patience. When the house of the goddess was yet two kroshas distant, he began to run driving the black bees with his hands. When he reached her house, only bones and small blood-vessels were left, his flesh being torn off ; and his eyes were protected with his hands. Then the bees ceased to sting, he looked round, and fell almost dead at the feet of the goddess. The goddess touched him with her hand and revived him, and renewed his body and made it good. He soon revived by the touch of the heavenly hand and looked round, but saw not the awful figure of the goddess seated on the lion that he had seen when he had entered the room. But he saw a young woman

by the side of a tank in the midst of a garden. Her necklace was flowing over her swelling bosom, her small feet were dyed red, and her lips were of the same color. Her hair was black, and moon-like was her face, and small was her waist. Finding her so lovely and alone, he felt a passion for her, and thought her to be an Apsará. The girl then addressed him with kindness "you have suffered weariness in your way, O! beautiful, rest yourself and ask for blessing.' "My weariness is gone," replied he, "at your sight, and how can I ask you for blessing, you are not the goddess." "How you are mistaken," exclaimed she, "be I goddess or not I can bestow favor on you." When she promised that she would give him whatever he might ask for, he disrespectfully asked permission to be familiar with her. "How evil-minded you are," she exclaimed, "ask for any thing else, for I am the goddess Bhramaravásiní." Even when he knew her to be the goddess, his mind would not be calm, for who can oppose desires even to the next life. He said that if she wished to redeem her promise, she must grant what he had asked for, for he wished for nothing else. "Not the least part of that," continued he, "which is fixed by fate is left undone. Be you goddess or be you the wife of Shiva, be you hedious or lovely, I see in you the same being that I saw before." Seeing him fixed in his determination, she said that his desire would be fulfilled in his next birth. "Heavenly beings do not wish to cohabit with mortals, so begone," she said and disappeared. He then went to Prayága, and fell from the Vata tree; his soul left his body, wishing in the last moment that the words of the goddess might be fulfilled. He then became Ranáditya, and the goddess became Ranarambhá in their next births, and they did not forget the history of their past births.

APPENDIX H.

The following story is related of the two images mentioned in the text :—

On the day following, when the ceremony of invoking the divine spirit into the images was about to be commenced, an astrologer from a foreign country found fault with the images as they were filled with frogs and stones inside. And when

the king was meditating as to what to do, his goddess queen said to him that when the daughter of Himálaya was being married to Shiva, Brahmá who served as priest worshipped Vishnu. But since it was as useless to worship Vishnu alone as to worship Sakti without Linga, he made a Linga also. These images of Vishnu and Linga were then taken from Brahmá by Rávana and were worshipped at Lanká, and were kept there for a long time. But after Rávana's death, the monkeys took possession of them, and not knowing their value, threw them into the lake Mánasa. "From that lake, I have caused them to be taken out, and you shall see them to-morrow morning." She then went into her apartment, and through her invisible agents, caused them to be got out of the lake, and the king to his great surprise saw them in the morning. Suddenly another image of Shiva, named Ranasvámí, arose from the earth penetrating the ground, and then ascended to the heaven unperceived. Some say, however, that it was seen by all men. In honor of this god, the queen made the holy Siddha versed in Vedas perform many religious ceremonies. Before god Pradyumna, the king and the queen raised two images of Shiva, named Ranárambhasvámí, and built a house for Shaivas.

APPENDIX I.

Once upon a time a Bráhmana woman appeared in the court, and, when asked by a Justice as to the reason of her coming, replied to the king that her husband had been murdered, while the punisher of the wicked still reigned. It was a shame to a holy king that an untimely death should overtake his subject. "If you attribute it to Kali yuga," she continued, "still you should not be indifferent to such a heinous crime. I do not remember that my husband had quarrels with any one. He was neither envious, nor arrogant, nor avaricious, but of sweet words, and spoke with every one, nor did he bear malice to any." She then said, that she suspected one Bráhmana who lived near Mákshikasvámí, who was of the same age with her husband, and was his fellow-student, though inferior to him in learning, and who knew magic. "The ignorant and the low," she said, "oppose out of envy the doings of the great, in order to dim their reputation. He who frequents not

the house of prostitutes is not a bad character, he who injures not others, does not remain in constant fear, he who talks not much, speaketh no lie, he who is not a Káyastha, is not ungrateful, he who is not born in the house of a bountiful man, is not avaricious, he who is not envious is not ever unhappy, he who is not henpecked is not laughed at, he who is not old, speaks not politely, he who is not illegitimate, does not blame his father, he who is not in love is not bashful, he who is not half-educated is not vicious. This is the true saying." When she had said thus, the king ordered the suspected Bráhmana to be brought and to be examined by ordeal. Whereupon the Bráhmana woman again said "O king! he knows magic, and can remain under water, so that examination by ordeal will be useless for him." "How can we act," replied the king, "against law, when the crime is not proved, punishment cannot be awarded to any one, far less to a Bráhmana, who, even when guilty, cannot be killed." But the Bráhmana woman said that she had taken food for four nights, and had not followed her husband to the other world, only to have that criminal punished; and if he was not punished, she would starve herself to death.

When the Bráhmana woman remained without food, the king also remained in the same state, trusting on the god Tribhuvanasvámí. When three nights were thus passed, at about dawn, the king learnt the truth from Tribhuvanasvámí in a dream. "You should not," said the god, "thus seek for divine revelation in Kali yuga, for who can bring the sun in the middle of the night? But only on account of your virtues, you will be favored with the revelation for once. Scatter in the yard of my temple the powdered dust of sháli grain, and let every one go round over it, and then you will be able to know the murderer by his foot-marks which will be like those of the Bráhmana-slayer, and he should be punished. Do this during night, for in the day time the sun eliminates sins." The king, accordingly, found out the criminal and punished him, though he did not kill him for he was a Bráhmana. When the man was punished, the woman blessed the king, and said that of all kings he and Kártavíryya alone had punished offenders for sins done in secret. "While you reign, O king! who can live without feeling for you love or friendship."

XV

APPENDIX J.

The king was greater than Indra, his orders were not slighted even by gods. Once, for instance, when he was encamping with his army on the shores of the Eastern Sea (Bay of Bengal), he ordered for a Kapittha fruit, and his men knew not whence to bring it. But a being from heaven brought the thing to him. The king accepted the present and made a sign to his sentinel to ask who he was. The person replied that he was the gardener of Indra, and had been sent by his master, and that he had some message to deliver in private. The sentinel, accordingly, removed other men from the king's presence. He then said that Indra had sent him a message which, though harsh, was intended for his good, and which he would have the goodness to forgive. "Hear, O king!" continued the messenger of Indra, "why even in Kali yuga, your words have been obeyed by gods. In your previous life, you were employed by a rich villager to till his grounds. One summer day, you were driving your bullocks in a wood where there was no water, and in the evening, when you were tired with the day's work, some one brought to you cake and water from your master's house. But when, after washing your hands and feet, you were going to eat, you saw a Bráhmana dying of hunger. He forbade you to eat, since he was dying of starvation; and, though the man who brought to you your food advised you not to give it to the Bráhmana, yet you gladly gave him half of the cake and water, sweetening your offer with kind words. And for that timely gift the gods undertook to obey one hundred of your orders. It is for this that rivers of pure water have flowed at your bidding in the sandy desert. Though the gift be small, yet, when given in good spirit and with kind words, and to a deserving person, is more beneficial than Kalpa tree. But with indiscretion you have wellnigh spent the stock of one hundred orders, and there are only a few remaining. Being a wise man, why have you lost your discretion like an ordinary king? How can the fruit that grows in Káshmíra in the rainy season be had in winter in the shores of the Eastern Sea? That the gods obey you wherever you may be, is owing to the gift you made in your former life. Now, in the East, Indra obeys you with reluctance, you having come nearly to the end of your stock

of orders. Do not give such orders unless in emergency, for there are only a few remaining which will be obeyed." The king became astonished to learn the value of gifts, and to obtain such benefits again, he caused a permanent asylum for the poor to be built at Pariháśapura; and to this asylum he presented one lac and one plates with food. And for the same reason, he also caused a city to be constructed in a barren place, that thirsty men might find water there.

APPENDIX K.

The following is the story told of the mysterious jewels:—Changkuna used to augment gold in the king's treasury by magic. In Pangchanada at the confluence of the rivers the king was once detained with his army being unable to cross over, and consulted with his minister as to the means of crossing. At this time Changkuna threw a jewel into the deep river, which divided the waters into two parts, and when the king and his army had crossed the river to the other side, the magician drew out his talisman by another jewel, and the waters flowed as before. Astonished at this, the king praised him and asked for those two jewels. Changkuna smiled and said that they were fit for himself but were unworthy of the king. A good thing is admired when among common things and not when it is with other good things. The moon-stone which perspires in the moonlight is fit to be seen at the sea-shore and not when it is under the sea (its moisture being then lost in the sea water). The king smiled and asked what better jewels he possessed. "Give me those," he continued, "in exchange of what you think to be more precious, or of whatever I have in my treasury." "This is a great boon," said Changkuna, "oblige me by giving what I desire, the statue of Buddha which you brought on elephant from Magadha. Take the jewels that will carry thee safe through the waters, and give me that which will carry me safe through this world." The king made the exchange.

APPENDIX L.

The discovery of the copper ore is thus related :—

One day the king saw in a vision a heavenly person who told him "I am Moháپadma, king of the Nágas. I am happy in your friendship and live in your kingdom, and now I come to ask you for protection. A charmer from Drávira wants to capture me and sell me to the people of a desert where they are hankering after water. If you can protect me from him, I shall show you a hill where gold can be found." The king heard these words in dream, and caused the charmer to be brought and asked him his purpose, assuring him at the same time of his safety. The charmer confessed to him all that the king had heard in his dream, whereupon the king wondered, and again asked him as to how he could take out the serpent from the lake which extended over several yojanas. "O king!" replied the charmer, "the powers of magic are beyond thought, and if you want to see it, come quickly." The king then followed him to the lake which the magician dried up by his arrow discharged with spells. The king then saw in the mud, surrounded by numerous other serpents, a snake having the face of man, and a span in length. "I have shortened him by my spells," said the charmer, "and I capture him now." But the king forbade him to capture the king of the snakes. The magician obeyed the king, and made the lake full of water as it was before. The king dismissed the Drávarian with gifts of money, and wondered the serpent did not show him the promised hill where gold was to be found. When he thought thus, the serpent appeared to him in a dream, and asked him, "For what benefit shall I show you the golden mount? It is through the chance of birth that one country is our native land, and another foreign, there is no real difference between them. For fear of humiliation I asked your protection, but you subjected me to that humiliation. What is more humiliating than to be insulted before those whom I protect? How shall I see the faces of my females who found me unable to save them from the power of another? You and myself are born of the same source, but for your pastime we were insulted. Those who are blind with their prosperity and heedless in their action, think that they have done great favors in whatever they

do. Kings deem it but play to insult others, but those who are insulted, think themselves as dead as long as they breathe. Kings slight the honor of other people when it comes in contact with their interest, but great men try to preserve their honor even at the sacrifice of life. How can they understand what honor is, who insult the proud. Still however your expectations from me will not be altogether disappointed, for I shall show you the hill where there is copper ore." Then he gave such directions in dream as enabled the king, when he rose in the morning, to discover the hill with copper ore.

List of Kings of Káshmíra.

	Kali.	Saka.	Loukika.*	B. C.	Period of reign.
Book I—		(Before)			Y. M. D.
Gonanda I	653	2526	I 28	2448	
Dámodara I					
Yasovati					
Gonanda II					
[Here records of 35 kings are lost.] ...					
Lava					
Kusheshaya					
Khagendra					
Surendra					1226†
Godhara					
Suvarna					
Janaka					
Shachinara					
Ashoka					
Jaloka					
Dámodara II					
Hushka, Jushka, and Kanishka					
Abhimanyu I					

* In Appendix A we calculated the Loukika era by fixing the century in which Kahlana wrote as the first But we find it more convenient to make the century in which Gonanda reigned as the first. According to this calculation the reign of Gonanda began on the 28th year of the century, in which he reigned, or what we now call the first century. For we know that Kahlana wrote the work 3,596 years after the commencement of Gonanda's reign, and that this was the 24th year of a new century. This century, therefore, must have begun 3,572 years after the commencement of Gonanda's reign. Therefore our first Loukika century must have commenced 28 years before the commencement of Gonanda's reign ; or Gonanda reigned on the 28th year of the first century, which we represent in the table thus.—I 28.

† These are from Gonanda I to Abhimanyu, 52 kings, whose accounts were lost, but of whom Kahlana could find the names of all except 35.

	Kali.	Saka.	Loukika.		B. C.	Period of reign.		
		(Before)				Y.	M.	D.
Gonanda III	1919	1260	XIII	94	1182	35	0	0
Vibhishana I	1954	1225	XIV	29	1147	53	0	0
Indrajita	2007	1172	XIV	82	1094	35	6	0
Rávana	...	...	...		...			
Vibhishana II ...	2043	1136	XV	18	1058	35	6	0
Nara *alias* Kinnara ..	2078	1101	XV	53	1023	39	9	0
Sidha	2118	1061	XV	93	983	60	0	0
Utpaláksha	2178	1001	XVI	53	923	30	6	0
Hiranyáksha	2208	971	XVI	83	893	37	7	6
Hiranyakula	2246	933	XVII	21	855	60	0	0
Mukula *alias* Vasukula ...	2306	873	XVII	81	795	60	0	0
Mihirakula	2366	813	XVIII	41	735	70	0	0
Vaka	2436	743	XIX	11	665	63	0	13
Kshitinanda	2499	680	XIX	74	602	30	0	0
Vasunanda	2529	650	XX	4	572	52	2	0
Nara II	2581	598	XX	56	520	60	0	0
Aksha	2641	538	XXI	16	460	60	0	0
Gopáditya	2701	478	XXI	76	400	60	0	6
Gokarna	2761	418	XXII	36	340	57	11	0
Narendráditya I *alias* Khingkhila	2819	360	XXII	94	282	36	3	10
Yudhisthira I... .	2855	324	XXIII	30	246	79	5	10*
Book II—								
Pratápáditya I ...	2934	245	XXIV	9	167	32	0	0
Jalauka	2966	213	XXIV	41	135	32	0	0
Tungjina I	2998	181	XXIV	73	103	36	0	0
Vijaya	3034	145	XXV	9	67	8	0	0
Jayendra	3042	137	XXV	17	59	37	0	0
Sandhimati *alias* Aryyarája	3079	100	XXV	54	22	47	0	0

* The period of the reign of Yudhisthira I is not mentioned in the text, but the above figure has been obtained by subtracting the total period of reigns of the previous kings from the total period of reigns of all the kings given at the end of Book I.

	Kali.	Saka.	Loukika.		A.D.	Period of reign.		
		(Before)				Y.	M.	D.
Book III—								
Meghaváhana	3126	53	XXVI	1	25	34	0	0
Shreshtasena *alias* Pravarasena I *alias* Tungjina II	3160	19	XXVI	35	59	30	0	0
		After						
Hiranya	3190	11	XXVI	65	89	30	2	0
Mátrigupta	3221	42	XXVI	96	120	4	9	1
Pravarasena II ...	3226	47	XXVII	1	125	60	0	0
Yudhishthira II ...	3286	107	XXVII	61	185	21	3	0
Narendráditya I *alias* Lakshmana	3307	128	XXVII	82	206	13	0	0
Ranáditya I *alias* Tungjina III	3320	141	XXVII	95	219	300	0	0
Vikramáditya	3620	441	XXX	95	519	42	0	0
Báláditya	3662	483	XXXI	37	561	37	4	0
Book IV—								
Durlabhavardhana ..	3699	520	XXXI	74	598	36	0	0
Durlabhaka *alias* Pratápáditya II	3735	556	XXXII	10	634	50	0	0
Chandrápira *alias* Vajráditya I	3785	606	XXXII	60	684	8	8	0
Tárápira	3794	615	XXXII	69	693	4	0	24
Lalitáditya I	3798	619	XXXII	73	697	36	7	11
Kuvalayápira ...	3834	655	XXXIII	9	733	1	0	15
Vajráditya II *alias* Vappiyaka *alias* Lalitáditya II	3835	656	XXXIII	10	734	7	0	0
Prithivyápira I ...	3842	663	XXXIII	17	741	4	1	0
Sangrámapíra I ...	3846	667	XXXIII	21	745	0	0	7
Jayápira (together with usurpation of Jajja) ...	3846	667	XXXIII	21	745	31	0	0

	Kali	Saka.	Loukika.		A.D.	Period of reign.		
		(After)				Y.	M.	D.
Lalitápíra	3877	698	XXXIII	52	776	12	0	0
Sangrámapíra II *alias* Prithivyápíra II ...	3889	710	XXXIII	64	788	7	0	0
Chippatajayápira *alias* Vrihaspati	3896	717	XXXIII	71	795	12	0	0
Ajitápira	3914	735	XXXIII	89*	813	36	0	0
Ananggapíra	3950	771	XXXIV	25	849	3	0	0
Utpalápira	3953	774	XXXIV	28	852	3	0	0
Book V—								
Avantivarmmá ...	3956	777	XXXIV	31	855	28	0	0
Shangkaravarmmá ...	3984	805	XXXIV	59	883	18	8	4
Gopálavarmmá ...	4003	824	XXXIV	78	902	2	0	0
Sangkata	4005	826	XXXIV	80	904	0	0	10
Sugandhá	4005	826	XXXIV	80	904	2	0	0
Pártha	4007	828	XXXIV	82	906	15	10	0
Nirjjitavarmmá ...	4022	843	XXXIV	97	921	1	1	0
Chakravarmmá ...	4023	844	XXXIV	98	922	10	0	0
Shuravarmmá I ..	4034	855	XXXV	9	933	1	0	0
Pártha (2nd time) ..	4035	856	XXXV	10	934	1	0	0
Chakravarmmá (2nd time)	4036	857	XXXV	11	935	0	6	0
Shambhubardhana ... } Chakravarmmá (3rd time) ... ... }	4036	857	XXXV	11	935	1	5	0
Unmattávanti ...	4038	859	XXXV	13	937	2	0	0
Suravarmmá II ...	4040	861	XXXV	15	939		...	
Book VI—								
Yashaskara	4040	861	XXXV	15	939	9	0	0
Varnata	4049	870	XXXV	24	948		...	

* According to our calculation, the reign of Ajitápira would fall in the year XXXIII, 83; but as it is mentioned in the text that he reigned in 89, we adopt it. There is thus a difference of only 6 years. Calculation according to other eras has been similarly modified.

	Kali.	Saka.	Loukika.		A.D.	Period of reign.		
		(After)						
Sanggráma I	4049	870	XXXV	24	948	0	6	0
Parvvagupta	4049	870	XXXV	24	948	1	4	0
Kshemagupta... ...	4051	872	XXXV	26	950	8	6	0
Abhimanyu II ...	4059	880	XXXV	34	958	13	10	0
Nandigupta	4073	894	XXXV	48	972	1	1	0
Tribhuvanagupta ...	4074	895	XXXV	49	973	2	0	0
Bhímagupta	4076	897	XXXV	51	975	5	0	0
Diddá	4081	902	XXXV	56	980	23	0	0
Book VII—								
Sanggrámarája *alias* Kshamápati ...	4104	925	XXXV	79	1003	24	10	0
Harirája	4129	950	XXXVI	4	1028	0	0	22
Anantadeva	4129	950	XXXVI	4	1028	35	1	5
Ranáditya II *alias* Kalasha	4164	985	XXXVI	39	1063	26	4	0
Utkarsha	4190	1011	XXXVI	65	1089	0	0	22
Harsha	4190	1011	XXXVI	65	1089	11	8	13
(died) ...	4202	1023	XXXVI	77	1101	...		

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KINGS OF KÁSHMÍRA:

BEING

A TRANSLATION OF THE SANSKRITA WORK

RÁJATARANGINÍ

OF

KAHLANA PANDITA.

BY

JOGESH CHUNDER DUTT.

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PREFACE.

The writer has the pleasure now to lay before the public the second volume of his translation of Rájataraṅgiṇí. He regrets the long time which has intervened since the publication of the first volume in 1879 and the issue of the present volume. His official duties, ill health and long absence from Calcutta were mainly the causes of this delay. The volume, now published, completes the work of Kahlaṇa and brings down the narrative to a period when the country of Kashmira was just recovering from a long and disasterous civil war.

Kahlaṇa was contemporaneous with the last king whose account is narrated in his history, and probably he used to read his work, from time to time, at the court of his sovereign. He has consequently made every effort to justify the conduct of the princes of the usurping dynasty, and to censure, often unjustly, the conduct of the last king of the previous line. Writing for a courtly audience, Kahlaṇa often indulges in style which is more artistic than clear; and his love of alliteration has clouded many an important passage. In several places, persons and events have been referred to by him so incidentally as to make it extremely difficult for us to identify them, though the sense was no doubt clear

to people of his generation. And, lastly, his narration too is not faultless. Not only does he often attach undue importance to insignificant incidents, but he also travels from subject to subject without having the patience to complete the account of any one of them. He might have left us much more of useful and valuable information of his own times than he has done.

As regards the history of times anterior to his, all that can be said is, that, in the absence of any other historical records, his must be considered very valuable. Wherever light has been received from other sources, his account appears to be meagre and incomplete, though generally correct.

But whatever his defects may be, one is inclined to overlook them when he considers that he is perhaps the only author in Saṃskṛita, now known, who attempted to write a sober history. If he did not write quite in the spirit and style that would be approved in modern times, it was more the fault of the spirit of his national literature than his own. To him belongs the credit of discovering, as it were, a new department in literature which it was the duty of his successors to improve.

CALCUTTA,
The 14th March 1887.

J. C. DUTT.

*An Introductory Essay on the History of Kashmira**

BY

R. C. DUTT.

I

The want of an authentic history of the ancient Hindus has been a matter of just regret from the days of Sir William Jones. Attempts have been repeatedly made to fix the chronology of ancient India; but every attempt, however ingeniously commenced and assiduously conducted, appears to have resulted in disappointment and failure. Baffled antiquarians have at last recorded their conviction that the task is hopeless; that the nation which cultivated poetry and mathematics and some of the sciences in remote times with such wonderful success must ever remain without a history: that the dead past of India is to us a volume sealed with seven seals, and the seals will never be broken.

While we share to a certain extent the regrets of antiquarians at the want of an authentic history of India, we cannot at the same time share their belief that the past of India is altogether a sealed volume to us. While we agree with them in considering the fixing of a chronology for ancient India a hopeless task, we venture to think that we may yet obtain much useful and interesting information about the ancient Hindus without knowing their chronology. While we despair of ever being able to construct a connected narrative of the great wars and successive reigns and important occurrences that took place in ancient India from extant materials, we are nevertheless hopeful that those materials will enable the historian to trace the *real history* of the great people and their peculiar civilisation, and to reproduce with faithfulness and accuracy, at least in general outlines, the story of their national rise and progress, from the date of their settlement as shepherd and agricultural tribes on the banks of the Indus, to the founding of powerful independent kingdoms and the wonderful development of religions, literature, arts and sciences all over the continent

* The above essay appeared as a review of the first volume of the present translation in the *Calcutta Review* for July 1880. It is here inserted with the permission of the writer

of India. And if we can succeed in doing this, if we can trace how the Hindu nation achieved its civilisation gradually and through successive stages, and if we can further ascertain the general character of the civilisation of each stage or epoch, we shall not very much regret that a list of kings, or of wars, is wanting to complete the history of India.

Indeed, it seems to us that the disappointment and failure of the earlier antiquarians were to a great extent due to the wrong method they pursued. Our earlier antiquarians spent all their energies in trying to construct lists of kings for the different provinces and kingdoms of India. Sir William Jones and his fellow labourers repeatedly had recourse to the Puranas, and such lists were again and again made out; all more or less incorrect and valueless. Later investigators followed in their footsteps, and Mr H. H. Wilson has given us lists of some of the oldest reigning dynasties of India. We believe these lists to be more or less incorrect; but supposing they were correct, we fail to see what we should gain by having long lists of royal names of the Houses of the Sun or the Moon. If it were possible to construct such lists with regard to every kingdom in India, from Kashmira in the north to Drabira and Carnata in the south, we should still know as little of the real history of India as if they had never existed; the true history of the people would still remain for us a book sealed with seven seals.

Fortunately, with the advance of antiquarian knowledge, such attempts have been given up and we have been taught to follow a better method. The labours of living antiquarians generally, and of Max Müller more especially, have more and more brought home to us the conviction that the gradual development of civilisation in India followed a method which can be ascertained, and that the details, not of wars or reigns, but of the progress of the nation from age to age, can be ascertained from the materials in our possession. A great nation never passes away without leaving records of its thought and achievements. And if in India such records have been left unintentionally and almost unwittingly,—they are for that very reason the more reliable, because ungarbled. Each successive age has left in its literature, an impress, a photograph as it were, of its thought and civilisation; and when we bring all these photographs together, compare the features of the nation gradually

developing into the strength of manhood, or declining to the furrows and feebleness of old age.—we perceive at a glance the whole history of the Hindu nation and its civilisation. There is no gap anywhere, no link is wanting; we never miss the cause when we perceive a great effect or change in society; and a full, connected, and true history of four thousand years,—such as no other nation in the world can lay claim to,—is laid before our eyes, —so full, so clear, that he who runs may read.

Such is the method that we are now pursuing, and there can be no doubt that the labours of the present generation will be rich in results It is true that a history of Ancient India has yet to be written; but the matetrials we are gathering are so rich and so full, that such a history is only a question of time. Years of patient enquiry and criticism will perhaps yet be necessary to gather from the existing records and works of different ages the laws, manners, and customs of the people of India through successive stages of civilisation; and even after such enquiry, much will yet remain obscure or doubtful, especially in the minuter details. Neverthele-s, the general outline of the history of the people will be ascertained with accuracy and distinctness, and the philosophical historian will trace with pleasure the progress of a nation isolated from the rest of the world, and working out its civilisation gradually and uninterruptedly, through a period of four thousand years.

When such work of criticism and enquiry shall have borne its fruits, we shall know how over two thousand years before the Christian era, bands or pastoral and agricultural tribes left their homes in Iran or Bactria and settled on the fertile banks of the five rivers of the Punjab. We shall know how they clustered together in small villages under their petty kings or chiefs; tended their cattle on the banks of rivers; cleared forests to introduce a rude sort of agriculture; and lived at first a semi-nomad and rude life. We shall know how they fought with the black dwellers of the country and defended and extended their settlements by their strong right arm; how they worshipped the sun, the sky, the fire, and whatever else was striking and beautiful in nature; and how the patriarchs of tribes, or the fathers of families were the natural priests, and invoked blessings on the tribe or family, and prayed to the gods for the preservation of cattle or the

confusion of their black enemies. Such hymns are still preserved to us after a period of three thousand years and more, and breathe a simplicity, a fervour, and a piety worthy of the earliest recorded poetry of the human race.

We shall further gather from such enquiry and criticism how priestcraft and priestly influence crept into this simple and archaic state of society, spoilt its fervour, and repressed its native energy. Forms of worship were gradually elaborated and crystallised until they assumed monstrous proportions; priests formed a caste by themselves, and, as elsewhere in the world, domineered over laymen; kings and soldiers formed a second proud caste, while the great mass of traders and agriculturists formed a third. The aborigines who had owned the supremacy of the conquerors, were content to be their slaves and formed a fourth caste. These divisions, and the increase of priestly influence and formal worship through hireling priests, repressed the healthy growth of the people and restrained their activity of thought for hundreds of years.

The only element which disturbed from time to time this unhealthy stagnation, was the rivalry of the great royal and military class, which could scarcely brook the supremacy even of priests. In the end this caste seems to have openly questioned priestly supremacy, and given a healthy stimulus to national thought and action. The earliest philosophical speculations of India are connected with this movement, inaugurated by the military caste, while the name of Janaka of Mithila, who was the proudest asserter of Khatriya supremacy, is also connected with the story of the first great Aryan invasion of southern India. Thus the national activity of this period manifested itself in action no less than in contemplation. New lands were visited and new kingdoms founded, until the whole of northern India and a part of the south were carved out into strong independent kingdoms and races, living side by side, all following the same religion, all enjoying a high degree of civilisation, and forming a sort of united confederation of nations. Wars were, of course, of frequent occurrence, as every ambitious prince tried to establish a sort of supremacy over his neighbours; but these wars were of a humane nature and never disturbed the peoples in their respective occupations; and when the supremacy so much sought after was established, the victor

and the surrounding princes were friendly again. One of the most signal of these international wars, if we may so term them, occurred about thirteen hundred years before Christ—it was the war of the Kurus. This war was the commencement of a new epoch in the history of India; it closed the Vedic epoch, and was the commencement of the epic period of India.*

II.

The traditions of India assert that Vyasa, the compiler of the Vedas, was contemporaneous with the war of the Kurus. Vyasa was probably a mythical personage; but the tradition points at any rate to the fact that the great war happened about the time when the Vedas were collected, arranged and compiled,—that is to say, at the close of the Vedic period. But, although this war happened immediately at the close of the Vedic period, and although the first invasion of Aryans into southern India occurred, as we have seen above, at a still earlier period, that is within the Vedic times, the two great epics, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, describing these two events respectively, were composed many centuries after. Indeed these two epics are not the

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* It is needless to remark that the real facts of the war and the names of those who fought it have been much altered and distorted in the epic of the Mahabharata, which was composed long after the occurrence took place. The only *contemporaneous* allusion to the war that has yet been discovered is in the Satapatha Brahmana of the Yajur Veda. In the earlier part of the Brahmana the Kurus and the Panchalas are represented as two friendly races living together in peace. In the latter portions of the Brahmana there are allusions to a violent occurrence and sin, and the fall of Janamejaya Parikshita and his brothers Bhimasena, Ugrasena and Srutasena. The great war must therefore have taken place between the time when the earlier portions of the Satapatha Brahmana were composed and the time when the later portions were composed. And as the Satapatha Brahmana was composed towards the close of the Vedic period, we are right in placing the great war at the close of the Vedic period.

There is no allusion in the Satapatha Brahmana or any other Brahmana to the Pandavas, and apparently therefore, they were not among the real actors in the real war between the Kurus and the Panchalas. The legend of the Pandavas is in fact of a later date. The Buddhist work Lalita Vistara makes an allusion to the five Pandus in the introduction,—but in the work itself the Pandavas are described as a wild mountain tribe, living by marauding and plunder. The Pandavas therefore, if they had any real existence at all, were probably a Non-Aryan hill tribe, among whom polyandry prevailed, and who may or may not have taken a part in the war between the Aryan Kurus and Panchalas.

The name of Arjuna is mentioned in the Satapatha Brahmana, but not as a hero of the war, but as synonymous with the name of the god Indra!

works of any single poets, but are the productions of saintly and imaginative writers of many centuries, each succeeding writer adding to, or altering, or modernising, the great heritage left by his predecessors. The traditions of the two great events lived in the memory of the nation and spontaneously gave rise to lays and songs, centuries after the occurrences had taken place. The names of the heroes of the wars had by that time been considerably altered, miraculous incidents had been intertwined with the main story, and as the great works went on increasing, numerous tales from the great storehouse of Hindu mythology were gradually mixed up with the stories of the wars. To throw a halo of sacredness over the compositions, they were ascribed to two great saints who were said to be contemporaneous with the two great wars, and under the shadow of these great names, each succeeding writer contributed his mite, until the poems assumed the ponderous proportions which they now exhibit. Thus the greatest literary heritages of India are in truth the results of national, not of individual, genius. Scholars like Weber and Max Müller agree that the main portions of them were composed before the spread of Buddhism in India in the third century before Christ; but portions have been added, and the poems have been modernised perhaps in a still later period.

Such being the history of the two great epics of India, it is necessary to turn to the events which they describe. We have observed before, that the war of the Kurus occurred at the close of the Vedic period. For several reasons it is necessary to fix the date of this occurrence. If we can fix the date of this period, we shall know when the Vedic period closed and the Vedas were compiled and arranged; we shall learn how early the whole of Northern India was divided into powerful and civilised independent tribes and kingdoms; and lastly, and what is more immediately to our purpose, we shall know when the authentic history of Kashmira begins,—for the history of Kashmira, which is the subject of our present article, commences at the time of the Kuru war.

Fortunately we are able to fix this date with a greater degree of certainty than we can fix the dates of most other events of ancient Hindu history. A number of very distinguished scholars, starting from different premises, and proceeding by different lines of argument, both astronomical

and chronological, have yet arrived at much the same conclusion, *viz.*, that the Kuru war and the final compilation of the Vedas took place about the 12th or 14th century before Christ. We need not here recapitulate their researches and reasoning on this point, but will only briefly allude to the results. Colebrooke, following two different lines of reasoning, arrives nevertheless, at the same date, *viz* 14th century before Christ. Major Wilford fixes 1370 B. C. while Dr. Hamilton puts it down to the 12th century B. C. Archdeacon Pratt accepts this last date on astronomical grounds, while Mr. H. H. Wilson accepts the conclusion of Colebrooke. All later historians and scholars have accepted either the 14th or the 12th century before Christ as the date of the momentous events which opened a new epoch in the history of India.

To the results of the researches of these eminent scholars we will only add the testimony of such facts and figures as the history of two great kingdoms in India can supply. The history of Magadha, thanks to the Buddhistic revolution, presents us with some dates which cannot be disputed. Sakya Sinha, the founder of the Buddhist religion, died about 550 B. C., and thirty-five princes reigned in Magadha between the Kuru war and the time of Sakya Sinha. Seventeen or sixteen years are considered a good general average of the reigns of kings in India; we shall accept the more moderate average, *viz.*, 16 years, and this calculation shows that the Kuru war took place in the 12th century before Christ.

Last, though not the least, is the testimony of the history of Kashmira. Kalhana Pandita, the writer of the history, lived in 1148 A. D. and his dates are perfectly reliable, and have rightly been accepted by Mr. H. H. Wilson, up to five or six centuries previous to the time of the historian. Indeed there can be no doubt as to the correctness of Kalhana's dates up to the reign of Durlabhabardhana, who ascended the throne in 598 A. D.* When, however the historian travels to an anterior period, his dates become extravagant and unreliable, and require to be adjusted. Mr. Wilson has, by so adjusting the dates, ascertained that the reign of

* Mr. Wilson makes it 615 A. D. But we accept the dates given by Mr. Jogesh Chunder Dutt, because his work is a literal translation of the Sanscrit history, whereas Mr. Wilson often consulted Persian authorities in writing his essay. The difference, however, is only of seventeen years.

Gonanda I, who was contemporaneous with the heroes of the Kuru war, happened about 1400 B. C. We should have very much liked to see the present translator, Mr. Jogesh Chunder Dutt, attempting such an adjustment of dates. Since, however, he has not done so, and, as we cannot for many reasons accept Mr. Wilson's dates,* we shall attempt to adjust the dates for ourselves.

We have seen that Durlabhabardhana ascended the throne in 598 A. D. Thirty-seven kings reigned between the time of Gonanda III and Durlabhabardhana. Giving sixteen years to each reign, we find that Gonanda III ascended the throne A. D. 6, that is about the commencement of the Christian era.

What was the period which elapsed between Gonanda I and Gonanda III? We are told that fifty-two kings reigned from Gonanda I to Gonanda III, and they reigned over a period of 1266 years. This gives an average of over twenty-four years for each reign, which, though not impossible, is highly improbable. Either, then, the period (1266 years) has been wrongly described, or there is a mistake in the number given of the kings who reigned in this period. If we had as clear and reliable an account of these fifty-two kings before Gonanda III, as we have of the kings who succeeded him, we should not have hesitated to give them each an average of sixteen years' reign as we have done to the successors of Gonanda III, and so reduced the alleged period of 1266 years to 832 years. But so far from having any reliable account of these fifty-two kings, the very names of most of them are lost, and we have therefore the bare assertion of Kahlana that fifty-two unknown kings reigned. It

* Mr. Wilson gives 20 years to each reign which is too high an average to lead to a correct conclusion. According to his calculation again, the date of disputes between Buddhists and Brahmans in Kashmir is anterior to the birth of Sakya Sinha, the founder of Buddhism, which is absurd. Lastly, he makes the curious mistake of supposing that the first fifty-two kings of Kashmira, whose names have mostly been lost, were *anterior to Gonanda I*, whereas the following passage from the Rajtarangini clearly shews that the fifty-two kings whose names have mostly been lost were *Gonanda I and his successors* down to Abhimanyu. "No mention is made of fifty two kings on account of their irreligion. Four of these, Gonanda, &c are named by Nilamuni; Padma Mihira, following Helaraja, gives an account of eight kings (descendants of Asoka) from Lava; and Sriechhavillaka speaks of five only. He writes 'from Asoka to Abhimanyu, five kings have been named out of fifty two.'"—*Jogesh Chunder Dutt's Translation*. We are much afraid Mr Wilson's Persian authorities led him into these and similar mistakes. If he had faithfully followed the original Sanskrit work he would surely have avoided them.

is more than probable therefore that, in reckoning this number, weak princes who reigned for short periods have not been included and that the actual number of kings who reigned before Gonanda III. was over fifty-two. That this is likely, appears from a disagreement between two authorities whom Kalhana quotes in his history. Padmamihira says there were eight kings from Lava to Abhimanyu, while Srichchhavillaka says there were only five. It is clear, therefore, that no reliance can be placed on the number given of the princes who reigned before Gonanda III. It is very likely that the number was over fifty-two, and it is not unlikely therefore that the period covered by these reigns has correctly been described as 1266 years.

Even assuming that only fifty-two princes did reign from Gonanda I to Gonanda III, it is not impossible to suppose that the average of their reigns was twenty-four years, and that they ruled for 1266 years, which is the period given by Kalhana. We cannot therefore be far from the truth if we accept Kalhana's statement that 1266 years elapsed from the reign of Gonanda I, to that of Gonanda III. But we have seen before that Gonanda III began to reign in 6 A. D. It follows, therefore, that Gonanda I reigned, and the heroes of the Kuru war lived, in 1260 B. C. Such is the testimony borne by the history of Kashmira as regards the date of the war of the Kurus.

Thus, then, by the concurrent testimony of all antiquarians and scholars of note who have enquired into the subject, by reasoning based on astronomical, philological and chronological premises, as well as by the evidence afforded by the histories of Magadha and of Kashmira respectively, the date of the war of the Kurus is fixed between the 12th and the 14th century before Christ. This is the date when the Vedic period closed and the Vedas were arranged and compiled, and a new epoch in the history of India was opened. And this, too, is the date from which the history of Kashmira commences. From this date, then, shall we follow Kalhana's history of Kashmira, occasionally alluding to contemporaneous events which transpired in other parts of India.

III.

Gonanda I. then reigned about 1260 B. C. and was the friend of Jarasandha and the opponent of Krishna. He

invaded Mathura, the capital of Krishna, but was defeated in battle and fell pierced with wounds. The proud heart of Damodara I. brooded over the circumstances of his father's death, and determined to wipe out the disgrace, and he suddenly attacked Krishna in the midst of some nuptial festivities on the banks of the Indus. Krishna, however, was again victorious, and Damodara, like his father, fell on the field of battle. His widow Yasabati was with child, and was raised to the throne. In due time she gave birth to a boy who was named after his grandfather Gonanda. It was in the reign of the boy Gonanda II, that the war of the Kurus was fought, but Gonanda II. was only a boy and could not therefore join either side. Then there is a long blank in the history of Kashmira, and nothing is known of the successors of Gonanda II for several centuries. Indeed the eventful period which elapsed from the war of the Kurus to the rise of Buddhism in India is a blank in the history of Kashmira.

But although this is a blank period in Kashmirian history, it is not a blank in the great story of the progress of the Hindu nation and civilisation. On the contrary, we know with some degree of accuracy, the sort of change which Hindu society underwent during the centuries after the Kuru war. The Khatriyas, or warrior caste, of king Janaka's time, had asserted their equality with Brahmans or priests in learning and in rank, and the successors of Janaka had signalized their prowess by carrying the Aryan banner to the southernmost point of India, as also by fighting the great war subsequently described in the Mahabharata. This activity of the Khatriyas manifested itself no less in bold investigations into philosophy and religion than in wars; and in the Upanishads, composed about this time, very often by Khatriyas, we see the first recorded human attempts to solve those problems of philosophy which ages and centuries after puzzled the thinkers of Greece, Arabia or modern Europe.

But this activity of the Khatriyas appears to have abated after a time, and the Brahmans once more succeeded in assuming, and even monopolizing, that supremacy in thought and learning which the warriors had in vain tried to share with them. In the *Sutra* literature, which was written after the Vedic period, we mark not only the activity of the Brah-

minical intellect, but also that unquestioned supremacy which the priests at last established over the Khatriyas. Not only were philosophy, astronomy, rhetoric, grammar, metre and cognate sciences cultivated by Brahmans with wonderful acuteness and success, but social laws were laid down investing Brahmans with a halo of unapproachable sanctity and glory. Indeed Brahmans appear to have used the power which they had now attained to their best advantage; there was one law for them, another law for others; Brahman offenders were treated with leniency, offenders against Brahmans were punished with tenfold severity; Brahmans alone had the right to expound the Vedas; they alone performed all ceremonies and received gifts from other castes; they monopolised all the highest and most honorable executive and judicial posts under government, and they also enjoyed a practical monopoly of philosophy, science and learning. However much we may admire the genius of the Brahmans of this period; however highly we may esteem their six schools of philosophy, their astronomy, their science and their poetry,—the Ramayana and the Mahabharata were originally composed at this period,—we nevertheless cannot help deploring the loss of that equality between man and man which the Khatriyas had vainly attempted to establish, and we deeply regret the civilisation of this period in which the rights of humanity were sacrificed in order to add to the privileges and heighten the dignity of priests and priesthood.

Happily the Khatriyas made another attempt to shake off priestly supremacy and preach the equality of man, and the effect was the rise of that religion which even now, after the lapse of over two thousand years, counts a larger portion of the human race among its followers than either Christianity, or Muhamadanism, or Hinduism, or any other religion. This reaction against priestly supremacy, this second recorded attempt of Khatriyas to proclaim the equality of man is known as the rise of Buddhism in the sixth century before Christ.

We need not here retrace the story of the great Sakya Sinha and his religion, which ignored caste inequalities and proclaimed the equality of man and humanity towards all living beings. India listened to the great lesson and benefited by it, and the great religious revolution evoked a social and a political change. Extension of ideas had its effect

on the political economy of India, and the supremacy of king Asoka and of the Buddhist religion over all northern India, in the third century before Christ, was only an effect of the great lessons and the enlarged views which Sakya Sinha had preached to the world. For two or three centuries more Buddhism remained the dominant religion in India, after which it gradually gave place to that Brahmanism and priestly supremacy which prevails to the present day. Let us, then, turn to the history of Kashmira and see whether we discover here that contention between Brahmanism and Buddhism which shook all India for centuries before and after the birth of Christ.

After the long blank which we have spoken of above, we come to a line of eight kings, from Lava to Sachinara, of whom Kalhana has very little to say. Sachinara was succeeded by Asoka, who was the fifth prince before Gonanda III. and who, therefore, according to our calculation, reigned in the first century before Christ. Buddhism was then the prevailing religion in India; and Kalhana tells us that Asoka himself was a Buddhist and a truthful and a spotless king, and built many Buddhist stupas on the banks of the Bitasta (Jhelum.) He also built a *chaitya* so high that its top could not be seen, and he founded the city of Srinagar which exists to the present day. He also, according to Kalhana, pulled down the wall of an old Hindu temple and built a new wall to it; and the writer of the Ayin Akbari is therefore probably right in saying that Asoka "abolished the Brahminical rites and substituted those of Jaina."* There can be no doubt, therefore, that the dispute between Brahmans and Buddhists had commenced before the time of Asoka, and that in the first century before Christ Buddhism was the prevailing religion in Kashmira, as elsewhere in India.

The death of Asoka appears to have been a serious loss to Buddhism in Kashmira, for his successor Jaloka appears to have been a Hindu and a Saiva. He was a powerful king and drove back the *Mlechchhas* (Scythians?) who had overrun Kashmira during the lifetime of his father and he extended his conquests to the eastern side to Kanouj. This conquest of one of the great centres of Brahmanism by a prince of Kashmira "possibly marks† the introduction of

* H. H. Wilson, Asiatic Researches, Vol. XV.

† Ibid.

the Brahmanical creed in its more perfect form into the kingdom of Kashmira. Kalhana informs us that from Kanouj, Jaloka carried to his kingdom some men of each of the four castes who were versed in law and religion, (Brahmanical of course,) that he created new offices after the orthodox method, that he established eighteen places of worship, and used to hear the Nandi Purana recited. The triumph of Brahmanism seemed to be complete, but the Buddhists did not lose heart, and their attempts to win over the king have been thus handed down by tradition in the shape of a tale. We quote from Mr. Jogesh Chunder's translation—

"It is narrated of this king that one day, when he was going to the temple of Vijayeshvara, he met a woman in the way who asked him for some food, and when he promised her whatever food she wanted, she changed herself into some deformed shape and asked for human flesh. Unwilling to kill any one to satisfy her unnatural appetite, he permitted her to take off what she liked from his own body. This heroic self-devotion seemed to move her, and she remarked, that for his tender regard for the life of others she considered him a second Buddha. The king, being a follower of Shiva, did not know Buddha, and asked her who Buddha was, whom she took him to be. She then unfolded her mission and said, that on the other side of the hill of Lokaloka, where the sun never shone, there lived a tribe of Krittika who were the followers of Buddha. 'This tribe,' she continued with the eloquence of a missionary, 'were never angry even with those who did them injury, forgave them that trespassed against them, and even did them good. They taught truth and wisdom to all, and were willing to dispel the darkness of ignorance that covered the earth. But this people,' she added, 'you have injured. There was a monastery belonging to us in which the beating of drums once disturbed your sleep, and incited by the advice of wicked men, you have destroyed the monastery. The angry Buddhists sent me to murder you, but our high priest interfered; he told me that you were a powerful monarch, against whom we would not be able to cope. He said that if you would listen to me, and built a monastery with your gold, you would atone for the sins of which you are guilty in destroying the former one. Here I came, therefore and tested

your heart in disguise.' Krittidevi then returned to her people after extorting from the king a promise to build a monastery, and agreeably to his promise he caused it to be erected on the very place of their meeting."

Jaloka was succeeded by Damodara II, and in the account of his reign we have the counterpart of the story we have given above. For now it was the Brahmans who were angry with the king, probably for his favouring Buddhism, and their attempt to revive their faith is thus handed down by tradition in the shape of a tale which we also quote from Mr. Jogesh Chunder's work—

"One day, when the king was going to bathe, previous to performing a Sraddha, some hungry Brahmans asked him for food; but he disregarded their request and was proceeding to the river, when the Brahmans by force of their worship brought the river to his feet. 'Look' said they, 'here is Bitasta (Jhelum), now feed us!' But the king suspected it to be the effect of magic. 'Go away for the present,' replied the king. 'I will not feed you till I have bathed.' The Brahmans then cursed him saying that he would be turned into a serpent. When much entreated to withdraw their curse, they so far mitigated it as to say, that if the king could listen to the Ramayana from the beginning to the end in one day, he would be restored to his form. To this day he may be seen running about at Damodarasuda in the form of a thirsty serpent."

These stories, which appear so childish on the face of them, are simply invaluable when taken according to their proper significance. They shew that in the first century before Christ the great religious revolution which had shaken the whole continent of India had also found its way into the secluded heights of Kashmira, and that Brahmans and Buddhists in that country were struggling for that supremacy which eventually crowned the efforts of the latter.

Such Brahman supremacy, however, was not achieved in a day, and in the joint reigns of Hushka, Jushka and Kanishka, the immediate successors of Damodara II, Buddhism was once more triumphant, and "during their long reign Buddhist hermits were all powerful in the country and Buddhist religion prevailed without opposition."* In the reign of their successor, Abhimanyu, "the Buddhists, under their great leader Nagar-

* Rajatarangini,—*Jogesh Chunder Dutt's Translation.*

juna, continued to gain strength in the country; they not only defeated in argument the Panditas who upheld the worship of Siva, and rejected the duties prescribed in the Nila Purana, but had the influence to discontinue the ceremonies of worship enjoined by it. The Nagas, in consequence, rose in arms, murdered many people, mostly Buddhists, by rolling down ice from the mountains, and carried on their devastations year by year.* Thus religious differences, as elsewhere, culminated in civil war, man killed man for differences in belief, and the country was in confusion. Brahman intellect and influence prevailed in the end over Buddhism, and Chandracharya, the learned and noted grammarian, led the van of Brahmanical success. It was by the instrumentality of such powerful intellects which appeared in India from time to time, that Brahmanism slowly triumphed over Buddhism from the commencement of the Christian era. Chandracharya, of Kashmira, was probably the first of these apostles of modern Brahmanism; Sankaracharya, of Southern India, who lived and preached in the 8th or 9th century after Christ, was the last. Abhimanyu was the last of his dynasty. His successor, Gonanda III., began a new dynasty in 6 A. D., as we have seen before.

IV.

Here we come across a curious test by which we may examine the correctness or otherwise of the dates we have given to the reigns of kings. The Chinese traveller Hieun Tsiang tells us that Kanishka succeeded to the kingdom of Kashmira "in the fourhundredth year after the Nirvana." (Beales' translation.) R. Davids fixes the Nirvana at about 412 B. C. So that Kanishka began his reign about the beginning of the Christian era. The profound antiquarian Lassen also proves from coins that Kanishka lived between 10 A. D., and 40 A. D. Accepting this conclusion as correct, and giving 16 years for the intervening reign of Abhimanyu, we find that Gonanda III. commenced his reign at 56 A. D., *i. e.*, just half a century after the date that we have given him. If then, in testing our long chain of calculations and dates by a random and severe test, at one single point we find that we are out only by 50 years, it follows that the chain of our calculations cannot be very far from correct.

* Rajatarangini.—Jogesh Chunder Dutt's translation.

There is yet another fact about Kanishka which we wish to mention before we proceed further with our story. Indian writers have carefully concealed the fact of foreign immigrations and conquests in India though we know such things have taken place. The present instance is a case in point. Kalhana suppresses the fact that Kanishka was a foreign invader. We learn from the Chinese historians however that he belonged to the Gushan tribe of the Yuei-Chi, who came originally from the borders of China. We learn from Hiuen Tsiang that tributary princes from China sent hostages to him, and that the town where the hostages resided was called Chinapati. Chinese fruits were imported into India with the influx of the Chinese, and the peach and the pear,—previously unknown in India—came to be known as the Chinani and the China-rajaputra. We must proceed however with our story.

The fifth king after Gonanda III. was Nara I, who "burnt thousands and thousands of monasteries and gave to the Brahmans who dwelt at Madhyamata the villages that supported those monasteries." The reason assigned for this conduct is, that a Buddhist had eloped with the king's wife; but this seems unlikely and false, and has apparently been got up by later Brahmans to blacken the character of the Buddhists. The real cause seems to be, that, in the struggle between Brahmanism and Buddhism, the former had now gained complete ascendency, and the gradual extinction of Buddhism in Kashmira was only a question of time.

The fifth king after Nara I. was Mukula, in whose reign *Mlechchhas* (Scythians?) once more overran Kashmira. His successor, Mihirakula, is described as a powerful but cruel king, and is said to have invaded and conquered Ceylon and then returned through Chola, Karnata, Nata and other kingdoms. Gopaditya was the sixth king after Mihirakula, and he bestowed many villages on Brahmans, expelled from his country irreligious Brahmans who used to eat garlic, brought purer Brahmans from foreign countries, and forbade the slaughter of animals except for religious purposes. Brahmanism in Kashmira, as elsewhere in India, was apparently assuming its most rigid shape after its triumph over Buddhism; priests invented new laws and prohibitions to enslave a superstitious people; thought and culture were prohibited to all except Brahmans, apparently to prevent any future reaction against Brahman supremacy; gods and religious

rites and superstitious observances were multiplied by a number of modern Puranas, written by astute priests, but prudently ascribed to the great Vyasa the compiler of the Vedas, and the unhealthy and demoralizing religion, Puranism, fast reared its head over the ashes of Buddhism. The nation which had once dared to question the supremacy of Brahmans and Brahmanism was now shackled by its chains, once and for ever.

Three kings reigned after Gopaditya, after which Pratapaditya began a new dynasty in the year 342 A. D. according to our calculation. A severe famine visited Kashmira in the reign of Tunjina I the grandson of Pratapaditya and the son and successor of Jalauka, in consequence of the *sali* grain being blighted by a sudden and heavy frost. The king died childless, and Vijaya, of a different family, succeeded him. Jayendra, his son, reigned after him, and after him his minister, Sandhimati, became king, but resigned the high office in favour of Meghabahana, a descendant from the older royal dynasty of Gonanda III.

Meghabahana, who ascended the throne in 438 A. D. according to our calculation, seemed to have been favorably inclined towards Buddhism, and his queens built numerous Buddhist monasteries in the kingdom. Following the Buddhist doctrines, the king not only prohibited the slaughter of animals in his own kingdom, but is said to have "carried his arms to the sea, and even to Ceylon, making the subdued kings promise not to kill animals." Meghabahana was succeeded by his son, Shreshtasena, and his son, Hiranya, succeeded him.

After the death of Hiranya, a foreigner, Matrigupta, obtained the kingdom of Kashmira by the help of Bikramaditya, king of Ojein. This was probably the great Bikramaditya of Ojein in whose reign the poet Kalidasa lived (5th century A. D.), but the historian of Kashmira mistakes him for Bikramaditya, the foe of the Sakas, who lived in the first century before Christ.* Matrigupta was a courtier of

* This is the one great reason of the confusion of Kalhana's dates. His dates are quite reliable from his own time 1148 A. D. to the reign of Durlabhabardhana 598 A. D. Only six kings ruled between Durlabhabardhana and Matrigupta; and, as Kalhana believed Matrigupta to be contemporaneous with Bikramaditya of the Saka era,. i. e. of the first century before Christ, he makes these six kings reign over the whole of the intermediate six centuries! Hence Kalhana's dates are perfectly useless for the period anterior to 598 A. D.

Bikramaditya, and was rewarded by him with the kingdom of Kashmira; and the people of Kashmira accepted the king sent to them by the renowned king of Ojein.

In the meantime Pravarasena, the nephew of the late king Hiranya, and the rightful heir of Kashmira, marched against Bikramaditya, who had usurped his heritage and bestowed it on a stranger. Bikramaditya died about this time, and his protegé, Matrigupta, resigned in grief, and Pravarasena, therefore, easily got back the kingdom of his uncle. He was a powerful prince and defeated the people of Saurastra (near Surat), and seven times defeated Siladitya, the successor of Bikramaditya of Ojein, and brought away from that place the ancient throne of Kashmira, which Bikramaditya appears to have taken away from Kashmira. His son, Yudhisthira II., and grandson, Narendraditya, succeeded him in their turns, and the latter was succeeded by his brother, Ranaditya. Bikramaditya, the son of Ranaditya, was a powerful king, and so was his brother and successor, Baladitya, with whom the dynasty ended. Baladitya died 598 A. D. and his son-in-law Durlabhabardhana, of Kayastha caste, began a new dynasty. From this date, 598 A. D., we cau rely on Kalhana's dates.

V.

We have now arrived at the close of the sixth century of the Christian era, when Brahmanism had once more asserted its supremacy over the length and breadth of India. Buddhism had not yet entirely disappeared; and, indeed, it did not entirely disappear from Benares, Magadha and other places till after the Mahomedan conquest. Nevertheless it was everywhere on the wane, and Buddhist monasteries were everywhere outnumbered by Hindu temples. We have a valuable and graphic account of the India of this period from the pen of the Chinese traveller, Hiouen Sang, just as we have a good accouut of the Hindu civilization of the third century before Christ from Greek visitors. Hiouen Sang came into India in 629 A. D., and saw the great continent divided into 138 kingdoms and principalities of which he personally visited 110. Among other places he describes Kashmira, Mathura, Kanouj, Benares, Magadha, Burdwan, Assam, Tumlook, Orissa, Drabir, Maharashtra and Ojein, and almost everywhere deplores the decadence of Buddhism.

Siladitya, the king of Kanouj, was the most powerful potentate in India at the time, and had made all the other princes recognize his supremacy. The trade from Tumlook in Bengal to Ceylon was brisk, and numerous vessels crossed and recrossed the sea. Magadha and Ojein are described as the two kingdoms in which learning was cultivated and encouraged with the greatest assiduity, while the Maharattas are described as a powerful race who had defied even Siladitya of Kanouj, who were brave in war, generous towards dependents, fair towards enemies, and altogether the most warlike and determined race in India. But we must return from these interesting and almost invaluable details to the story of Kashmira.

Durlabhabardhana was succeeded by his son Durlabhaka, in 634 A. D., and his son Chandrapira, succeeded in 684 A. D. Chandrapira was murdered by his brother Tarapira, who employed some Brahmans to do this foul deed, in 693, but the impious brother, after a short reign of four years, himself fell a victim to the intrigue of Brahmans and was murdered. His brother Lalitaditya succeeded in 697 A. D. and was a powerful and warlike king, and set out on an expedition to subdue the continent. He subdued Kanyakubja, and Bhababhuti, the greatest dramatic poet of India after Kalidasa, came over to the court of the conqueror. He then proceeded on his march of conquest through Kalinga, Goura, and along the Bay of Bengal to Karnata, which was at that time governed by a powerful queen. She submitted to Lalitaditya, who is said to have then "crossed the sea, passing from one island to another." Then the king turned northwards, crossed the Vindya and entered Avanti.

Some hard fighting followed, when the king tried to subdue the hardy races and kings of the country now called Rajputana, after which the king returned to his country. He built numerous edifices, Buddhist as well as Brahmanical, and his queens and ministers followed his example. In the end the king appears to have lost his life in attempting to penetrate the Himalayas to conquer the unknown North.

Kubalayapira succeeded his father in 733 A. D., but had to resign in favour of his more powerful brother Bajraditya who reigned from 734 to 741 A. D. We read that "this luxurious king had many females in his zenana. He sold many people to the Mlechchhas and introduced their evil habits." Who are these Mlechchhas, with their luxurious and evil habits, and their custom of buying slaves in India,

of whom we now hear for the first time? The dates at once shew that they were Muhammad Kasim, the first Mahomedan invader of India and his successors, who kept possession of Scinde from 711 to 750 A. D. The passage above quoted, then, is the first mention of Mahomedans in the history of Kashmira, unless some of the victories of Lalitaditya, of which we have spoken in the last paragraph, were victories over the Mahomedans of Scinde.*

Prithivyapira reigned for four years, and Sangramapira for seven days, after which the powerful Jayapira ascended the throne in 745 and reigned for thirty-one years. He was a great patron of learning, invited men of genius to his court, and employed learned men in collecting the fragments of Patanjali's, Commentary on Katyana's Notes on Panini's grammar. These are the greatest grammarians of India, and we know from the above passage that they must have lived long before the eighth century of the Christian era. Jayapira travelled out of his kingdom in disguise to Gour, there married the king's daughter, and, returning to his country, vanquished and killed his rebellious brother-in-law, who had usurped Kashmira in his absence. Soon after he again set out for conquest. In the kingdom of Bhimsena, and again in Nepal, he was beaten and imprisoned, but on both occasions he managed to escape and to triumph over his enemies in the end.

Returning to his country, Jayapira followed the advice of Kayastha ministers and financiers, and so offended the Brahmans, who (being the historians of Kashmira) have not failed to heap abuse on him. The following account of the death of Jayapira, which we take from Mr. Jogesh Chunder's

* Thus we are told that Lalitaditya, after crossing over to the north of the Vindya mountains, "thrice defeated Dassani and subdued him. He then conquered the Bouttas, in whose naturally pale faces no further sign of anxiety was visible. He also conquered Darad." Dussani is not improbably a corruption of a Mahomedan name, while the pale-faced race may have been the fair countrymen of Mahomed Kasim. Then again we read that "to mark his conquests he (Lalitaditya) obliged other kings to wear a symbol of subjection, which they bear to this day. The Turashkas commemorate the fact of their being bound, by generally clasping both their hands behind their backs and shaving the front part of their heads." Who were the Turashkas subdued by Lalitaditya unless they were the Mahomedan Turks of Scinde? Lastly, we are told, that the "king of the sandy Sindhu sent a messenger to beguile the king of Kashmira and so make him and his men perish in the desert; but that the king overcame all obstacles and "defeated the wily king of Sindhu," and devastated his country.

translation. will give a good idea of the insolence and pride of the Brahmans, as well as of the manner in which they fabricated stories and interwove them with history in order to preserve their supremacy and glorify their power.

"The Brahmanas who dwelt at Tulamula, once came to say something to the king, but were struck in his presence by his door-keeper, and consequently were very angry. 'Brahmanas were never insulted before, even in the presence of Manu, Mandhata, Rama and other great kings;' they said, 'and when angry they can destroy in a moment the heaven with Indra, the earth with her mountains, and the nether world with its Naga-chief.' The king, who would not ask for advice, and was deserted by his feudatory kings, replied with supercilious pride: 'You cunning people who eat by begging, what pride is this of yours that you pretend to do what the Rishis did.' The Brahmanas were cowed down by his frown, but one litti thus replied :—'We conduct ourselves according to the times; as you are a king, even so we are Rishis.' The king scornfully enquired : 'Art thou the great Rishi, Vishvamitra, or Vashishta, or Agastha?' And, as if flaming with anger, the other replied, 'If you be Harishchandra, Trishanku or Nahusha, then I am one of those you mention. The king then answered with a smile, 'The curse of Vishvamitra and others destroyed Harishchandra, &c., what will your anger effect?' The Brahmana struck the earth with his hand and said, 'Will not my anger bring down Brahmadanda on thee?' Then said the angry king, 'Let fall the Brahmadanda, why delay it longer?' 'O cruel man! there it falls.' And no sooner had litti said so, than a golden bar from the canopy fell on the king. The wound degenerated into erysipelatous inflammation, and insects generated on the suppuration. He suffered great pain, the sample of what he would have to suffer in hell. After five nights, he who had courted danger, died."

His son, Lalitapira, reigned for twelve years and was succeeded by his half-brother, Sangramapira, who reigned till 795 A. D. On his death, Chippatajayapira, the son of Lalitapira by a concubine, was raised to the throne, and the five brothers of this woman shared all the ruling power among themselves. They and their sons successively set up three more kings on the throne, after which Avantivarma, the grandson of one of these brothers, ascended the throne, and thus commenced a new dynasty in 855 A. D.

It is in the reign of Avantivarma that we first read an account of the country being improved by drainage and irrigation operations, and Suyya was the great engineer who performed this work. He was of low birth, and, as usual, his attempts have been somewhat grotesquely described; but, nevertheless, our readers will not fail to observe from the following passage that Kashmira was greatly benefited by the industry and intellect of this great man. We quote from Mr. Jogesh Chunder's translation.

"One day, when some people were grieving on account of the recent floods, he, Suyya, remarked that he had intellect, but not money, and he could therefore give no redress. This speech was reported to the king by his spies, and the king wondered and caused him to be brought before him. The king asked him as to what he had said. He fearlessly repeated that he had intellect but no money. The courtiers pronounced him to be mad; but the king, in order to try his intellect, placed all his wealth at the disposal of this man. Suyya took out many vessels filled with dinnaras, but went by boat to Madava. There in the village named Nandaka, which was under water, he threw a pot of dinnaras, and returned. Although the courtiers pronounced him to be undoubtedly mad, the king heard of his work, and enquired as to what he did afterwards. At Yakshadara in Kramarajya he began to throw dinnaras by handfuls into the water. The Vitasta was there obstructed by rocks which had fallen into its bed from both its rocky banks; and the villagers who were suffering from searcity, began to search for the dinnaras, and in so doing removed the rocks which were in the bed of the river, and cleared the passage of the water. No sooner had the water flowed out than Suyya raised a stone embankment along the Vitasta, which was completed within seven days. He then cleared the bed of the river, and then broke down the embankments. The passage was now quite open, and the river flowed easily and rapidly towards the sea, as if anxiously and eagerly, after this long detention; and consequently the land again appeared above the waters. He then cut new canals from the Vitasta wherever he thought that the course of the river had been obstructed. Thus many streams issued out of one main river, even like the several heads of a serpent from one trunk. Sindhu which flowed from Trigrama to the left, and Vitasta on the right, were made to meet one another at Vainyasvami. And even to this day the

junction made by Suyya, near this town, exists; as also the two gods Vishnusvami and Vainyasvami at Phalapura and Parihasapura situated on either side of the junction; and the god Hrishikesha whom Suyya worshipped, just at the junction. And to this day may also be seen the trees which grew on the banks of the river as it flowed before, distinguished by marks of ropes by which boats were tied to them. Thus Suyya diverted the course of rivers. He raised a stone embankment seven *yojanas* in length; and thereby brought the waters of the Mahapadma lake under control. He joined the waters of the lake Mahapadma with those of the Vitasta, and built many populous villages after having rescued the land from the waters. * * He examined several places and irrigated many villages (the produce of which did not depend on rain) by means of artificial canals cut from the Chandula and other rivers until the whole country became beautiful. Thus Suyya benefited the country such as even Kashyapa and Valadeva had not done."

Avantivarma died in 883, the first Vaishnava king that we read of. Vaishnavism and Saktaism are later phases of Hinduism than Shaivaism, and in the history of Kashmira we scarcely hear anything of Vaishnaism till the present time.

His successor Sankaravarma, was a great conqueror and conquered Guzerat. Returning to his country, he listened to the advice of his Kayastha financiers and imposed taxes on the people which made him unpopular with them, or at any rate, with the offended Brahmans who narrate his history. He conquered many hill places on the banks of the Indus and was at last killed by the arrow of a hunter. Surendravati and two other queens perished with him on the pyre, 902 A. D.

In the short reign of his successor Gopalavarma, the minister Prabhakara (who was a favorite of the queen mother Sugandha), defeated "the reigning Shahi" because he had disobeyed his orders to build a town in "Shahirajya." This seems to have been some petty dependent or tributary king, and we shall hereafter read more of the "Shahirajya."

Gopalavarma's brother, Sankata, dying ten days after the former, their mother Sugandha a dissolute woman, reigned for two years by the help of the Ekangas. The Tantri infantry, however, raised Partha to the throne; a civil war ensued, the Ekangas were beaten and the queen Sugandha killed, 906 A. D. The Tantris, being now supreme, set up one

king after another, according as they were bribed and courted, uutil Chakravarma with the help of the Damaras and Ekangas at last broke their power in 935 A. D., and for the third time ascended the throne. Within two years he was assassinated by some Damaras and was succeeded by Partha's son, Unmattavanti. This young man killed his father, but died soon after, and his successor Suravarma was the last of this unfortunate dynasty which ended in 939 A. D.

Yasaskara, the first king of the new dynasty, was the son of Prabhakara, who had been minister of Gopalavarma of the preceding dynasty, and was famed for his justice; but in the very year of his death Purbagupta murdered his son, Sangarma, and founded a new dynasty. His son, Kshemagupta, inherited the vices and dissolute habits of his father and reigned eight years. His son Abhimanya, was the only virtuous and worthy king of the line, and reigned fourteen years; and on his death his mother, Diddá (widow of Kshemagupta), successively murdered three infant kings (her grandsons), Nandigupta, Tribhubanagupta and Bhimagupta, and became queen in 980 A. D. She reigned for 23 years, and in her reign her favorite, Tunga, defeated the king of Rajapuri.

Didda's nephew, Kshamapati, ascended the throne in 1003 A. D. and reigned till 1028 A. D. Tunga, who had been the favorite of Didda, was all powerful during the reign of her nephew, and went out with a Kashmirian army and Rajput and other subsidiary forces to help the Shahi king against the attack of the Turashkas. We shall quote Kalhana's account of the event from Mr. Jogesh Chunder's translation:

"The Kashmirians crossed the river Toushi, and destroyed the detachment of soldiers sent by Hammira to reconnotire. But though the Kashmirians were eager for the fight, the wise Shahi repeatedly advised them to take shelter behind the rock, but Tungga disregarded the advice, for all advice is vain when one is doomed to destruction. The general of the Turks was well versed in the tactics of war and brought out his army early in the morning. On this the army of Tungga immediately dispersed, but the troops of the Shahi fought for a while."

The heroism of the Shahi king, however, was unavailing he was beaten, and his kingdom was destroyed for ever.

Now who was this Hammira (a Mahomedan name apparently) and who were these powerful Turashkas who defeated the Kashmirians and the Rajputs and annexed the "Shahirajya," an ally or dependent of Kashmira? The dates show at once that Kalhana is speaking of the invasion of India by the invincible Mahmud of Ghuzni.*

Tunga was soon after murdered, and Nandimukha was sent with another army against the Turashkas, but they, too, fled back to their country before the conquering Moslems.

Hariraja succeeded his father, Kshamapati, and reigned only for 22 days, after which his brother, Ananta Deva, ascended the throne and reigned 35 years, *i. e.* from 1028 to 1063 A. D. We read that in this reign one Brahmaraja combined with seven Mlechchha kings and entered Kashmira, but was beaten back by Rudrapala, the powerful Kashmirian general. When we remember that, from the time of Mahmud of Ghuzni, a part of the Punjab always remained under Mahommedan rule, we are at no loss to guess who these seven Mlechchhas were.

After a long reign of 35 years Ananta was prevailed upon by his queen to resign in favour of his son Ranaditya; but the prince was unworthy of their confidence, and shocked his parents and all men by his excesses of wickedness, folly and dissipation. Disheartened at this conduct of their son, the aged parents retired to Bijayeswara and passed their days in devotion, but even there they were not allowed to enjoy repose. Harassed by the enmity of this ungrateful son, Ananta at last committed suicide, and his widow ascended the funeral pyre.

The ingratitude of Ranaditya towards his father was punished by the misconduct of his son, Harsha, who rose in rebellion. Ranaditya died in 1089 A. D., a victim to his dissolute habits; his son Utkarsha succeeded him, but was soon deposed by his abler and more popular brother, Harsha, and committed suicide. Bijayamalla, who had helped his brother Harsha to the throne, now thirsted for the kingdom himself, but the fraternal war finally came to an end by the accidental death of Bijayamalla.

* Hammira was therefore either a general of Mahmud, or was the great conqueror himself, "well versed" indeed "in the tactics of war"! The letters *r* and *d* are interchangeable; and if we eliminate the first syllable of Mahammud, we get the Sanscritized name Hammira.

Harsha's powerful general, Kandarpa, subdued the king of Rajapuri, but at last retired from the court in disgust at the growing jealousy of the king. Harsha subsequently attempted to subdue Rajapuri and Darad respectively but failed in both his attempts. His excessive taxation and his oppression over the Damaras made them rise in rebellion; and they had powerful chiefs in two brothers Uchchala and Sussala. Uchchala defeated the Lord of Mandala, but was subsequently beaten by the royal army.

His brother Sussala defeated the royal commander Manikya, broke through all opposition and defeated the Lord of Mandala, but was at last beaten by Bhoja, the son of king Harsha. At last Uchchala defeated Harsha and his son Bhoja in a signal battle, burnt the capital and became king. The unfortunate Harsha retired to the tent of a hermit, but was there traced out and killed, 1101 A. D.

We have only one more remark to make of Harsha's reign. Allusions to Turashkas and their kingdom become more frequent now than ever before. Thus we are told that Harsha had a hundred Turashka chiefs under his pay; that, after besieging Rajapuri, he fled back to his kingdom through fear of the Turashka who, he heard, were approaching; and, lastly, that his oppressed subjects left their homes and went to the country of the Mlechchhas. Who are these Turashkas and what was their country of which we find such frequent mention during the reign of Harsha? The dates of Harsha's reign shew at once that there was good reason for such frequent allusion to the rising Turashka power, for it was during Harsha's reign that Shahabuddin Mahommed Ghori conquered Delhi, Kanouj, and the whole of northern India, and Hindu independence was lost once and for ever. Here appropriately ends Mr. Jogesh Chunder's translation.

VI.

Thus we have traced the history of Kashmira from the earliest times to the date of the final conquest of India by the Mahomedans. We have refrained from making any remarks on the value of Kalhana's great work, because the above brief resumé of it is the best commentary on its great value. We have seen how every great social or religious revolution, and every great historical event which transpired in India, have left their impress on the history of this secluded province. The history of this province has borne its testimony

towards fixing the date of the great Kuru war; it has helped us to understand how Buddhism was a protest against caste distinctions, and a Khatrya assertion of the equality of all men: it has revealed to us how Buddhism was for a time the accepted faith of the kings and peoples of India, and how, after the commencement of the Christian era, it began to decline under the renewed exertions of Brahmans to assert their supremacy and revive their old religion. In the history of Kashmira we find evidences of the dates of the two great dramatic poets of India, *viz*, Kalidasa and Bhababhuti; in it we find allusions to the first Mahomedan invasion of India under the renowned Mahommed Kasim; in it we read of that "General of the Turashkas" "well versed in the tactics of war," the invincible Mahmud of Ghuzni, before whom the Kashmirian army twice recoiled in dismay and disorder; and, lastly, in this history we read of the rising power and kingdom of the Turashka at the end of the eleventh century, when Delhi and Kanouj and all Northern India fell under the power of the followers of the prophet.

Such are some of the facts we learn from Kalhana's history of Kashmira, and, considering the poverty of historical records in India, the value of this record can scarcely be overestimated. It is a matter of regret and surprise, therefore, that Kalhana's work had hitherto not been translated into English. The only account in English we had of it is the brief essay of H. H. Wilson in the XVth volume of the "Asiatic Researches," in which he gives a short resumé of the Sanskrit work. That resumé, however, is mixed up with facts gleaned from Mahomedan historians, and is besides incomplete. Kalhana's Sanskrit work comes down to 1148 A. D., and is continued by a series of writers to the date of the conquest of Kashmira by Akbar in the sixteenth century. Mr. Wilson's brief resumé comes down only to the reign of Didda Rani, ending in 1003 A. D.

Such being the case, we hail with delight Mr. Jogesh Chunder Dutt's attempt—the first that has been hitherto made—to give a faithful and complete translation of the great Sanskrit work. He has already brought down the story to 1101 A. D. as we have seen; and intends to give us the remaining 47 years of Kalhana's history (which short period, being in the writer's own time, has been narrated at great length) in a second volume. The third and last volume of the translator will include the continuation

by the other writers, and will thus bring down the story to the date of the conquest of Kashmira by Akbar. Such is the intention of the translator, and, though he distinctly states in his preface that he can hold out no promise, we sincerely hope he may succeed in carrying out his intention, and thereby make an important contribution towards the study of Indian history and antiquities.

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List of Kings of Kashmíra.—Book VIII.

Name.	Kali.	Saka (after).	Loukika.	A.D.	Period of reign.
Uchchala	4202	1023	XXXVI. 77	1101	10 years, 4 months and 1 day.
Roḍḍa *alias* Saṃkharāja	4212	1033	XXXVI. 87	1111	One prahara of night and one prahara of day.
Salhaṇa	4212	1033	XXXVI. 87	1111	3 months and ·27 days.
Sussala	4213	1034	XXXVI. 88	1112	
Bhikshāchara ...	4221	1042	XXXVI. 96	1120	6 months and 12 days.
Sussala (second time) ...	4222	1043	XXXVI. 97	1121	15 years, 3 months and 14 days.
Siṃhadeva	4228	1049	XXXVII. 3	1127	Kahlana's account closes at the 22nd year of this reign.

KINGS OF KÁSHMÍRA.

Vol. II.

BOOK VIII.

[INVOCATION AS USUAL.]

FOR sometime the favors and frowns of the new king lay hid in him as the nectar and the poison lay hid in the sea before it was churned. His brother and the Ḍāmaras excited him, even as contrary winds excite the clouds. His brother in his pride of youth did whatever he liked, and his wicked acts were painful to the affectionate king. Constantly riding an elephant with drawn sword, he, like the sun, drank dry the juice of the fruitful earth. One day he advised the king to destroy by fire all the Ḍāmaras who had assembled together, but the kind king did not listen to him.

This time the king was in a great dilemma. His ministers and petty chieftains acted like highwaymen, his brother wished a civil war in the kingdom, and his treasury was empty. He honored his brother by bestowing on him the government of Lohara, and sent him to that province. His brother took with him elephants, arms, infantry, cavalry, treasures and ministers, and the king,

out of his love to his brother, did not prevent him from taking all these. Dreading opposition from the officers of the fort at the time of his entrance, Uchchala took with him Pratápa, son of Tatkarsha, and said to them that he would make Pratāpa king, and would act as his Pratihāra. When the other petty chiefs heard this, they remained submissive. The party were detained for seven days on the way, and during this time Kanaka found an opportunity to escape; he fled out of the country, and feeling disgusted with the world, committed suicide at Benares. Thus of all the servants of Harsha, he proved his gratitude.

The king remembered the benefits he had received from the robbers, and through his generosity allowed them to gain ascendency, even as the sandal tree harbours snakes. At this time Janakachandra acted with such pride that the king and the Dāmaras seemed devoid of glory, even as the roads devoid of light. Now [illegible], queen of Bhoja, son of Harsha, and daughter of Abhaya king of Urasā, had a son by Bhoja. Two or three children having died before, this child was named by the elders who wished it a long life, Bhikshāchara which was an improper name. The child was then only two years old, but being the son of an enemy might have been treated with severity. However, the king had spared his life through the intercession of Janakachandra and placed him on the lap of his queen. But it soon appeared to the king that Janakachandra meant either to make the child

a king or to be king himself, and he shaped his policy accordingly. Either led by the hope that Janakachandra, by his energy and impatience, would soon make himself unpopular with the Ḍāmaras, or inspired by a real desire of rewarding him, the king after due deliberation published his intention of bestowing Dvāra on Janakachandra. This displeased Bhīmādeva and all, and when the animosity between Janakachandra and Bhīmādeva became extreme, their dependent servants determined to fight, and the two parties met on a bridge. The king wishing to witness the scene against the advice of his ministers entered a litter. There were Ḍāmaras on both sides, and the scuffle began with a duel but soon became general and hot. In this battle the way over the bridge was destroyed and the king went to the banks of the river. At this time some of the arrows discharged by the partisans of Janakachandra went wizling past the king, grazed his body, and were seen to fix themselves quivering on the pillars of a building. The king's attendants undid the latch of the room and dragged him by force into it. The combatants, in their determination to destroy the enemy, discharged their arrows on the king's litter. In this dreadful scuffle one Arjuna, son of Kálapásha, a follower of Bhīmādeva, pierced the person of Janakachandra who, seeing himself wounded and knowing that the quarrel was originated by the king, began in anger to kick against the door of the house where the king had taken shelter. He could not break the door, and through

fear fled to the north of the bathing place, and Bhīmādeva with his arms ran after him in order to kill him. But the accountant of the house saw the affair from behind a pillar and cut Janakachandra by the sword into two in the middle. On his death, his two younger brothers, Gagga and Saḍḍ, ran to the spot and they too were wounded by the sword by the same man who still remained unseen. A fierce man, who kills a great enemy, like the thunderbolt that smites a tree, does not remain long. Thus on the 2nd of Bhādra of the same year and neither more nor less than three fortnights after the death of Harsha, Janakachandra was killed. He too wasted away in brooding over his sin of murdering his master who did him good. The king, though inwardly pleased, feigned anger and grief, and hence Bhīmādeva fled. Gagga, however, trusted the king and was sent by him to Lohara to have his wounds healed, but the Ḍāmaras took fright, left their country and fled.

Thus order was slowly restored in the country which Uchchala had got by artifice and had cleared of oppressors. The king who thus obtained peace, felt a desire for conquest, and within a few days drove out the Ḍāmaras and their cavalry from Kramarājya. The king then went to Maḍva and having captured Kaliya and other Ḍāmaras who were against him, impaled them. The king with a strong army attacked within the city, the powerful Hāraja who had gradually possessed himself of a part of the kingdom, and destroyed him.

The king loved Gagga as his own son, probably because the king knew the heart of this man or probably it was owing to friendship which existed between them in their former birth. He was never angry with Gagga even when Gagga did wrong. The king loved his subjects but could not brook even the name of an enemy. He remembered the two good advices which wise Bhímádeva had given him when he commenced to reign. Following the first advice, he used to set out in the morning and would wander through the streets to learn the views of the people. According to the other, he would march even at midnight when he heard of an enemy and put down a revolt. He was patient and wise, and his character was not polluted by bad deeds. The sin of describing the acts of bad kings will be cleansed in describing the good deeds of this king which were like the waters of the Ganges. As the rising sun dispels the darkness which prevents seeing with perfect clearness, so he, yet immature, suppressed those who gave evil advice. Through his judges he caused a search to be made for men who committed religious suicide by starvation. When he heard the cry of the helpless and the oppressed, he never failed to punish the oppressor, even though that oppressor happened to be his own self. When a cry arose on account of the delinquency of an officer, it was soon assuaged by the cries of the delinquent's friends. The king was eager to favor the weak, and while he lived, the powerful dwelt but under the sway of the weak.

The king, as he wandered alone on horseback, heard the people talk of his faults in his hearing but not knowing who he was; whatever these faults were he soon corrected them. No one who came to him to ask went away totally disappointed. Even in his private council he could not desert his servants. He did good to his subjects, his words were sweet, and he was obliging to and beloved of his people. His servants who served him diligently could see him three or four times in the night. He was charitable and rewarded men after short service. When he heard the voice of sorrow of his neighbours, he would leave all other work to assuage their grief, even as a father does to his son. Just at the commencement of a famine, when his servants drawing small pay were beginning to sell their store of gold, he checked the famine. The kind-hearted king prevented thefts in the kingdom and raised the people addicted to stealing, to the post of treasurer and gave them a decent calling. He knew the circumstances of all his subjects through his spies, and his mind was ever busy in trying to find out who deserved riches, and who required protection. He had no desire for wealth and had many other qualities besides those mentioned before. For the maintenance of peace, he punished those who were worthy of punishment, but through fear of sin, he did not confiscate their wealth but caused it to be spent on good works. When he gave alms he would hardly stop without giving a thousand fold of what he had at first intended; and as the beggars were then heard to say,

"give me, give me," so he was also heard to say, "give him, give him." He always spent a part of his time in giving large gifts, nor were his servants seen to share half of the gifts. In mournful ceremonies or in festivities, he would not make gifts like a painted branch of a tree that yields no fruit. But at festivals like the Shivarātri &c, he used to shower riches on his people, even as Indra does the rain at the conjunction of the planets. Even king Harṣha did not do as much as this king did, in bestowing betels * in great festivities. He inherited the kingdom with nothing but bricks in the treasury † but his gifts were so large, that the god of gold could not emulate him. He spent his wealth in building and pulling down houses, in buying horses, and though he was a Káshmīrian, his treasures were neither robbed by the thieves nor did he bury them underground. As the soul knows all events by *yoga* and by the means of the five winds, so he, by connecting roads to roads and by display of strength, knew the work of men. To the Bráhmaṇas were assigned meals befitting kings, to the sick, medicines, and to those who had no subsistence to live upon, pay was allowed by the king. On the occasions for the performance of rites for his dead ancestors, at the time of eclipses, and at the ascendency of evil stars, the king gave thousands of cows and horses and gold &c. to the Bráhmaṇas.

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* Sign of favor. † *i. e.* Empty treasury.

He re-built Nandikṣhetra which had been burnt by a destructive fire, and made it more beautiful than it was before. The king who was bent on repairing the delapidated buildings repaired Shrichakradhara, Yogesha and Svayambhú. He set up anew at Parihāsapura, the god Shriparihāsakeshava which king Harṣha had taken away. He was devoid of cupidity and adorned Tribhuvanasvāmi with the Shukāvali, described before, which had also been taken out by king Harṣha. He also renewed the most beautiful throne in his kingdom, the same that was brought by Jayāpiḍa but had been burnt by fire during the revolution which led to Harṣha's dethronement.

Jayamati, though of humble condition before, was now raised by the love of her husband to the high post of queen, a place which she did not abuse. Though of low birth, she became lady like by her virtues of kindness, sweetness, charity and love for the good. Even the most lovely women, if they obtain the king's affection, behave like demons towards the subjects. King Uchchala however who loved his subjects and was devoid of avarice had for his wealth this one virtue, which stood above his other virtues, that he protected his people from the royal underlings who were murderous, sinful and who robbed others.

Following the wise teaching of history, the king discarded the Kāyasthas. He used to say, that besides spasmodic cholera, colic, and the disease which ends in sudden death, the Kāyastha officers are the sources of

speedy destruction of the subjects. "Crabs kill their fathers, small bees their mothers, but the ungrateful Kāyasthas, when they become rich, kill all. The Kāyasthas like evil spirits, kill the good man who give them instruction. As the land on which a poisonous tree grows is rendered unapproachable, even so the person under whom a Kāyastha lives and prospers is rendered unapproachable to others." The wicked Kāyasthas were put down by the king at every step by insults, dismissals and imprisonments; the wise king removed even Sahela from his post several times, and clothed him in torn thread cloth in prison. Sometimes as a diversion he clothed them with good dresses or made them run through the files of his servants like Dombha warriors. Who did not laugh at one of them, tall in person, his beard dressed, a turban on his head, a spear in his hand, and his thighs and knees bare. Or at another bound naked to a cart, his head half shaved, and his braid of hairs marked with Chinese cake (red lead). Spoiled of their honor, they were known by such names as "Shaved head," &c. Some of them were seen wandering, removed from their posts, weak for want of proper food, insufficiently dressed and begging for every thing. Some old men among them began to receive instruction like boys, in the houses of learned Brahmanas, vainly thinking that learning could be easily obtained. Others again begged for food, chanted, panegyrics and their children chanted after them, which made the people laugh. Some conciliated others by lending

them their mothers, sisters, daughters and thereby got some work. Some had recourse to astrologers to know their future, and the astrologers were grieved at their prospects. Some were seen emaciated, their faces as dried up as those of ghosts, their hair and beards not oiled and bound in chains which clanged at their feet. It was when they were thus reduced and their pride humbled by the king that he came to know the real state of the kingdom. They took to chanting the Mahabharata or hymns to the sun &c. and with tears in their eyes recited songs to Durgá. Thus in his reign the ever wicked Kāyasthas were seen to be sinking in great distress at every step They were unable to win the favor of this king, as they had done of other sovereigns, by presents of large wealth and articles of food. By these wise means the king made powerless these oppressors of the people who had prospered before. One learned man named Shivaratha recited the following line on a Shivarátri night. "As the place of Mahādeva which was burnt was restored to its former grandeur at your command, so let Pañchānanī after having placed Uchchaladeva in the beatitude of emancipation, guard his royal town, and the Kāyasthas and the ministers with their dependants and relations." This man was at once made Chief Superintendent General. Though this man knew not the duties of his post, yet by the purity and nobility of his heart, he conducted the affairs as well as in Satya yuga. The king visited the Kāyasthas with speedy punishments,

and wise men approved these acts. The administration code did not forbid the punishment even of those Kāyasthas who were possessed of small wealth. For a long time the Kāyasthas suffered and submitted even to capital punishment. But the just king never oppressed the sons or wives or kindreds or friends of those people; he punished only those who deserved punishment.

He checked the wickedness of Loshṭadhara and others who inhabited Karṇejapa by subjecting them to painful work. As a child, when it is born, forgets the desire it had when it was in the womb, so one, when he becomes king, forgets the plans &c., he had before he came to the throne. Before he came to the throne, Uchchala remembered what existed and what did not, but he remembered them during his reign as much as one remembers the events of a former birth. Those whom he had pursued before as guilty were considered by him not guilty, and he shewed his address in doing what was due towards them. It is not likely that the paramour of a bad woman will remember how badly she treated her former husband or that the employer of a bad servant will remember the servant's enmity towards his former master.

The wise king's administrative faculty became gradually developed. Once he thus settled a dispute between a merchant and the plaintiff, which the judges had failed to fathom. A rich man, whose business went wrong, deposited

one lakh of Dínāra with one of his friends, a merchant; and out of this he spent something little by little. After twenty or thirty years had gone, he asked for the remainder of his deposit. But the wicked merchant, intending to appropriate the deposited money, gained time under various pretences. The water of the sea agitated by currents is obtained from the clouds, but a thing deposited with a merchant is never got back again. The trader, who is ready to quarrel in order to appropriate money deposited with him, differs from the tiger only in having a face smoothed with oil, in his power of speech and his humble mien. The cunning of a merchant which is displayed little by little never abandons him till his death. He smiles the smile of friendship even in dispute. Prostitutes, Kāyasthas and big merchants are naturally deceitful, as if they imbibe poison from the instruction of their teachers. The merchant is but a savage, only marked with lines of sandel paste, wearing white cloth and perfumed with incense, and he who trusts him is not free from danger. A merchant who daubs his forehead, eyes, body, the two ears and chest with sandel paste is like a six spotted scorpion that kills one in an instant. A merchant painted white and dark, like fire and smoke, is like gourd fruit which sucks away flesh and blood having the mouth like a needle but a large * stomach. The merchant's false pleas were exhausted, he became

* This alludes to the process of cupping which used to be performed by a needle and a dried rind of gourd fruit.

angry and his brows became rugged, and he shewed the accounts to the relentless plaintiff. "When you wrote," said he, "'Be it for my good,'* it turned to your evil.' "Here, you O! wise, took six pieces to cross the river, when the bridge on it was broken. When your shoes were torn, you gave one hundred pieces to a cobbler to repair it. When you had a boil in your leg, your female servant took fifty pieces worth of ghee. When the vessel broke and the potter's wife wept, you out of pity gave her Dīnnáras several times; see this entry of three hundred pieces. You bought fish and mice to the value of one hundred pieces and out of affection, gave them to children for feeding a cat. With seven pieces you bought ghee and powdered sáli rice for application to your feet, and you bought ghee for seven hundred pieces at the time of Shráddhapakṣha bath. The ginger and honey which your boy took cost one hundred pieces, but the boy cannot testify to it as he had not then learnt to speak. A perfidious and strong man appeared before you and begged as a mendicant; to refuse was to fight with him, you therefore gave him three hundred pieces. When the great men came, beside other expenses, three hundred pieces were spent in perfumed light, shandámūla and onions." The merchant left out the other expenses, and added up these unreasonable items, and calculated the interest on them. He counted the years, months &c. on his fingers but did not come to an end. Adding up

* The usual form to commence a document.

the capital and interest, he opened his lips and closed his eyes and mildly said.—"Let the amount of deposit and interest be now calculated; and the sum due which was given in confidence will be restored without fraud." The creditor, taking the words of the merchant to be correct, was for a short time satisfied, but he afterwards repented and found that the merchant's words were like a razor steeped in honey. But in lawsuits he could not overcome the merchant whose wickedness made him base; nor could the judges who judged convict him. The judges could not settle the matter and the case was brought before the king. The king judged the case and thus said to the merchant:—"If there be any sum left of the deposited Dīnnāras, bring it to me and I will then decide as will appear just." When the Dīnnāras were brought, he saw them and thus said to the ministers:—"Do kings coin money in the name of the kings to be? How is it that the Dīnnāras deposited in the reign of king Kalasha came to bear my name? The one lakh pieces deposited with the merchant have been gradually spent by him in buying merchandize. Give back to the plaintiff the gains derived from the merchandize which was bought with his money from the time from which it was used. Let the merchant pay the whole interest on one lakh pieces from the day after the date on which the money was deposited." Thus the king acted with strict justice, and sometimes, like king Yashaskara, dispensed justice with

severity. In a suit if there be any doubt, it is wise to forgive, but men who do wrong should be punished. In lawsuit which it was difficult to master, and presented many points for discussion, the king acted with much deliberation. Thus the king's impartial administration became famous. The king was like Manu and was attentive to his subjects.

Friendship does not exist without a cause, nor supremacy without pride, nor chastity in a woman without some censure of neighbours, nor learning without wealth, nor youth without impulsiveness, nor maladministration without a speedy close of the reign. Even such a king as Uchchala began to harass his subjects. Being proud of his nobleness, heroism, intellect and patience, he robbed innumerable men of their honor and life. He too was insulted in return by those honorable men to whom he used harsh words. Men's energy, like that of sleeping serpents, is not known till they are angry. There is none among the many living beings whose body or lineage or character is not open to some blame. Even Brahmā is not faultless, as he is born of lotus which rises out of mud, his color is brown, his head was once cut off, and his fame is polluted by impure acts. Where then can a perfectly faultless person be found? Without paying consideration to this, the king began to publish personal or family faults of his servants. He found out faults in innumerable warriors and had them killed by making them fight with one another. For half a month, during the festivity in honor of Indra, he induced

the assembled warriors to fight by bestowing riches on them, and caused their death in mutual strife. There was no festivity in that time in which the yard of the palace was not drenched with blood, and the voice of lamentation did not arise. The warriors on these festive occasions set out from their houses dancing, but they were brought back by their friends with their bodies cut up. The king was glad and not sorry to see the well-dressed warriors with their black and oily hair and beautiful beards lying dead. The ladies would count those days happy in which their husbands would return from the palace, but remained distrustful till their return. No one could oppose the king. He made some persons accept the post of ministers, and proudly declared that whatever he ordered must be obeyed. The wicked king dispossessed learned men of their estates and several times insulted them. Damshaka, lord of Kampana, incurred the king's anger because he was enjoying prosperity; he fled to Vishalāya and was killed by the Khashas. The king had raised Rakkaka, lord of Dvāra, to prosperity; but on seeing the great riches he enjoyed, he deposed him again. Māṇikya, a leader in the king's army, quelled a tumult at Dvāra and was allowed by the king a subsistence at Vijayakṣhetra. The excellent Tilaka and others who were employed at Kampana incurred the king's anger and were not therefore created ministers. The king was pleased with the services of Bhogasena and though he was without follower or a house, the king made him the governor of the Rājasthāna

(palace). He had seen Bhogasena's valor in the battle on the day of Indradvādashī when Gaggachandra, though he had a large army under him, fled from the engagement. The king raised Saḍḍa, Chchhaḍḍa and Byaḍḍāsa, sons of Saḍḍa, a common soldier, to the post of ministers. Tilaka and Janaka sons of Vijayasiṃha, who had been reduced to misery for deserting the king's service were now enrolled as ministers. And who can count how many Yama, Ela, Abhaya, Vaṇa &c., were made lords of Dvāra and other places, and whose prosperity lasted but for short periods. Prashastakalasha and two or three other old men then appeared like worn trees by the side of new saplings. Kandarpa, although he was invited by the king's messengers and was offered a post, refused to accept it, as he saw the intolerent character of the king. The etiquette of the court of Kāshmīra assumed a new aspect in the reign of this new king. The possession of wealth and subjection to fascinating women of ill fame cause even sensible men to walk in evil ways.

Royalty is like Pratatá, a thorny creeper; it destroys family affection and becomes harmful to kinsmen. Sussala, though possessed of wealth of all kinds, planned the usurpation of the kingdom and meditated an attack on his brother. The king heard all of a sudden that his brother had crossed Varāhavárttá and had fallen on him with the speed of a hawk. The active king issued out for battle before his opponent could gain a firm footing, and fell on him with his large army and did him much harm.

The younger brother fled towards his quarters, leaving his baggage behind. The king returned with success but heard that his brother had returned on the following day, bent on mischief. By his orders Gaggachandra marched out with a large army to crush the force of Sussala. The battle raged for a long time and innumerable hardy soldiers of Sussala departed to heaven, and assuaged the fatigue of the women in the garden of that place. In this battle Sahadeva and Yudhishṭhira, two Rajputs, paid with their lives the debt of favor they owed to their master. Gagga captured the fleeing horsemen of the enemy who rode on beautiful horses which excited the curiosity even of the king who had many horses. The king marched with his army, quickly pursued his brother towards Kramarājya by the way of Selyapura road. Thus pursued by his elder brother, Sussala with his handful followers entered the country of Darad. The king killed Loshṭaka, the Ḍāmara inhabitant of Selyapura, because he gave passage to Sussala, and entered the city [Selyapura]. When Sussala had gone far away, the king though polluted with sins, did not try to possess the hills of Lohara out of love for his brother. Sussala was married to the pure Meghamañjari, daughter of Vijayapāla. She had lost her father and had been affectionately brought up by her mother's father Kahla, king of Kālindara, as his own child. Such was the power of Sussala that though it was then winter yet his enemies at Lohara could not oppose him. This patient prince after

issuing out of difficult roads and traversing mountains of difficult passages, reached his own territory. It took him many months to go over this way.

This danger over, king Uchchala had other minor difficulties which arose and passed away. Bhīmádeva set up Bhoja, son of the late king Kalasha, and brought Jagaddala, king of Darad, to help them. Sahla, a son of Harsha and Sañjapāla, brother of Darshanapāla, were in the party. The king of Darad came out to attack Uchchala but the wise king induced him by friendly words to return to his own country. Sahla privately followed the king of Darad. Bhoja retired to his country, but his servant having accepted a bribe betrayed his master, and Bhoja soon received from the king the punishment befitting a robber.

Even Pitthaka, son of Deveshvara, aspired to take possession of a part of the kingdom and revolted with the Ḍāmaras during the absence of the king. Vulgar men become objects of laughter when like thoughtless brutes they are incited by others to run about, and act without any judgment of their own.

Then came one versed in intrigue; his trade was that of an assistant cook, and he said that he was the son of Malla and his name was Rāmala, and that he had been travelling in foreign countries. Many foolish kings who loved revolt assisted him with wealth and rank as he passed through their countries. He entered Káshmíra alone, perspiring with heat. The king's servants knew

him and cut off his nose. And again men saw him following the profession of his caste, walking about as he sold food to the king's soldiers, and they smiled.

Vain are the efforts of the statesmen to rise by their own power, for they cannot do otherwise than what the gods will. The strength of men is aided or repressed by the will of gods, as fire is sometimes inflamed and sometimes extinguished when it is flaming, by wind. Man cannot avoid his fate by flight, as the bird cannot escape the fire burning on his tail. Men who are fated to enjoy certain things cannot be killed either by wound or fire or poison or arms or arrow or by being thrown into a hole or by magic. Bhikṣhāchara, on account of his amour towards Jayamatī, was ordered to be killed. He was by the king's orders taken by the executioners at night to the place of execution. There he was dashed on stone and thrown into the Vitastā. But kind fate landed him on a bank where the trees were waved by the wind. A certain Brāhmaṇa who had some money revived him to life; and thinking that Āsamatī was a relative of Diddā, the daughter of Sāhi, he brought Bhikṣhāchara to Diddā, and wily Diddā took him and sent him to another country and there in the south he lived privately. When Naravarmma, king of Mālava came to know who he was, he instructed him in learning and in arms as his own son. Some say that Jayamatī saved Bhikṣhāchara by destroying another boy like him, and of his age. When

the king learnt through his spies that Bhikṣhāchara had returned from foreign countries, his affection towards Jayamatī began to abate. But the patient king without disclosing his designs concluded terms with the kings through whose territories Bhikṣhāchara was to come to prevent his entrance into Kāshmīra. Foolish people who do not hide their jealousy for women or their fear of their enemies are imposed upon by others. Some again say, that after Bhikṣhāchara had been killed, Diddā brought a boy like him and caused him to be known by Bhikṣhāchara's name. This report whether true or false was widely believed, and even gods did not suppress the belief. Such facts are more wonderful than what is dreamt in dreams or seen in magic or illusions. The king secretly planned to destroy this man.

In order to destroy a poison-tree another poison-tree grows up, and the star Agasta rises when the waters are muddled in the rainy season. The far seeing Vidhātá takes steps to undo any evil that threatens the universe. At that time was born a son of Sussala who could raise the world from the misery into which it was sinking; and the child was named Jayasiṃha by the king on account of the victories which he gained from the time of the boy's birth. His acts fully sustained the import of his name as Buddha's name of Sarvārthasiddha was sustained by his acts. When the king saw that the foot of the child was marked with the impression of saffron, he forgot his anger towards his brother. That sign in the

child's foot prevented the enmity between its father and uncle and established peace between the two countries.

The king in the name of his deceased father raised a maṭha in the place where his father used to worship; and in the great festival he gave in charity cows, lands, gold, clothes, food, and spent a large amount of money and was like a kalpa tree to all who asked for charity. The other kings were astonished at the presents which he gave to them. The queen Jayamatī, in order to spend on some good purpose the money she had received from her husband when he was well pleased with her, built a maṭha with Vihāra. The king being somewhat short in virtues in his previous birth the maṭha which he built in the name of the child came to be called by the name of "New maṭha." The maṭha which he erected in the name of his sister Svalā in another of his father's places of worship did not attain the celebrity it deserved.

Once when the king was at Kramarājya he went to the mountainous village of Varhaṇachakra in order to see the fire that lights of itself. When he was passing by the road of the village of Kamvaleshvara some armed Chaṇḍāla robbers who lived there, surrounded him. Though they were intent on striking, and though the king's soldiers were few, yet being struck with panic they could not use their arms and so they did not strike. The king lost his way and wandered about with a few followers, and spent a night in a deep cavern. Soon on the morning this bad news reached the camp. From

camp the news slowly reached the capital. The Superintendent of the city was Chhuḍḍa of the family of the hero Kāmadeva and brother of Raḍḍa. He quelled the disturbance in the city by arms, and then entered the palace with his brothers in order to determine what to do. When deliberations were going on as to who should be made king, Saḍḍa a wicked Kāyastha wishing to benefit his own caste people thus addressed him:—"You with your many friends, kinsmen and servants are unconquerable, rule this kingdom without opposition." When thus addressed the wicked man wished to enjoy the kingdom and soon tried to get on the throne. Whoever was conscious of his descent from the line of Shrīyashaskara felt a desire to rule the kingdom. It appears that the wish that was inherent in them was inflamed by the words of an evil friend. They were not inclined to follow the right path, or why should they think of Saḍḍa's evil counsel? The low Saḍḍa was born of the family of Lavata, the porter. Kṣhemadeva's son who held a small appointment behaved harshly like a very desperate and brave man. He stole a golden vase from the palace, and though he was suspected yet, being a grave man, he was not discovered. He kept a small sword, was without a turban, laughed at all and prided himself, and like a prince despised the world. He always moved his fingers, and his notions of Government were cruel. By the words of this man and by their own evil desire, Chhuḍḍa and others aspired to the kingdom, but their desire was destroyed by hearing that the king was alive.

From that time the desire of being king was neither rooted out from their minds, nor was asleep, nor did it find an outlet. The king whose regard for them became unsettled gradually removed them from Government offices, and reduced them to an humble state. The king who was naturally rude in his speech now told them heart-piercing words. In the reign of king Harsha they lived in the house of their young widow-mother after their father's death. Their neighbour an youthful friend and soldier named Madyāsattaka was suspected with having formed an intrigue with their mother, and they killed him. But the king judged that they had not punished their unchaste mother and cut off her nose, and published this news behind their back; and enquired after them as sons of the "Nose-cut." The king who was like death towards the Kāyasthas had made Saḍḍa the treasurer of the great treasury &c., and prevented him from doing mischief. But oppressed by Saḍḍa's harshness his own accountant told the king that Saḍḍa used to defalcate money from the treasury. The king in anger took away from him his post of Praveshabhāgika and he again drove Raḍḍa and Chhuḍḍa to adopt their former plan.

Intent on killing the king, they sought for an opportunity and joined the wicked minded Hamsaratha, &c. They had stolen much wealth, they intended to kill the king, but found no opportunity for four or five years. With many men and in many ways and for a long time did they plan, but their counsels were not discovered

through the sins of men. They reported to one another that the king had used hard words, and thus they worked themselves to enmity against the king. With the intention of killing the king they followed him without intermission; secretly covering their breast, sides, back with iron mail.

The king, who could not bear to be separated from Jayamatī, and like a common man did every thing in his power to please her, had now for two years withdrawn his affection from her. Such change of character portends approaching death. Some say, that this was owing to the protection which the queen gave to Bhikṣhāchara, others say, that love, like lightning, is fleeting. The king married Vichchalā, daughter of the king of Vartula, and she became his favourite.

At this time king Saṅgrāmapāla died and his son Somapāla inherited his father's kingdom. The elder who should have got the throne was imprisoned by some conspirators who coronated this prince. This enraged the king of Kāshmīra against Rājapurī. Nevertheless he married his daughter who was like the picture of the meek goddess of fortune, to the great king [of Rājapurī] who was beloved of all his people and was the chief of kings. This was the last festival given by this rich and subject-loving king [of Kāshmīra.] When his son-in-law had gone, he favored the Tantris but being on some account angry with them, he drove away those who had intended to rebel against him. At this time also he was angry with Bhogasena and dismissed him

from the post he held at Dvāra and thus made him his enemy. Bhogasena was a very powerful man; he had subjugated all the Ḍāmaras. He now marched towards Lohara with a view to overcome Sussala. The king's enmity towards Bhogasena was tempered with love, he opposed his march and then blamed him for his conduct at which Bhogasena was angry.

The hero Bhogasena who was formerly the king's friend, when thus insulted, brought again Rudda, Kadda and others to an appointed place from which the king did not drive them back. Thus they who were insulted, dismissed from their posts and were evil-minded now met together. The wily Sadda disapproved the confidence which the rebels reposed on Bhogasena, because Bhogasena was a hero and a simple-hearted man. Sadda advised that the king should be killed that very day as otherwise the simple-minded Bhogasena would betray them. Saḍḍa was not wrong in what he said of Bhogasena, for the latter had intended to betray and would have told the king of the existence of a treason, but the king insulted him by proposing to bestow on him the Southern Dvāra, and thus made him adhere to the party of the rebels. When a man's end approaches, he is displeased even with those who instruct him, just as one is displeased with those who awake him from his sleep in winter even when it is day.

The Tantris who were sentinels now retired to their posts, and the rebels joined their own soldiers in the capital. They gave signal to the Chaṇḍālas saying "kill

him whom we shall strike in the night" and led them into an open building. When they were there, the king had taken his meal, and the rebels frightened away the king's servants telling them that the king was very angry. The king urged by love was going to the house of Vijjalā and his way was lighted by a lamp. When he, attended by a few followers, had reached a house in the midway, Sadda surrounded the house behind him, and there killed some men. Others stopped all the doors in the front and surrounded the king with a view to kill him. One of the party, through pride, advanced towards the king and pulled him by the hair. The king was a powerful man and pierced him with his weapon. Then the daggers fell on his golden mein as serpents fall on the peak of Sumerū. The king then cried out "treason," "treason," and by the help of his small weapon undid the hold which they had on his hair, and with his teeth unloosed the stick from their hands. Sujanākara, the servant, who was bearing the king's dagger fled on being struck by the enemies. The king therefore snatched a light knife worthy of a boy and planted the little weapon between the knees of his opponent, and with its help came out with difficulty from his grasp. He retired to a little distance and bound his loosened hair. The king did not lose his spirit and showed such valor that his foes, struck at vital parts, fell on the ground. The king pierced Radda who had struck him from behind, and yelling like a lion he turned round and pierced Vyadda. The king brought down another

soldier who was clad in armour, and he died within a short time and after suffering some agony. Availing himself of this opportunity he ran towards the house in order to gain admission into it, but the gate-keeper did not know him as the king, and closed the door. He then made for another door when Chchhuḍḍa opposed him saying "where do you go?" and struck him with his sword. The king then saw Bhogasena standing at the end of the door with his back turned and scratching the wall with a piece of wood. The king addressed him and said, "I have forgiven Bhogasena why are you then here." He replied, abashed to the fleeing king something indistinctly. Rayyāvaṭṭa, the torch-bearer, who was without weapon, went into the fight with his iron lamp and fell wounded by the rebels. Somapāla, a Rajpoot, son of Champa, was wounded and fell covered with the blows he received. His behaviour was not censurable. Majjaka, a Rajpoot, son of Shurapāla, fled hiding his weapon, like a dog hiding his tail. The king ran towards a wooden fence intending to scale it, but the Chaṇḍālas cut him in the knee and he fell on the ground. One Shriṅgāra, a Kāyastha, who was not a rebel, threw himself over the king's body, was severely beaten and was prevented from protecting the king.

The king intended to rise again, but all his enemies struck him with their weapons, and his garland of blue lotus was torn away by kālī.* The low Saḍḍa cut

* A sort of weapon.

him in his neck suspecting that the king was yet alive though he seemed dead. "I am he whom you dismissed from his post," he said, as he cut the king's fingers and snatched the jewel rings. The long-armed king was seen sleeping on the ground, his shoe in one foot, his garland fallen from his head and his face covered. The king's cruelty towards men was atoned by his great valor in his last moments. Shuraja, a royal servant, came out and cried aloud "treason," but he was killed by the angry Bhogasena.

Thus the king perished by the kālī on his way to the appartments of his queen. Kings become restless with enjoyments in their kingdoms as black bees become restless with the pollen of flowers in gardens. Alas! They are then struck by fate, as bees are felled by the wind, and disappear from the sight. Rāvaṇa who conquered the three worlds was at last defeated by monkeys, and Duryyodhana who was superior to innumerable kings received a kick on his head. Thus after enjoying great glory they were insulted like ordinary men. After musing on these things who can say that he is great?

The umbrella-bearers of the king brought the naked body of their master, as of a helpless man, to be burnt. One took upon his shoulder, the hands of the king, another took up in his hands, his legs, his neck broken, his hair hanging, his body besmeared with blood and wounded and uncovered like that of a helpless man.

They soon burnt him on an island in the great river Vitastā. No one saw him die, no one saw him burnt, as if he fled on wings and disappeared. At the time of his death he had completed the age of forty-one. It was in the year 87, in the month of Pausha, on the sixth day of the bright moon.

Radda clad in armour and holding the sword and besmeared in blood stepped towards the throne as an evil spirit steps on the stones of the burning ground. When he ascended the throne, his powerful and warlike friends and servants prepared themselves for battle. His friends Batta, Patta the Tantris fought for a long time and fell at the principal gate of the palace; the warriors Katta Sūryya &c., also fell there. The king Radda with sword and shield killed many of his enemies in fight within the palace. At times his opponents despaired of victory; but Radda fell in battle after a long struggle and after killing many of his foes. After the murder of his late master Uchchala, Gagga disclaimed wealth and punished Radda, though dead, as befitted a rebel.

Near Diddāmatha Vyadda's face was submerged in a drain and he was killed by the citizens who threw stones and ashes on him. In several places the rebels were dragged by ropes tied to their ankles and the citizens spat on them as they deserved. Sadda, Hamsaratha and others fled, to suffer an agony worse than death. The news of Radda's defeat and the death of his brothers came on Bhogasena like a deluge. He

returned intending to oppose, but seeing the soldiers flee, he was struck with fear and fled to some place, accompanied with a few kindred men. Thus Gargachandra by his own valor either killed or routed the principal men of the rebel party. No where in history have I heard of feats of courage like those of the valorous Garga. One prahara of night and one of day did the rebel Raḍḍa reign and he obtained the title of Shaṃkharāja. He got the punishment due to the wicked. The rebels proved that they were born of the line of Yashaskara for they reigned for a short time like Varṇaṭadeva. Hunters kill lions &c., by fire and trap: they are themselves killed by the sudden fall of fragments of stone. All go the same way, the way to death, so it is useless to distinguish the murderers from the murdered. Those who hear with pleasure the voice of women proclaimirg their happiness at their marriage, listen not long after to their lamentations and voices of wail. He who feels happy at having averted a danger finds other sources of unhappiness not long after. Ignorance is blinding. The rebels thought of violence in the evening, at night the thought was matured into action, and on the next day it brought on misery.

When the work was finished, Garga left the scene of action, his anger was appeased, and he came near the throne and wept long for his master. At this time the citizens had shaken off their fear and found an opportunity to weep for their beloved king. The insincere

Jayamatī wishing to excite pity and in the hope of still living after her husband's death gave wealth to Garga and said, "O brother tell me what I should do." Garga knew her intention and gave her assurance of safety. There is crookedness in the tresses of women, restlessness in their eyes, hardness in their heaving breasts, and no one can fathom their hearts. Women who live in vice, and who even kill their husbands easily enter the fire. No confidence can be placed in women. While she was riding in a conveyance, and loitering in the way, Vichchlā came out first by that time and entered the funeral fire. As she was going up the pile, the people robbed her of her ornaments and thereby hurt her person. The people wept to see the late king's umbrella and chāmara burning and felt as if their eyes were being consumed.

Though all asked Garga to ascend the throne, he did not do so, and thus he held his duty sacred. He intended to set up the infant son of Uchchala to the throne, and enquired after the boy. The people now wondered at the work of those whom they at first had thought unfit even to beg. Mallarāja had by queen Shvetā three sons, Sahlaṇa, &c., of whom the second had died before. Shaṃkharāja (Raḍḍa) had sought to kill the surviving Sahlaṇa and Lothana and they fled in fear to the Navamatha. Learning that the rebels were dead, the shameless Tantri and cavalry officers consulted together and brought them back. Garga did not see any one else fitted for the kingdom and he anointed Sahlaṇa.

the elder of them. O! that within four praharas of day and night there were three kings. The wicked servants of the king who at evening served Uchchala, and Raḍḍa the next morning, came to Sahlaṇa at noon.

Sussala was at the gate of Lohara when he heard of the death of his brother, a day and a half after the event, and became excessively grieved. The messenger sent by Garga threw himself on the ground weeping and dispelled all doubts as to the truth of the occurrence. From this messenger Sussala did not hear of the accession of Sahlaṇa to the throne, but only learnt the news of his brother's death and received an invitation from Garga. Garga, when he left his house, did not think that he would be able to accomplish the difficult task of putting down the enemies so soon, and had sent a messenger to Sussala asking him to come. Sussala spent that night in weeping, and at dawn he set out towards Kāshmīra without collecting his army. Another messenger from Garga met him on the way, told him all that had happened and asked him not to come. "The rebellion was soon put down and you were not near so your younger brother Sahlaṇa has been made king. What is the use of your proceeding?" When he heard this message from Garga he was unable to bear it, and through anger he said with a smile to his servants.—"This is not our ancestral kingdom that our younger brother would possess it. I and my elder got it by the strength of our arms, when we got the kingdom, no one made a gift of it to us; and has the means by which we first got it, now disappeared?"

He said so and stopped and marched with his men and sent many messengers to Garga.

Sussala reached Kāshṭavāṭa, and Gargachandra on behalf of Sahlaṇa came out and arrived at Hushkapura. When the night approached, men who came and went called Garga a rebel, though he spoke kind words to all. Though the king [Sussala] was very busy with his work, yet he sent Hitahita, son of his nurse, to Garga. Bhogasena devoid of his senses came at this moment to the king accompanied with the Khāshakas inhabitants of Vilvavana. He sent Karṇabhúti, a horseman, to the king and assured him that he would overcome Garga. Without waiting for an opportunity, he searched for a fitting place to kill the rebellious brother and was considered a bad man by the people. Garga rebuked the king through his messengers and asked how he can accept the help of him who rebelled against his brother. Bhogasena had retreated from the road and halted, it being dark. At the end of the night Garga attacked him and killed him and his followers. Karṇabhūti fell a hero gracing the battle with his fall: his step-brother Tejahsena did likewise. By the king's [Sahlaṇa's] order the latter was set up on a pale, and the like was also done to Marichi, son of Ashvapati, inhabitant of Lavarājya. On account of the opposition, the king inflicted punishments &c., but his army became too uneasy to remain in order.

Sañjapāla who had preceded king Sussala but, at evening, was left behind, collected many horsemen and joined

the king. On their arrival Sussala's army received some opposition. Garga's general Suvāṣhpa with a large number of troops arrived. On seeing them the enemy became eager for fight, and the king, clad in armour, was, by his own men, with difficulty, set up on a horse. The arrows from the enemies covered the sky like locusts and fell on all sides in continued showers. They attacked the whole body of the royal [Sussala's] army. The brave king whose men lay killed and wounded got out alone from amidst the enemies and fled in haste. He fled riding his horse and crossed the roaring and headlong current of the Sindhu without going over the bridge, and got himself out of the range of the arrows. Sañjapāla and one or two more were able to follow him and dispersed those who opposed them at several places. Sussala's enemies gave up the pursuit as he, with twenty or thirty followers, entered Virāṇaka, a town of the Khashas. Without raiment or food, attended with a few followers, he stopped there, and without fear attacked and chastised the Khashas. He fortunately returned to Lohara in time, passing through roads difficult to traverse on account of fall of snow. He faced death at every step but his period of life was not yet ended, and he lived and thought of the means of obtaining Kāshmīra.

Garga became angry with poor Hitahita and threw him into the Vitastā after tying his hands and feet. But Hitahita's servant threw himself into the water just before him, and though he descended down [into the water] he ascended [high in heaven.]

Garga was particularly honored by king Sahlaṇa on his return; for it was he who gave Sahlaṇa a kingdom and destroyed his enemies. The king was without a minister and without valor, and with an unsettled mind he looked on the kingdom as on a wheel turning round him on all sides. He had no policy, no valor, no wiles, no simplicity, no charity, no avarice, nothing predominated in him. During his reign even at noon the thieves would steal things from the people in the capital, what then must they have done to others living outside the town! Even lame persons could violate the chastity of women, while the king, although a man, lost his senses through fear. The kingdom was shared in common by Sahlaṇa and Loṭhana, one reigned on one day and the other the next day. The king understood not the nature of men and when he erred, he was laughed at by the men of state. He employed Ujaḥsurya, father-in-law of Loṭhana, in Dvāra where much valor and sternness were required; but Ujaḥsurya was fit to be among hermits. He said that if he repeated his mantra a hundred thousand times there would remain no more cause of fear from Sussala.

The wicked king, through the orders of Garga, tied a piece of stone to his enemy Vimba, a Nīlāshva Ḍāmara and threw him into the Vitastā. Garga had killed the enemies of the king and the king bestowed favors on him. He killed many Hālāha Ḍāmaras by means of poisoned food. The king was disregarded and the life

and death of all, whether great or low, whether in the capital or without, were at the mercy of Garga.

Once when Garga returned to the king from Lohara, the citizens in the metropolis became anxious and frightened. There arose a rumour that the furious Garga had come to kill all the dependents of the king, on boats by fixing pales. Such a fearful rumour which can cause abortion in women kept all men in a fever of anxiety for two or three days. Tilakasiṃha and others, therefore, without waiting for the king's orders, attacked Garga's house. The whole country became excited and the people armed themselves and ran to and fro; and Gargachandra was alarmed. The shameless Dillabhaṭṭāra, Lokkaka and others were seen riding about in the road leading to Garga's house. The king did not prevent them but on the contrary sent Loṭhana to encourage them as they were weak. Loṭhana with his soldiers blocked the road but could not surround Garga's house nor could he burn it by fire. One Kaushava, a good archer and the head of a maṭha at Loṭikāmaṭha, greatly checked Loṭhana's soldiers by killing many of them with iron arrows. When the king's partisans had retired as they had come, Garga set out on horse-back at evening, with his followers and unopposed, he went to Lohara. On his way he captured Ujaḥsurya who was at Tripureshvara suffering from ill health. "But what is the use of arresting this hermit" he said, and he liberated him the next day. Sussala was overcome with anxiety but Garga did not dispossess him of Lohara.

From that place the citizens received at times, rumours of Garga's approach and used to bolt their houses. The weak king was anxious to come to terms with Garga and for that purpose the great Sahela went to Lohara as a messenger. With difficulty Garga was made to promise to bestow his daughter on the king. Peace was then established with Sussala, but the proposed alliance although asked for was never made.

When Garga went to Visharákúta in Mandala, the king caused Saḍḍa, Hamṣaratha and Nonaratha to be brought to him by messengers. The wicked king tortured them by sparks of fire and points of needle and left them all but dead. The king determined to dishonor Allā, the widow of Bhogasena, who was, after the death of her husband, leading a pure life and was living privately. He saw the weakness of all around and was only afraid of Dilhabhaṭṭāra and poisoned him. This vicious sovereign was not born of the royal line nor was he powerful, since he removed persons into his secret manner. Dilhabhaṭ ṭāra's sister Allā reproached the king for his effeminacy and proudly burnt herself. His reign though of short duration became intolerable owing to these fears, as a night becomes intolerable with bad lengthy dreams.

Sussala understood the signs of the times, and though as yet there was peace, he had misgivings about Garga. He was anxious to come to Kashmīra but he first sent Saṇjapāla. The king had bestowed wealth and Dvāra on Lakkaka who with difficulty reached Barahamūla.

Garga remembered that it was Lakkaka who had attacked him in his house, he came up to him from behind, destroyed his army and plundered both the soldiers and the place Barāhamūla. Lakkaka fled. Among the dead that lay on the ground and graced it like a garland of pearls were the leaders Rūppachuḍa and others. Their character was good and they were born in good families. On the approach of Sañjapāla, Lakkaka's fear abated and, helpless as he was, he was brought to Sussala.

When Sañjapāla who was approaching Kāshmīra to attack it was yet at a distance, the king was induced by the citizens and the Ḍāmaras to go and meet him. Sahelaka left Salhaṇa promising to establish peace between him and Sussala. The citizens went over to the good king Sussala and eagerly watched his rising power, as the kokila watches the rising cloud. Chhuḍḍā, wife of Garga, came with her two daughters to Sussala to marry them. King Sussala married Rājalakṣhmī, the elder of the two, and married her younger sister Guṇalekhā to his son.

When Sañjapāla came and surrounded Salhaṇa who was with his younger brother, king Sussala came from his court and arrived at the Siṃha gate of the palace. One of the enemy's servants closed the door in Sussala's sight but failed to capture him as he had intended. The enemy with his soldiers was shut up within the palace, but the army of Sussala feared an attack from Garga. They had no confidence in Garga though he had married

his daughter to Sussala; and they remained therefore in constant fear, being alarmed even at the motion of a grass. As the day expired, the army thus stood panic-struck, but Sussala, out of pity for them, burnt down the strong position occupied by the enemy. Sañjapāla entered the palace by moonlight through the straight gate facing the village, and opened the gate and fought with the soldiers who were in the court-yard. Tilaka apprehended that Sañjapāla's death was inevetable amidst the enemy's soldiers within the palace and therefore followed him. Keshava also who was brought from Darad by Sañjapāla fought equally well with Sañjapāla at the dreadful fight that took place at Kāshtavāta. Thus Tilaka and Keshava followed Sañjapāla in the fight as Sātyaki and Bhīma followed Arjuna when the king of Sindhu was seeking for an encounter with him. Though beaten, they with difficulty opened the gate of the court-yard, when king Sussala himself entered. The two forces mingled with each other in the fight and many perished in the court-yard. Ajjaka, the minister of king Salha, perished in the fight. He was born in the village of Patamera. Rūdra, a Kāyastha, who was made a treasurer, now fell in the battle and showed himself worthy of his master's favor. In the evening the birds settle on trees and make a noise, but when a stone is thrown at them they fly away and no more sound is heard; even so the field of battle which was full of sounds before, now became silent as a picture. King Sussala shouted as he rode on his horse When

he was in the court-yard and had not yet seated himself on the throne, the voice of "Victory to Sussala." and the sound of drums were heard. In the family of Mallarāja, the honor that was lost by Salhaṇa and Loṭhana was won back again. Sussala embraced Salhaṇa and Loṭhana who were on their horses, and clad in mail and addressed them both calling them as "boy" and "youth" and cunningly caused them to be disarmed. He then secured them and ordered them to be removed to another house. Thus he got the kingdom and entered the court. Salhaṇa was captured after a reign of four months minus three days, on the third day of bright moon in the month of Vaishākha of the year 88.

When Sussala ascended the throne, the people forgot their sorrows within a short time and became glad as at the rising of the sun. Harassed by constant rebellion, Sussala kept his sword always unsheathed from the scabbard as the lion keeps his mouth open towards his hunter. He extirpated the families of those who had rebelled against his brother, and thus this politic king did not leave a single enemy alive. Seeing the wickedness of men, he assumed an unapproachable appearance, and never showed any leniency: on the contrary he issued orders according to the deeds of men. He was in reality a kind-hearted man, but in order to curb wicked men, he assumed the severe character which was not his own. No one understood the times as he did, or could check mischief like him, or was more energetic.

or had more brilliant conceptions, or was more far-sighted than he was. His character was similar to that of his elder brother, in some qualifications he was superior, in some, equal, and in some, he was inferior. His elder brother's anger was like the poison of a dog, but his was like the sting of the bee. He did not disregard the Veda, and he maintained his dignity by curbing the haughtiness of his dependents. He did not wish for the death of the proud by duel but he settled their quarrels amicably. His brother used intolerably harsh words, but his words were affectionate and without abuse. He was avaricious of money and so collected a large fortune, and his charity was limited as he selected proper objects and proper occasions. He loved new constructions and horses, so that artists and native horse-dealers were enriched. The king was eager for conquests and also loved peace, he gave riches in charity, and had nothing with which he could not part on occasions of great danger or emergency. On Indradvâdashî day, he gave away many clothes such as were not seen by any. As Uchchala was easily accessible and loved his servants so this king was inaccessible by his servants. None had a greater passion for horse, conveyances than Uchchala, and no one excelled Sussala in the administration of the kingdom. Uchchala relieved famines which occurred now and then but in the reign of king Sussala, famine never appeared even in dream. In short, this king was superior to his elder brother in all qualities except in

charity, in disregard for wealth, and in not being easily accessible to men.

Garga was Sahasramaṅgala's guardian and tried to make him king, but Sussala banished Sahasramaṅgala. When Garga was at Bhadrāvakāsha, Sahasramaṅgala's son Prāsa bribed the Ḍāmaras with much gold and conspired with them. Garga did not give up Uchchala's infant son to Sussala when asked by him to do so, but showed his enmity on that occasion. An innumerable army which the king sent against Garga was destroyed by him, as grass is destroyed by the forest fire. Garga's wife's brother, Vijaya, born at Devasarasa, also killed many of the king's soldiers. It was but a month and a day after the king had ascended the throne that this danger caused anxiety in his mind. It was at the confluence of the Vitastā and the Sindhu where there were the gods Sureshvarī and Amaresha, that the royal army was annihilated by Garga. In this great battle, the two ministers Shṛiṅgāra and Kapila were killed, as also the two brothers Karṇa and Shūdraka. They were Tantris. No one could remove their bodies from the field where they lay amongst those of many other good warriors. Many soldiers belonging to Harshamitra, lord of Kampana who was the son of the king's maternal uncle, were killed by Vijaya at Vijayeshvara. There fell Tihla, son of Maṅgalarāja, of the Kshetriya caste and also the Tantris Tivdākara and others. In the king's army, Sañjapāla showed the greatest valor for

though he had few soldiers under him yet Garga with a large army could not overcome him.

The steady king sent Lakkaka and others to collect his scattered army at Vijayakṣhetra, and when this was done, he himself marched against Garga. On the next day he searched and burnt the innumerable corpses of soldiers destroyed by Garga. Pressed by the powerful king, Garga burnt his own place of residence and marched towards Phalāhā. There, deserted by his followers, and deprived of his horses which were captured, Garga took shelter in Ratnavarṣha, a hill fort, to which the king laid siege. Sañjapāla who rode on his horse surrounded him there. Garga then gave up the son of Uchchala and submitted to the king, who came to him, and he soon gained the king's confidence by bringing to him Malakoṣhtha, son of Karṇakoshtha and an enemy to the king. The king accepted his submission, and as Vijaya was dead, and the disturbance was over, he slowly returned to his capital. He went to Lohara and searched and captured Salhaṇa and Lothana. He was then served by Kalha, Somapāla and other petty kings.

The king entered Kashmīra again and bestowed greater favors on Garga than on any other. The king was like the summer sun, his queen was like the cool shade of a tree and his son, like the woodland breeze. Vrihattikka and Súkṣhmatikka, two Ḍāmaras, born at Devasarasa and of the same lineage as Vijaya, arrived within the limits of the king's territory, and asked for help from him. They

entered in his presence and stood like innocent men, and their followers wept. The king, confident of success on account of his peace with Garga, abandoned good manners and caused them to be driven away by those who had canes in their hands. They and their proud followers thereupon drew their arms and boldly attacked the king's soldiers. Bhogadeva, the Ḍāmara, struck the king with his dagger and the cool Gajjaka also struck the king at his back with his sword. The attack of the enemies on the king proved fruitless, because he was yet destined to live; but the mare on which he rode perished. The admirable Shṛiṅgārasiṃha, of the family of Vána, as he rode on his horse, warded off the blows which were directed against the king, and in that act he died. Vṛihaṭṭikka, Bhogadeva and others were killed by the king's soldiers, but Súkṣhmaṭṭikka, the cause of future rebellions, escaped. The rebels Gajjaka &c. were impaled and killed, and the king whose life was so lately endangered became more attached to Garga. A man will survive great calamities, if the ordained time of his death has not yet arrived, and when the time of death comes, even a flower destroys life. The pearls that lie within the sea are not deprived of lustre by the heat of the submarine fire that touches them; but when they are worn by young women on their breasts, they are spoilt by the heat of youth.

The king remembered not the services done by Sañjapála and others, and not being able to brook haughtiness

in others, banished them from the country. Yasheraja who was related to the Kāka family was banished by the king, and he came over to Sahasramaṅgala who enlisted him in his party. He also enlisted others who had been banished from the country, and had attained wealth and fame, and he set himself against the king. His son Prāsa intended to enter Kāshmira by the Kānda road, but returned in fear after Yashorāja had been wounded by the king's soldiers. He then joined the exiled servants of the king and gained great celebrity.

At the time when preparations for war were being made, three hill chiefs Jāsata of Champā, Vajradhara of Valiāpura and Sahajapāla of Vartula and two heir apparents Kahla of Trigarta and Ānandaraja of Vallāpura assembled together and arrived at Kurukshetra. They found Bhikshāchara who was saved by Āsamati with Naravarmma; and Naravarmma gave gold to the former for expenses on the way. Jāsata was a[illegible]ted to Bhikshāchara and treated him well, and the other chiefs also honored him. They then arrived at Vallāpura. Vimba and others who were out of Kāshmira joined Bhikshāchara so that the fame of Sahasramaṅgala was eclipsed. The people said that king Harsha had directed Bhikshāchara to be king and questioned who the others were, and left Sahasramaṅgala and his party and flocked to Bhikshāchara. Darpaka of the royal line, son of the maternal uncle of Kumārapāla, father of Bhikshāchara, though not banished from Kashmīra, for-

got the gratitude due to the king in his love for his relative and went over to Bhikshāchara. He had been raised to prosperity by Sussala as if he were his own son. Advised by the heir-apparent and Jāsaṭa, the chief of Vallāpura married his daughter to Bhikshāchara and bestowed Padmaka on him. Gayapāla, the Ṭhakkura of the country, assembled many chiefs and desired to place Bhikshāchara in the seat of his grandfather [Harsha]. The king heard this news and became anxious, but in the meantime the powerful Gayapāla was murdered by his relatives through stratagem. Darpaka who had joined them at Padmaka and was the chief of Bhikshāchara's army fell in a battle. This reduced Bhikshāchara to an insignificant state, like a cloud in a rainless season. Āsamatī had gone away from him, and his gold for the road expenses was reduced; and even his father-in-law ill treated him then. For four or five years he lived in the house of Jāsaṭa and where he had barely food and clothing with difficulty. Deṅgapāla, a Ṭhakkura, who lived by the Chandrabhāga, married his daughter to Bhikshāchara and took him to his house. There for sometime he lived not in poverty and without fear, there he was beloved and there he attained his manhood.

In the meantime the excited and bold Prāsa, son of Sahasra, incurred the anger of the king by his frequent movements. Bent on rebellion, he entered Kāshmīra by the Siddhapatha road, when he was captured by the servants of the king and was brought before him.

Amidst these troubles, the nobleness of Sañjapâla was conspicuous; for though aggrieved, he did not rebel but retired to another country. This noble hero spread his great fame in foreign countries by his valor. What more shall I say of him?

The king had banished Sahela and other nobles, and gave the post of Sarvvâdhikâra to Gauraka, a Kâyastha. This person was distantly related to the hermit of Vijayeshvara, and by his service had become the favourite of the king when he was at Lohara. The king gradually removed the Kâyasthas who were in the service and made Gauraka, his minister. When he attained this post, he made new arrangements and he supported the king's dependents by means of the income which easily flowed in from various sources. The wickedness of this man was not known owing to his mildness, as the fatal taste of poison is hidden when it is sweetened. The king who had squandered the wealth treasured before, now filled his treasuries with the wealth of misers, even as the cloud discharges snows on the snows. When king's treasury is polluted with the wealth of misers, it is either robbed by thieves or by enemies. The king was avaricious, and always sent the hoarded treasure to Lohara hills. Vaṭṭapañjaka and others, creatures of Gauraka and servants of the state, impoverished the country, as if some great calamity had befallen it.

After the death of Uchchala when the stone had been placed on his head, the servants of the state, like hunters, again oppressed the people. After the death of

Prashastakalasha, his brother's son Kāyasthakanaka made good use of his money. He constantly relieved the miseries of persons who came from a distance, driven by famine. The king now, without due care, gave good posts to them whose character was proved after Uchchala's death to be bad. He placed the notorious Tilakasimha at Dvāra and Tilakasimha's brother, Janaka, at Rājasthāna [palace.] Tilakasimha vigorously attacked Rasādhipa and exacted tribute from him. Tilaka [another person of the same name] of the family of Kāka, to whom the king had bestowed Kampana, began to act very mischievously, as the storm does to trees. Sajjaka, lord of Sheddarājasthāna, armed himself with rustic weapons and subdued some powerless enemies. Avāpishta, servant of Attamelaka, had, through the favor of the Kāka family, access to the king, and the king accepted his advice. Thus the king, leaving aside his pride, spent some days in selecting ministers high and low according to merit.

The king commenced to build three high temples on the banks of the Vitastā, one in his own name, one in the name of his mother-in-law, and one in the name of his wife. He spent much wealth and renewed the Diddāvihāra which was burnt by fire, during the revolution.

When the king went to the town of Attilikā, he was advised by his faithful friends, Kalpa &c., who were with him, to destroy Garga. They were envious of Garga, because his son Kalyāṇachandra showed greater ability

in hunting than they. They repeatedly urged that the king should put down one who was most powerful, and they caused him to turn against Garga. One of king's servants told Garga of the king's intention to imprison him and keep him at Lohara, and Garga was frightened. He with his son fled to his home, and after a few days the king also returned to his capital. The mutual distrust and difference between Garga and the king were matured by instigators who frequented their houses.

The king drove from him, Vijaya, brother of Garga's wife, though out of affection, the king was afterwards grieved for him. He now set free Mallakoshṭaka, Garga's enemy, whom he had imprisoned before, and in his anger, also liberated the Ḍāmaras who were confined with Mallakoshṭaka and raised him to power. The king's army slowly marched out for battle, but was, as before, annihilated by Garga at Amareshvara. There Pṛithvīhara, a Samāla Ḍāmara, of the party of the king, gained great reputation by behaving more boldly than any others. Tilakasiṃha, lord of Dvāra, was defeated by Garga and he fled, and his valor was the subject of laughter for all. Out of pity Gargachandra did not kill Tilakasiṃha's surviving soldiers who were wounded and were without arms or clothes. When the dead were burnt, the funeral piles were countless.

The king then led back his army, he burnt Garga's dwelling, and Garga retired from Lohara to the Chūḍāvāna hill. The king arrived at its base, and Garga daily

maintained fight with the royal army on the roads leading up to the hill. He harassed the king's soldiers every night by secret warfare and killed Trailokyarāja and other Tantris. In the month of Phālguna there was a heavy fall of snow, Garga's followers were few and the king was his enemy: yet he did not lose his presence of mind. The patient Tilaka, lord of Kampana, of the family of Kāka, was alone able to pursue him to the peak where he had taken shelter. Thus pressed by Tilaka, Garga sent his wife to his daughter [who was married to the king] and received the good will of the king who hid his anger in his assumed kindness. But he was secretly annoyed with Garga, and though he made peace with him and went away from the place, yet he favored Mallakoshṭa instead of crushing him.

While the king's intentions were thus kept undisclosed, Garga for two or three months suffered the rivalry of Mallakoshṭa and bore insults from his inferiors. In the meantime the king caused disunion in the army of Garga and caused his servants to spread evil reports among themselves. Garga's inferior relations were treated as his equals by the king, and Garga felt hurt at this; he took advice, and he with his wife and son came to the king when the latter was in his bath. The king rebuked him and disarmed him. Who can feel a pride in manliness, or can respect heroism, when even Garga, when rebuked, remained powerless like a coward? Where was then his pride of making and unmaking kings when like a common man, he conducted himself with weakness?

The beings in this world yield to the will of Vidhātā, even as the strings of an instrument yield to the will of their maker. Some of those wicked persons, now favourites of the king, who could not even look on Garga in battle, came and bound his arms at every joint. Kalyāṇa and others who were in a house near Shrīsaṅgrāmamaṭha desisted from rising on the approach of the king. Videha, son of Garga, consoled himself when he heard that his father was alive, and was with difficulty made to give up his arms by the king. According to the king's orders, Garga and his wife and son were confined in the palace and were served with befitting food. The son of Garga fled from the house to Chatuṣhka but the low Karṇa saw him and brought him back to the king. The favor of the vulgar people is as inconstant as that of a king; it appears and disappears by turns.

When Maṇidhara, lord of Darad, came to see the king, the king went out to visit him and at the same time ordered Garga to be killed by his servants. After living for two or three months in prison, he and his three sons were violently killed at night by means of ropes tied round their necks. In the same way that the royal servants killed Garga, Vimbamukha tied a rope round his own neck and with his son threw himself into the water, and thus obtained fame. In the year 94, in the month of Bhādra, the king killed Garga to make his path easy, but he had to suffer misery, for he had to meet a great rebellion.

The king was very much grieved at the accession of Kahla to the throne of Kāliñjara and at the death of Mallā, mother of his principal queen.

In the meantime Nāgapāla, brother of Somapāla, when the latter had killed his elder step-brother Pratāpapāla, took fright and killed the minister who was the instrument of the murder, and fled from his country and took refuge with king Sussala. The king was angry at this and discarding the love for his obedient servant Somapāla determined to march against him. Somapāla felt certain that the enraged king could neither be resisted nor be induced to return, and he brought the kings' enemy Bhikshāchara from Vallāpura. When the king heard that Somapāla had brought his relative, he was angry, and he attacked Rājapurī and entered it. Somapāla fled, and Sussala bestowed the kingdom on Nāgapāla and remained there for seven months overawing his several enemies. The great king thus gave Vajradhara and other kings an opportunity of serving him, and was greatly pleased at their service. His soldiers frequently wandered about the banks of the river Chandrabhāgā, &c., and his enemies were unable even to look at the faces of his soldiers.

Tilaka, lord of Kampana, went before him and the Ḍāmaras. Prithvīhara was charged to guard the way. The virtuous king saved Brahmapurī and the temples of gods from the enemy and attained the high fruits of virtue. What shall I say of the furniture of this rich king?

Even the grass for his horses were brought all the way from his own kingdom. Here Sussala passed his days in pleasure and trusted those who were near him and raised them to prosperity. He became angry with Gauraka who was now at a distance; it was the king himself who had placed Gauraka in Kāshmira for its protection. But he now found out that he was wicked and was stealing all his money. In connection with this affair, the king rebuked Gauraka's brother, Tilakasiṃha, and made his heart uneasy. The king became angry with Tilakasiṃha, despoiled him of his possession and made Ānanda lord of Dvāra. This person was born at Parṇotsa and was master of Ananta. Somapāla and other ministers were at that time much admired; for though the king was there, yet they did not come to him. In the year 95, in the month of Vaishākha, the king returned to his country, and Nāgapāla, driven from his kingdom, followed him

The king reduced his expenses through avarice and punished some of his dependents. He dismissed Gauraka from his post and punished Gauraka's dependents; hence all his ministers were displeased with him. But he lost much of his wealth by his unwise acts and through the inexperience of the newly created ministers. He made bricks of gold and sent them to Lohara, as also heaps of gold like mountains. In order to punish the servants of Garga, he made Gañjaka who was Garga's minister, the superintendent of punishments. The servants of Garga

apprehending chastisement took refuge with Mallakoshtaka who in anger killed Gañjaka in disguise although Gañjaka had reposed his trust on him. At the breaking out of this disorder at Lohara, the king imprisoned Arjjuna who was near him. He was the elder step-brother of Mallakoshta. He also imprisoned Hasta, son of Saddachandra, though his kinsman, and Hasta's brother Vindaka. The king, in pursuance of past enmity, imprisoned Sūryya and his son and then Ānandachandra and others; and thus acted against the dictates of sound policy. When Mallakoshta fled out of Lohara, the king in anger, impaled Arjjunakoshta.

The king left his army there and entered the city, destroyed his faithful men and made all the Ḍāmaras his enemies. He was even angry with Prithvīhara who served him and who by the king's orders was attacked by the lord of Kampana and other ministers. But he escaped with difficulty and went to the house of his friend Kshīra. None of his enemies opposed him as on the way he passed through Avantipura and other towns in a miserable plight. The distress of Prithvīhara ruined the subjects of the king, even like the curse of some angry spirit. Then the quick-witted Kshīra sent eighteen Ḍāmaras with Prithvīhara to Shamāgāsa. The king went to Vijayeshvara and employed Tilaka, lord of Kampana, to suppress Prithvīhara and his unsubdued men. The most valient Tilaka cut the enemies to pieces in battle and dispersed them, as the strong wind scatters

the clouds. When he returned after conquering the Ḍāmaras, the king, instead of honoring him, insulted him and disallowed him from entering the city. And when the king had entered it, Tilaka, disheartened and grieved and discouraged in his master's service, retired to his own house.

When a master treats men of superior rank and men of inferior rank in the same way, and does not try to improve the position of men in middling condition; when he exhibits greater cruelty and enmity towards servants than towards open enemies; and when, after his servants have done his work, he offers insult instead of reward to those who have shewn unusual skill in such work;—such a master is deserted by his servants, as a house full of snakes is deserted by men. When the lord of Kampana left the king's service, the Ḍāmaras every where destroyed provisions, as blight destroys the harvest. The Brāhmaṇas were struck with fear and began to starve, and in every city, they brought much infamy on the king. Horses and elephants began to die indicating the approach of some great calamity to the country. Men trembled in fear at the nearness of danger, even as trees tremble in the wind just before they are struck with lightning.

In the beginning of the year 96, the Ḍāmaras were ready to fall, as the snow on the eve of melting at the touch of summer. At first the rebellion broke out in Devasarasa and thence it spread, even as the pain in the

cheek-bone spreads over the whole face. The powerful Vijaya made common cause with his kinsman Ṭikkā and surrounded the royal army that was stationed at Sthāma. Nāgavaṭṭa, son of a Kāyastha, was the commander of the army at Sthāma; he sustained for a long time the rush of the enemy. The lord of Kampana was asked by the king to go to battle and he went after much entreaty, but with relaxed powers, remembering the faults of the king. In the battle which ensued between him and Vijaya, victory remained long doubtful.

When Mallakoshṭa gained power in Lohara, the king, in the month of Vaishākha, went to the village of Thalyoraka. His army was many times misled, and it found itself before the enemy, as a man is led by dreadful dreams before death. But he who relying on his own strength had defeated even king Harsha in the fullness of his power and force, who with great valor and jealousy had conquered the world and to whose courage there was no limit, even he, in time, was defeated and his army suddenly broken. When he fled, Pṛithvīhara who was at the village of Hāmigrāma came unexpectedly and defeated the hero Sajjaka. Sajjaka fled and the cruel and powerful Pṛithvīhara pursued him. Pṛithvīhara burnt Nāgamatha near the city and returned. He and other cruel Ḍāmaras made away with the horses of the king and those of the king's men and of the spies.

The king became furious and cruel and took to the wicked ways of wretched men. The policy of Pṛithvī-

hara failed, and the king at night avoided the Dāmaras, as one avoids food sprinkled with poison. He sent his brother Hamva to Vindaka and likewise sent his other brothers and sons to other men. He tore the nose and the ears of the mother of Jayaka who lived at the village of Siphinnā and sent her to him. In the city he impaled Sūryyaka and his son, and in anger killed others,—those who deserved death and those who did not deserve death. Furious as Death, he was feared by all,—both by his household people and by outsiders, and they were all disgusted with him. Though the king disapproved the unjust policy by which king Harṣha had lost his kingdom yet he adopted it in practice. He who is himself without a fault and who never makes a blunder in matters of policy can alone, from a distance, point out the failings of those who enter in battle or are addicted to elephant fight, or of those who are engaged in gambling or are placed in charge of the affairs of kings. The king made vigorous efforts and somewhat checked Mallakoṣhṭa and others.

Now Vijaya slowly brought Bhikṣhāchara, grandson of king Harṣha, by the road of Viṣhalāṇṭa, but being defeated by the lord of Kampana, he fled towards Devasarasa. As he was running along a gap, he fell to the earth. The victor sent his head to the king as a fruit of the tree of victory. But the ungrateful monarch was not pleased with this great act nor gave him fitting honor. He sent him a messenger saying "it was the Hollow, lord of Kam-

pana, [alluding to Vijaya's death in the hollow] that has killed the rebel, why then do you boast?" Tilaka knew the king to be thoroughly ungrateful and in disgust thought of rebelling. If one is insulted and he desists from work, the good people do not blame him, but if he actually rebels, then his conduct becomes blamable. Let those who delight in politics say what may appear proper to them, but the proud, when they are requested by grateful persons, do good to others even at the sacrifice of their lives. When the cloth has caught fire, when the serpent has bitten on the skin, when secret plans have reached the enemy's ear, when a dilapidated house is about to fall, when the king appreciates not service and when friends are faithless and ready to turn away in time of danger,—a wise man can attain prosperity only by avoiding them. But those who, instead of merely leaving their wicked master, proceed against him in anger, are called rebels, and who are greater sinners than they? We are indebted to our parents for our birth, but are indebted to our master for everything; so that those who rebel against their masters are greater sinners than these who kill their parents.

When Vijaya was killed and others subdued, Tilaka did not think the country had become quiet. For a short time he held himself aloof and spread disaffection, and all people knew that the sedition had spread. In order to bring back Mallakoshṭa and Bhikshāchara, he sent his

army to Vishalānta. The lord of Kampana, though a rebel, informed the king of their approach, but the king forbade him to give him such information and thus said in anger: "Allow them passage without obstruction and we will kill them as they run before us, as horsemen kill a jackal when it comes before hunters." Though the king knew how to behave when the kingdom was thus divided, yet led by fate, he remained inactive on the present occasion. The rebel Tilaka gained over Marmmarāja, and other Ḍāmaras brought in the followers of Bhikshāchara by mountainous roads. Such tales as reflected glory on Bhikshāchara and discredit on the king were heard from place to place and were told by one to another. "Bhikshāchara talks in none but the classical language." "He can pierce through ten pieces of stone by an arrow." "When walking, he can go and return one hundred yojanas without being tired." Such laudatory stories about Bhikshāchara were repeated even by the aged, grey and long bearded men, and all listened with pleasure. Even those who knew nothing of the king told and sought for tales regarding Bhikshāchara, as if he would be the sole king of the country possessing all the treasures. Old men who bathe in the bathing houses in the river, the inferior servants, the numberless men who pass as sons of kings, the naturally wicked but aspiring warriors, teachers who teach their students, the old men who live in temples, dancing girls, the chiefs of temples, the merchants who appropriate money deposited

with them, the court Brāhmaṇas who hear what is read and who are versed in magic, the soldiers mostly drawn from the agricultural population, the Ḍāmaras who live near the capital;—these humour the people with exciting news, and generally become rebels in Kāshmīra. The people trembled and the king became anxious as the report of the approach of Bhikṣhāchara gained ground.

The very powerful Prithvīhara who stationed himself on a level plain covered with trees and bordering on the mountains came out and defeated the royal army Ānanda, lord of Dvāra, of the line of Ananta, Kāka and Tilakasiṃha;—these three who had once fled from battle were made ministers. Vijaya fell in Jaiṣhṭa, and the king suffered a defeat on the sixth day of bright moon in Āṣhāḍha and became disheartened. As when the cows run about, or the serpents ascend the tops of trees, or the ants lay eggs, the approach of rain is known; so the king knew by evil omens, that danger was nigh and did what was necessary to be done. On the third day of bright moon, in the month of Āṣhāḍha, he sent his queen, his son and other relatives to the fortified Lahara. He followed them, but the bridge on the Vitastā broke down and some Brāhmaṇas and the twice-born inhabitants of Loshṭa fell in the river. Grieved at this ill omen, he accompanied his family for two or three days to Huṣhka-pura, and then again returned to his capital. Bereft of his queen and son, he appeared as if he was forsaken

by wealth and power. This step appeared a good one for him in the time of danger; for though at present he was greatly frightened, yet afterwards he gained prosperity. Like king Harsha, he caused his own danger, but on account of his taking this step his line still rules the country.

In the month of Shrāvaṇa, the warriors of Lahara brought Bhikṣhāchara to the powerful Ḍāmaras of Maḍava. As friends accompany the bridegroom to the house of the bride, so came they who followed Bhikṣhāchara from Lahara. Mallakoshṭa and others having satisfied the people of Lahara, sent them back to their own homes to annoy the lord of Kampana. When the enemy had approached on every side, the king began to enlist infantry at an enormous expense. Bent on his purpose, he spent so much money that even artisans and cart-drivers took up arms. The leaders of the army who were in the city left their armours on their horses, and prepared themselves for competition in athletic exercises in every street.

When Bhikṣhāchara was at Mayagrāma, the people of Lahara came out and fought with the king's soldiers who were at Amareshvara. In the fierce battle that took place near the town of Hiraṇyapura, the men of Lahara killed Vināyakadeva and other leaders of the king's army. Early in the battle, the enemy captured a fine mare belonging to the king, and thought that he had got the king's good fortune. On the banks of the

Kshiptikā, near the capital, Prithvīhara killed many good soldiers of the king. Though Tilaka was at Vijayesha, the Dāmaras who dwelt at Svangāchīholada came and fought a battle on the banks of the Mahāsarit (great river.) They besieged the city in some places, they burnt the inhabitants in some places, they plundered them and yelled day and night. Every day there were disorders in the roads on account of the rebellion. The music of soldiers marching out, the entrance of the wounded troops, lamentation for the death of relatives and friends, the retreat of the defeated soldiers, the flight of birds and the falling of arrows, the carrying of armours, the march of horses and the dust constantly raised by them ;—all these continually disturbed the citizens. Every morning the enemies came ready with every thing and the people thought they would overcome the king on that very day. Who was more enduring than the king, since he gave no expression of grief when his kingdom was so much disturbed by the enemies? He was seen causing bandages to be bound on the wounds of the wounded, or the blades of arrows &c., to be extracted from the wounds, or causing money to be distributed. Immense sums of money were spent in daily expenses,—such as extra allowance for living in foreign districts, or in distributing good food and medicine. Thousands of horses and soldiers were daily destroyed in the field, or wounded in their houses. Mallakoshta and others of Lohara were checked

in their excesses by the king's army in which there were many horsemen. Advised by their partisans who were gained over by the king, the soldiers carried Bhikshāchara to Sureshvarī by a certain way. But as they were crossing a pool by a narrow bridge, they had to fight a battle. Bowmen formed the larger portion of their army, and though they were frightened by the king's horse, they gained the victory in the end. The lord of Kampana who had rebelled against the king, came out of Vijayeshvara where he lived and checked the powerful Ḍāmaras. He was afraid lest the Lavanya people (Ḍāmaras) would come to know his weakness and fall on his rear and harass him in his march; wishing therefore to conceal his weakness, he fell on the soldiers of Ajarāja who arrived at Vijayeshvara, killed two hundred and fifty men of the enemy, left Vijayakṣhetra and entered the city. The Ḍāmaras, thus terrified, did not pursue him, but with shouts ascended the top of a hill and left him the road free. When leaving Maḍava, the lord of Kampana entered another province, he remembered the former behaviour of the king towards him and smiled at the welcome which the king now offered to him. But having shown his valor in battle, the lord of Kampana, like other inferior ministers, remained inactive.

At this time all the Ḍāmaras came to Maḍava and reached the banks of the Mahāsarit, (great river). All the means which the king employed against the enemy became fruitless, as his plans were betrayed by his own

men. He who had attacked several kings before was now engaged in defending his own capital. The lord of Dvāra remained at Amaresha with the king's sons and the Rājasthānīya ministers remained near Rājānagarden. They went to Prapāsada, but did not fight. They remained inactive as if they had been in a distant island. The army of the rebels sometimes gained and sometimes lost battles but Pṛithvīhara always gained victories. In a battle, the soldiers in the king's army, great and small, were all defeated by Pṛithvīhara as he fought excited with wine. The valor of Udaya, born of the line of Ichchhaṭi, was conspicuous in battle, although he was very young. He dwelt with Pṛithvīhara, but the latter pulled him by the beard, whereupon he beat Pṛithvīhara and snatched the sword from his hand. The battle took place just by the side of the capital, and even women and children were killed, being accidentally struck by arrows. Thus, there was an increased slaughter of men, and the king became confounded and he was unable to get out of the array of the soldiers. When the king's movement was thus stopped, Somapāla took this opportunity to plunder Chāṭalikā. Where is the valor in the village-jackal approaching the lion's den, when the lion is engaged in fighting with the elephant ?

The king was so grieved at the misfortunes that befell his two kingdoms (Kāshmīra and Lahara) that he could not even look on himself. Evil deeds, dangers and miseries were around him, nevertheless his determination did

not leave him. The Brāhmaṇas in the palace who were vexed with the king performed mystic rites to cause harm to the king under the pretence of doing him good. They told the king that his ministers were indifferent as to the issue of battles and asked him therefore to take away his treasure from them and send it to the hills of Lahara; otherwise, they urged, if these troubles continued and if the enemy took possession of the autumn harvest, there would be no means left for defence. All the ministers were alarmed when their indifference was thus pointed out by the Brāhmaṇas to the king. He waited for suitable opportunity and conducted himself as if he had not noticed the lukewarmness of the ministers. The wily and avaricious Brāhmaṇas who could not so much as turn a grass, now upset the plan of the king. The hot headed courtiers and others who served the king obtained influence with him and became as harmful as an army of the enemy. Many evils arose out of this. The country was harassed and plundered, as it had never been before. The wily people who had never seen the king's court before, and who did not know manners, spoke harshly to the aggrieved king when he was trying to quiet them. These troubles became more tumultuous than those caused by the Lavaṇyas, just as a disease in the throat becomes more painful than that in the leg. The king bribed those who were most active in conspiring against him and prevented the performance of mystic rites to some extent.

Vijaya, of the line of Varṇasoma the warrior, a commander in the army of Bhikshāchara, made a sudden entry into the capital, but was killed by the horsemen. He had nearly upset the kingdom by speedily penetrating into the city. The king was intending to cause a dissension in the enemy's party, and Prithvīhara, whose ardour had been somewhat checked, expressed his desire for peace with him. When this great warrior wished for peace with the king, the soldiers of both parties thought that their wars were at an end. The king sent three confidential ministers to bring Prithvīhara to the neighbourhood of Nāgamaṭha, but he came and treacherously murdered them. Mammaka, son of the nurse, Gaṅga and Dvijarāma the Vārika, and their three servants were murdered by the side of Tilakasiṃha. Gauraka, although he gave much wealth, was murdered by his merciless enemies and he died meditating on god Shiva to the last moment and amidst the cries of his friends and relatives. The king heard of this wicked deed: and all the people of the country became vexed and spoke ill of him in the capital.

The king found it difficult to pass the fourteenth bright lunar day of Āshvina. His kingdom was in tumult, he was weary and void of further hopes, and he asked even unworthy persons as to what he should do. When the king was thus in danger, those around him all rejoiced in their hearts, but in their outward behaviour, they expressed sympathy for the king. The king was

unable to bear the great calamity; his servants gradually left him and joined the opposite party. Vimba, the step brother of the lord of Kampana, accepted the post given to him by the king at Dvāra, and went over to the enemy's side. Janakasiṃha engaged through secret messenger to marry his brother's daughter with Bhikṣhāchara, and remained inactive. The cavalry men daily went over to Bhikṣhāchara taking horses, swords, mails &c.; with them. What more shall I say of those who remained idly with the king during the day, but whose shameless figures were seen at night with Bhikṣhāchara? When the king became powerless to execute his orders, the people freely and openly changed sides and created much tumult. The Ḍāmaras from all sides plundered the autumn harvest, and the people who had neither money nor men lived on roots. Men falsely believed that when king Sussala would depart, Bhikṣhāchara would fill the earth with gold. When were the charities of Bhikṣhāchara seen, or where were his riches? Men who follow other men are deceived. The crescent of the moon has no clothes to give, and yet men bow down to it in the hope of obtaining clothing! Fie to the avaricious who have no judgment. When the king's party obtained victory, the people hung their heads, but when Bhikṣhāchara's party won, the people would create a tumult in their joy. The king and the Ḍāmaras stood in fear of each other, like the Brāhmaṇa and the dog. The king was afraid on account of the defection of his people, and the Ḍāmaras

wished to flee on account of the king's firmness. Both parties remained in fear, neither knowing what step the other was going to adopt. The king mistrusted his friends and believed them to be rebels at heart, and despaired of his life whether he remained there or fled. At the time of this great danger, he bestowed garments, gold and jewels to the soldiers, yet none of them spoke well of him but all spoke ill of him. The people said without fear, "he is lost," "he will not be king again." The king heard this and felt disheartened, even as a sickman whom his physician has given up feels to hear the words, "he will not live," "he is dead." Even when the king came before his servants who were called in by his orders, they would look disrespectfully and indifferently on him. At this time the soldiers became so timid that they could not, through fear, get out of their own homes. There was disaffection among the king's men and the Ḍāmaras intended to attack him, and he was placed in great danger by his own soldiers. They shut up the doors of his palace, and harassed him at every step for the allowance which was due to them for serving abroad. The king was very rich and gave them more than was their due, but could not please them, as they were only bent on insulting him. As a sickman, when he goes to a shrine to die, is troubled by the beggars there, so the king was confined by these shameless soldiers who thus extorted their due. The tumultuous local officers used violence towards the king, attacked him, smashed his golden

vessels and robbed him of his wealth. The king could not keep down the tumults that arose every moment in the city, as in a sea, in which there were young and old. One morning his doors were closed by the soldiers, he saw the town in complete agitation, and directed Janaka, the superintendent of the city, to go round and quell the tumult. But Janaka went a short distance only and returned.

The king gave money and bestowed titles on the soldiers and with difficulty got rid of them, and clad in mail and accompanied by his ladies, he set out of the capital. But before he got out of the court-yard, thieves began their plunder. When the king left his domestics and kingdom and had gone, some cried, some yelled, some committed plunder. The king was filled with shame, anger and fear, and was followed on the way by five or six thousand soldiers. In the year 96, on the sixth dark lunar day of Agrahāyaṇa, when there was yet one prahara of the day left, the king set out with his servants. At every step, his own men deserted him and stole his horses. Thus with a few soldiers, at night, he arrived at Pratāpapura. When he came to Tilaka, he confided in him and shed tears in sorrow, as before a friend. Believing that Tilaka would not rebel against him, the king went to his house at Hushkapura the next day, and honored Tilaka by performing his bath &c., in his house. The king wished to collect an army, and with a view of again obtaining the kingdom he entered Kramarājya.

There Tilaka brought Kalyāṇavaḍya and other warlike Ḍāmaras before the king and the king became impatient and went away from the house. On the road he found robbers obstructing the passage; he gave them money and went his way. Tilaka left him there, but Ānanda, Tilaka's brother, went with him one stage further, out of politeness. The king, although deserted by his servants, satisfied the robbers in the road by his gift and by his valor. He was saved from them only because he was not yet destined to die. The claws of the lion with which he defends himself in impenetrable forests full of trees and rocks, come in time to adorn the necks of boys; and the tusks of elephants which they use as weapons in battle are in time easily handled by men in the game of dice. Valor, charity, fame, wisdom &c., of living beings;—all perish in this wonderful world. Even the sun has different aspects, it is sometimes bright and sometimes dull. What stability is there then in the power of living beings? Unable to bear the sight of the houses burnt by the enemies, the king and his soldiers moved silently and in anger, and ascended the hills of Lahara. There through shame, he was unable to look on his queen and lay day and night on his bed and lamented. Even in the day time, light burned in his inner room from which he did not issue, only he showed himself to his servants at the time of his meal, as a favor. He did not touch perfumes, did not ride horses, nor did he relish songs or dancing;

nor enjoyed the company of his friends. He recollected in grief and narrated to his queen, one by one, the indifference, the anger, insolence and the rebellion of his men; and he bestowed riches on his attendants, because they had left their homes and followed him.

When the king had departed, all the ministers in Kāshmīra, with their armies, met before the capital; and by the consent of the ministers, the horsemen, the petty chieftains, the Tantris, the citizens and others, Janakasiṃha became their head and superintendent of the city. Mallakoshṭa and others who were in the confidence of Bhikṣhu, and were in frequent personal communication with him, caused Janakasiṃha to give his son and his brother's son as hostages, in order to inspire confidence. To the terror of all, night closed on the capital which was without a king and which was full of timid women and children. In the capital without a king, some weak persons were killed, some feeble persons were robbed and the houses of some powerless men were burnt by the enemies.

On the next day, Bhikṣhu entered the capital, his soldiers shouted and filled the roads on all sides. He was in the midst of his horsemen, whose horses were painted with vermilion and were hid by innumerable swords drawn out of their scabbards. He excited the curiosity and fear of men, like a lion. His youthful hair flowed loosely out of his warrior's dress and adorned his back, as if to bind the goddess of victory. His earings

adorned his face. His calm, spacious, white eyes, his beard, the marks of sandel that adorned him, his copper colored lips and his face beaming with additional grace on account of victory,—turned even the hearts of enemies towards him. The drawn sword cast its reflection on the horse and the horse's hair fanned him. His horse stopped at every step and he accepted the offers of minor chiefs. Mallakoshṭa sat behind the boy (Bhikṣhu) and advised him in every thing, like a nurse, and pointed out persons to Bhikṣhu saying, "this person was dear to your father," "on this man's lap you were nursed," "this person is the main support of the kingdom." Bhikṣhu had first entered the house of Janakasiṃha for marriage, and he now entered the capital in order to assume the royal state. For a long time his family was nearly extinct and when it lingered in him, it was an object of derision, like the hopes of a woman who places reliance on the child in her womb. But after seeing Bhikṣhu's career, men began to fear even the portraits of their enemies. Surely those who aspire to conquests should not be derided.

The wealth which was left out of king Sussala's treasures afforded means for luxuries to the new king. The king, the Ḍāmaras and the ministers who had plundered the treasures were now free from all difficulties and divided among themselves many horses, coats of mail, swords &c. The robbers who lived on poor food and walked about like evil spirits, now began to

enjoy in towns, the pleasures of heaven. The king sat in his court with villagers clad in flowing blankets. The Ḍāmaras witnessed the uncommon prosperity of Bhikṣhāchara and spread a rumour that he was an incarnation of a god. Bhikṣhāchara had never known the duties of a king and at every step was at a loss what to do, like a physician with medicines whose effects he has not tested. Janakasiṃha willingly gave his brother's daughter in marriage to the king, and the lord of Kampana also married his daughter to him and placed himself under his protection. Jaṅga, a leader of the army of the king to Rājapurī, accepted service under king Bhikṣhu, but he was more mindful of his own interests than of his master's. Vimba, the chief minister, was the king *de facto* while Bhikṣhāchara was so in name. Vimba, although he enriched the prostitutes and behaved like a vulgar man, was yet liked both by the good and the wicked. Jyeṣhṭapāla who possessed great heroism, and was the step brother of Daryyaka became a great favourite of the king. Bhūtavishva and other ministers of the king's grand-father also obtained much wealth.

The king was at a loss as to what to do, the ministers were sunk in luxury, the robbers became powerful, and the government, though new, collapsed as soon as it was formed. The king did not look to his own duties, but only sought enjoyment in the company of new women and in many sorts of dainties. He was blinded by his pleasures, and was only sent to attend his court by his

own men for his good. There, in the court, he used to sleep under the influence of wine. When the minister spoke to him haughtily and expressed his pity, the king instead of being angry loved him as his father. Served as a vulgar man by shameless and lewed flatterers, he was induced to do the work of menials. His patience was as unsteady as a line drawn on water. He spoke falsehood, and his friends deserted his service. Whatever his ministers told him was communicated by him to other kings; he was like a vessel with a hole that dropped anything that was poured in it. The ministers took him to their houses and feasted him; and they robbed him, as a richman is robbed on the occasion of his father's death. In the house of Vimba, Vimba's wife, for whom he felt a passion, removed the dishes from before the king, and concealing herself from the eyes of her husband, she smiled, looked on the king and exposed to his sight, her breast and waist, and the king became impatient. Prithvīhara and Mallakoshṭa became jealous of, and angry with, each other and now and then disturbed the capital. The king himself went to their houses and married the daughter of the one to the son of the other, but still these powerful men did not forget their anger. The king himself married in the house of Prithvīhara at which Mallakoshṭa became angry and openly deserted the king. Janaka became powerful on account of his connection with the king; he rebelled and also caused disaffection in Ujānanda and other

Brāhmaṇa ministers. The king who was indifferent to these, acted according to the advice of his servants who were rebels at heart. His actions were without any plan, and he was blamed. What strange things will not occur where the Ḍāmaras are masters and Brāhmaṇa women are insulted by dog-eaters. In that kingdom without a king, or rather with many kings, all rules of custom were upset. In the reign of Bhikshāchara, old Dīnnāras became uncurrent and one hundred of the old could be bought for eighty of the new.

In order to attack Sussala, the mad king sent Vimba with an army to Lohara by the Rājapurī road. After Vismaya of Sallāra had become his friend, the king, accompanied with Somapāla, brought an army of Turushka to aid Vimba; and to every individual Turushka he showed a cord and said that he would bind and drag Sassala with it. The Kāshmīrian, the Khasha, the Mlechchha soldiers could upset the world. What was impossible for them? When Vimba had departed, Bhikshāchara was deprived of his guide, and what wrong act did he not do? The unchaste wife of Vimba invited the king to her house and satisfied him with a feast and with her embraces. No pressure of work would prevent the king's visit to the wife of his minister. He, whose fall was nigh, feared not ill fame. There he took his meals and played on the musical instruments kumbha and kaṃsya, and exhibited his shamelessness. He was not ashamed to do these things, like vulgar men. Slowly

the king lost his support and his wealth was gone, he could not even get his food in time.

Sussala who was avaricious and cruel and whom the people had abused before, became dear to them; the subjects who had been vexed with him, and had ruined his wealth and fame, now became eager for his return. We who have seen these events still wonder why those subjects had been angry with him, and then loved him. The common people become enemies or friends in a moment, they are like brutes and have no regard for reason. The king (Sussala) came out of his kingdom (Lohara); and Mallakoṣhṭa, Janaka and others made him prepare himself for conquest. When the people plundered Akṣhasuva, a village belonging to Ṭikka and inhabited by Brāhmaṇas, the Brāhmaṇas there commenced mystic rites. The Brāhmaṇas who dwelt in other Brāhmaṇa villages came to Vijayeshvara and to the neighbourhood of the Rājāna garden in the capital. Instigated by Ojānanda and other chief Brāhmaṇas, the Brāhmaṇas who were in the temple, even at Gokula, commenced to perform rites. Many images of gods were placed on vehicles and adorned with white umbrellas and clothes and chāmaras from all sides covered the yard; and the sounds of kāhalā, kaṃsya and tāla resounded on all sides. Thus there was seen an assembly of Brāhmaṇas the like of which was never seen before. When the king's messengers went to silence them, they proudly said that they had no help except in the Long Beard.

They indicated king Sussala by speaking of the Long Beard, and they regarded him as a plaything. The Brāhmaṇas concerted various plans with the citizens who came day by day to see the magic performed. The Brāhmaṇas and the citizens who feared an attack from the king every moment were prepared for fight. Janakasiṃha advised that the king should be brought into the city. To prevent the Brāhmaṇas from performing the magic, the king went to Vijayakṣhetra, but he failed in his object. In the meantime Tilaka advised him to kill all the Ḍāmaras, but the king did not accept his advice. When the Lavanyas (Ḍāmaras) heard that the king had declined the proposal, they were pleased, but Pṛithvīhara and others became afraid of Tilaka. The king wished to imprison the haughty Lakṣhaka the charioteer, son of Prayāga's sister, but he escaped and went to Sussala. Then after killing many men, the king entered the capital and gave audience to the citizens who became vexed with him without cause. Even when the king spoke reasonably, the evil-minded citizens silenced him. There is no medicine for those who are bent on rebellion.

In the meantime Somapāla, Vimba and others who were at Lohara came to Parṇotsa to fight with king Susśala. Padmaratha, king of Kāliñjara, remembered his friendship with Sussala, as he was born of the same family, and came with Kahla and others. The proud Sussala with his strong men came on the thirteenth

bright lunar day of Vaishākha and fought with the enemy. Those who have seen this great battle near Parnotsa describe it to this day. Sussala first wiped his disgrace in this engagement. From that day Sussala's natural vigour returned to him, as the lion returns to the forest. The Turushka soldiers dropped their ropes in fear and were destroyed by Sussala within a short time. Sussala also killed the maternal uncle of Somapāla in the battle on the banks of the river Vitolā. Though Sussala's army was smaller, yet he defeated the enemies, killed them and made them flee, and they impeded one another in flight. How commendable the actions of the Kāshmīrians! They fought against one of their masters, and spread evil reports of another! When Somapāla with the Turuṣhkas had gone, the shameless Kāshmīrians left Vimba and went over to Sussala. They were not ashamed on that day to bend their heads to him against whom they had openly bent their bows on the preceding day. Accompanied by the Ḍāmaras and citizens who came to him, Sussala, in two or three days, marched towards Kashmīra.

The Rajpoot Kahlana, son of Sahadeva, collected the Ḍāmaras who were at Kramarājya and advanced towards the king. The same Vimba who was the first to leave Sussala's army to go over to Bhikṣhu, now left Bhikṣhu and joined Sussala. Other ministers and Tantris of Janakasiṃha's army returned to Sussala

without a scruple. One warrior born in the village of Kāṇḍiletra had begun fasting (magic) at Bhaṅgila, a lonely place; and Bhikṣhu, whose men had now come over to Sussala, came with Prithvīhara to overcome this man. He succeeded in his effort and then wished to destroy Janakasiṃha who was going over to Sussala. But Janakasiṃha heard of Bhikṣhāchara's intention, and being then in the capital he collected and incited many citizens, horsemen and Tantris against Bhikṣhu. Bhikṣhu knew that the tumult was raised by Janakasiṃha, and he with Prithvīhara suddenly intered the capital. Though Janakasiṃha was advised not to fight, still he fought with the army of Bhikṣhāchara on the bridge before Sadāshiva. There the proud soldiers of Janakasiṃha were unexpectedly defeated. Prithvīhara accompanied by Alaka, his brother's son, crossed over by another bridge and destroyed the enemy's army. When the citizens, the horsemen and the Tantris fled, Janakasiṃha with his friends fled at night and went to Lahara. Bikṣhu and Prithvīhara pursued him in the morning and at their request, the horsemen and others joined them in the pursuit. The Brāhmaṇas who were fasting (performing magic) hastily threw away the images of gods and fled leaving their work behind. Bhikṣhu did not molest those who guarded the empty temples as they told him that they had ceased from performing magic. We meet with surprise, even to this day, many horsemen who served Janakasiṃha one day and Bhikṣhāchara on the next day.

The transcient glory of Bhikshâchara shed a lustre on the fame of his wife's brother; for to him he gave the wealth which belonged to his father Tilakasiṃha. When Janakasiṃha had fled, Bhikshu broke down the houses of those who had set themselves against him. When Sulhaṇa, Vimba and others had with their large armies defeated Tilaka at Hushkapura, Sussala was seen by the enemies approaching by the Lahara road after two or three days, with Mallakoshṭa, Janaka &c., and their army in front, and with many petty chieftains in his rear. The horsemen who had rebelled against Sussala issued out by the way that runs along the shops of the capital. On some of them he frowned, his eyes quivering with rage and his nose extended, some he pierced and some he killed. On the citizens who had opposed him before, and now blessed him and threw flowers at him, he looked with indifference. His coat of mail was listlessly thrown over his shoulder, his turban covered his hair full of dust, his sword rested in the scabbard, and he rode among the horsemen with their drawn sword. A garland of flowers hung round his neck; and amidst loud shouts and sounds of bherī which filled all sides, Sussala entered the capital. He returned after six months and twelve days, on the third bright lunar day of Jyaishṭha in the year 97. Before entering the kingdom, Sussala with the Lavanyas searched for and found Bhikshāchara who had fled to the banks of the Kshiptikā and with Pṛithvīhara had

gone over to the other side of the stream. Sussala met other Lavanyas on the way and returned. He entered the capital after driving out Bhikshâchara and capturing the wounded Siṃha, a relative of Prithvihara. The capital, like a harlot, still bore marks of the enemy's possession and was therefore painful to the eyes of the proud Sussala.

Leaving Kashmīra, Bhikṣhu with Prithvīhara and others went to the village of Pushpānaḍa which was in the possession of Somapāla. The king went and subdued all the Ḍāmaras and placed Malla, son of Vaṭṭa, at Kherī and Harṣhamitra at Kampana. Those who had heedlessly acted against him did not receive his mercy now. The king was extremely jealous of Bhikṣhu and could not brook any trace of him, and bestowed the country in small portions on his own servants. The Ḍāmaras who had gained prosperity by wrong means would not yield their possessions and did not give up their plans of rebellion, even through fear of the angry king. Bhikṣhu, deprived of his kingdom, lived in the possession of his friend Somapāla and was encouraged by the gifts and the honor bestowed on him by his host. Vimba, with a view to obtain help, went to Vismaya, and was there surrounded by his enemies and fell fighting. On the death of Vimba, Bhikṣhāchara adopted the policy of taking Vimba's wife into his family and felt no shame.

The hero Prithvīhara fell on Purapura, and though he had a small army, he defeated the son of Vaṭṭa and made

him flee from battle. When he had fled, Prithvī brought out Bhikshu again, and, at the desire of his wild followers, entered Maḍava. Joined by Marikha, Yajya and other Ḍāmaras who dwelt there, he marched to Vijayakshetra in order to overcome the lord of Kampana. Harsha-mitra's army was destroyed, and he left Vijayakshetra and fled to Avantipura. The inhabitants of Vijaya-kshetra, and of the towns and villages went in fear to Chakradhara, and that place was filled with women, children, cattle, corn, and wealth, as also with the king's soldiers with arms and horse. The mounted soldiers of Bhikshu thirsting for plunder surrounded the place on all sides. Protected as they were by the wooden walls around the temple and by gates, they remained in the court-yard of the temple and could neither be captured nor killed. There was a wicked and senseless Ḍāmara named Janakarāja, an inhabitant of Katisthalī, and this man had an enemy named Karpūra within the enclosure; and in order to burn him Janaka set fire to the enclosure without feeling any scruple at the destruction of so many lives. At the sight of the fire ablaze on all sides, there arose a great cry of many beings. The horses broke away from their traces and ran about in the midst of the crowd of men, and killed many of them. The sky was overcast with the rising smoke which looked like a hairy and bearded Rākshasa. When the smoke had abated, the flames which spread on all sides seemed as if the clouds had melted and rolled in golden waves. The

fragments of fire looked like the falling red turbans of those who were walking in the sky and running away on account of heat. The crackling noise of the bursting of large joints of wood made it seem as if the Ganges in the sky was boiling in the heat. The particles of fire rose into the sky, as if the lives of animals, in fear of being burnt, fled into the deep firmament. The heaven was filled with the shrieks of birds whose young ones were burnt, and the earth with the cry of burning men. The women shut their eyes in fear and clasped their brothers, husbands, fathers, sons and were burnt by the fire. Those brave people among them who ran out were destroyed outside by the cruel Ḍāmaras. Those who were not burnt by the fire were thus killed there. When all within the enclosure had died, the murderers out of it were silent, and the neighbourhood in a short time became still. The fire slowly subsided and hissed on the moisture which issued from the dead bodies. The blood and fat of the dead flowed on many sides, and the smell went many Yojanas. Chakradhara was twice burnt, on the first occasion it was through the anger of Sushrava, and on this second occasion it was by robbers. This destruction of life and villages, &c. by fire was like the burning of Tripara, or the burning of the Khāṇḍava forest. On the holy twelfth bright lunar day, in the month of Bhādra, Bhikṣhu committed this great crime, and he was deserted by the goddess of Royalty and by Fortune. Many men were burnt there with their

families, and thousands of houses in towns and villages became depopulated. Maṅkha, a Ḍāmara, born at Nannāgara searched the dead bodies, and like the Kāpālikas, was gratified with the wealth found on them.

After having besieged Vijayakṣhetra, Bhikṣhāchara got possession of the person of the wicked Nāgeshvara whom he killed with tortures. What hateful actions did he not commit in the kingdom of his grandfather! The death of him who rebelled against his father, pleased all. Harṣhamitra's wife, when her husband had left her and fled, was found by Pṛithvīhara in the court-yard of Vijayesha. King Sussala accused himself as the cause of this destruction and slaughter of his subjects, and set out to fight. Janakarája died near Avantipura, in order to suffer for his sins in hell. Irrational men do not remember that they sacrifice their happiness in the future world by trying to serve their ends in this fleeting life. The king made Simba, lord of Kampana, and drove the Ḍāmaras from Vijayakṣhetra and other places. Pṛithvīhara was defeated by Mallakoṣhṭa and driven out of his country. He then went from Maḍava to Shamālā. Some of the dead bodies in the court-yard of Chakradhara were thrown into the Vitastā, some which could not be dragged were burnt.

At Kramarājya Rilhaṇa subdued Kalyāṇavāra and others; and Ānanda, son of Ananta, became lord of Dvāra. The powerful Pṛithvīhara having impaled Siṃha fought with Janakasiṃha and others on the banks of

the Kṣhiptikā. One day in the month of Bhādra, when the bones of the dead are sent to a holy shrine, the women fill all sides with their cries. But similar cries of the widows of warriors who were slain in the war with Pṛithvīhara were heard every day within the city. Shrīvaka, a gallant brother of Yashorāja's wife, returned from foreign countries and the king placed him at the head of affairs at Kherī. Shrīvaka did nothing that was obnoxious to the Lavanyas, neither did they do him any harm, and the time flowed in deep mutual friendship. In the month of Āshvina, the king again marched out from Shamālā but he was defeated by the enemies at the village of Manīmuṣha. Here Bhikṣhu who was superior to all other warriors and had gained much experience by constant wars showed uncommon valor, Tukkadvija and other principal men in the king's army were surrounded by Bhikṣhu, Pṛithvīhara and others, and killed. There were many warriors in both armies, but there was none who could go before Bhikṣhu in the battle.

In the war waged by Bhikṣhu and Pṛithvīhara, which continued for many years, there were two curious mares named Kādamvarī and Patākā; the latter was pale, the former yellow in color. Though many horses died, these animals were neither killed nor were ever wearied by their work. There was no warrior but Bhikṣhāchara who could protect the soldiers in times of danger. He was never tired, he bore every hardship, and was without

pride. In the army of Sussala there was no protector in times of danger, and for this reason many of his men were killed. When some of the Ḍāmaras sustained a fresh defeat, Bhikṣhāchara protected them, as an elephant protects his calves. None but Pṛithvīhara had risen so high, but he was in a miserable state, for he himself used to keep up every night at the door of Bhikṣhu. As Vishvedevas protect a Shrāddha, so the great warrior Bhikṣhu from that time protected the soldiers in battle both in the front and in the rear. In battle he showed his courage, and calmly and without impropriety he thus addressed his own men :—

"I do not care for the kingdom, but there are deep stains on my reputation and I am exerting to remove them. When men are destroyed in battle, their helpless leaders feel as if their own kith and kin were destroyed, and long for aid. When I think of this, I feel aggrieved, but I am resolved to achieve my end although I thereby cause danger to my kith and kin day by day. He whose time of death has not arrived will not die,—and who that aspires after fame will, after thinking of this, turn away from acts of courage? There is no need of adopting crooked modes of action. When I have myself promised to follow the right path why should I not speak of these?" These noble and spirited words of Bhikṣhu frightened the Ḍāmaras and therefore they never tried to foment quarrels among his soldiers. Those who are born in royal families slowly receive their education before they

become king by pondering on the conduct of previous kings. But Bhikṣhu saw nothing of his father or grandfather, so when he had got the kingdom he had become vain. But if he had succeeded in becoming a king once more, even fickle Fortune would not have been fickle towards him again. He mistook in believing that the wicked deceit of the Lavanyas would be of advantage to him. He passed his days in hope of obtaining the kingdom.

King Sussaḷa thought that the advice given by the robbers would be useful to him. Those who have a mind for conquest never give out their plans nor make a show of their valor. Sussala remembered the enmity formerly shown by the men of his party and did not protect them in battle, so they had no faith on him, and for this reason he could not win. Thus looked upon with indifference by friends and by foes, the state of the kingdom became in every way pitiable. The wild hunters, eager for revenge, set fire to trees, but they suffer thereby because the trees are reduced in number, so even he was ruined by the stupidity of his men. Benefit is derived from Fate, not from men, either friends or foes. When the kingdom was thus divided, an untimely fall of snow overwhelmed Bhikṣhu's army, and it was overcome by Sussala. Bhikṣhu and Pṛithvīhara again went to Puṣhpāṇanāḍa, and the Lavanyas paid tribute to the king and submitted to him. The hero Simba, lord of Kampana, subdued the Ḍāmaras and quelled all rebellion in Maḍavarājya.

Now when the enemies had been so much reduced, the king's zeal began to cool, and he manifested his former enmity towards the men of his own party. When the king's evil designs were rumoured, Uhlaṇa fled. The king in his anger exiled Mallakoshṭa. Ānanda, lord of Dvāra, son of Ananta, was imprisoned and Prajji, an inhabitant of Sindhu and born in a royal family, was made lord of Dvāra by the king. The king then went to Vijayakshetra and with Simba entered the city, and bound and cast this faithful person into prison. The flames of his anger were fanned by his recollection of past events, and raged, unabated by the water of forgiveness, to consume his servants. The king lost his intellect in his anger and impaled Simba and Simba's younger brothers Siṃha and Thakkanasiṃha. He made Shrīvaka, lord of Kampana, and having confined Janakasiṃha, he appointed Sujji, brother of Prajji, in the Rājasthāna (palace.) Thus all the foreigners became his trusty ministers, but he who followed him to Lohara was his native faithful minister. People then became afraid of him, left him, and took shelter with his enemies. In the capital there was scarcely one in a hundred who was of his party. When the rebellion had ceased, the king by his actions fomented such a tumult as could not be remedied, and which never was put down. In an offence in which if one be reviled, other servants are likely to be frightened, there the forbearance of a prudent king is praiseworthy.

In the month of Māgha, Bhikṣhu, Pṛithvīhara, and other warriors were invited by Mallakoṣhṭa and others, and they again marched towards the city. The king believed that the spot surrounded by the Vitastā was impregnable by the enemies, and he left the palace and went to Navamaṭha. In the year 98, in the month of Chaitra, when the Ḍāmaras were eager for fight, Mallakoṣhṭa came first and commenced the war. He fought with the cavalry within the city, and the ladies of the king's household looked with fear on the battle from the top of the palace. Bhikṣhu pitched his camp on the banks of the Kṣhiptikā, as Rāma had assembled his monkeys on the shores of the sea. The Ḍāmaras brought trees from the king's garden for fuel for cooking, and grass from his stable for their horses' food. When Pṛithvīhara, after having assembled the lawless inhabitants of Maḍavarājya, began to collect an army at Vijayakṣhetra, the king took courage, and in the month of Vaishākha ordered Prajji and others to attack Mallakoṣhṭa. Prajji fell on him with valor. In this sudden attack many were wounded, made insensible and killed and some with difficulty fled crossing over the bridge. When Prajji was engaged in the battle with Mallakoṣhṭa, Manujeshvara, the younger brother of Pṛithvīhara, drove out Sujji from the city and entered it. But not being able to cross over to the other side of the Vitastā, as the bridge was broken, he burnt the houses on his side, and reached Kṣhiptikā.

Sussala thought that the Lavanyas had taken posses-

sion of the capital and became distracted, and came with his army from Vijayakṣhetra. His soldiers, in their anxiety to precede the enemy, crowded on the bridge on the deep Sindhu and broke it. On the sixth dark lunar day of Jaiṣhṭa, the innumerable army perished in the water, as the people had perished by the fire at Chakradhara. As the king raised both hands to stop the hurry of his soldiers, some frightened men fell on him from behind, and he too fell in the river. Some men who could not swim clung to him and so he was pulled under water several times, and as his limbs were fatigued, he escaped only with the greatest difficulty on account of his great strength. The king left on the other side of the river those of his soldiers and leaders who could not cross over, and marched with the small portion of his army that had crossed. Though he left much of his army behind, he entered the capital and fought with Mallakoṣhṭa and others. Millā, mother of Vijaya, brought the army which her husband had got ready, from Vijayeshvara to Devasara. But Pṛithvīhara came up and killed her, and also destroyed Ṭikka and routed the king's army. When the whole army had fled, one Kalyāṇarāja, a Brāhmaṇa, well versed in wrestling, fell fighting in battle. There were many ministers, Ḍāmaras and leaders in the army of Sussala, many of whom Pṛithvīhara captured. He pursued to the Vitastā those who fled and captured the Brāhmaṇa Ojānanda and others and impaled them. Ministers Janaka, Shrīvaka and

others and the king's sons crossed the mountain and took shelter with the Khashas at Viṣhalātā. Thus Pṛithvīhara who was ambitious of victories gained one. He collected the Ḍāmaras and with Bhikṣhu arrived near the capital.

The war recommenced and men and horses were killed on both sides. Pṛithvīhara informed the soldiers of Maḍava that a certain road to the king's palace was entirely blocked up and he himself became their leader. Warriors born of the families of celebrated chieftains, as well as Kāshmīrian warriors joined the Ḍāmaras and became in every way invincible. Shobhaka and other Kāshmīrians of the celebrated family of Kāka, and Ratna and others were on Bhikṣhu's side. Under the pretence of hearing the sounds which arose from the army, Pṛithvīhara, excited by curiosity, counted the musical instruments; and excluding the numerous turīs and other instruments, he counted twelve hundred Dundabhī of the Chaṇḍālas.*

Although the king's army was destroyed as narrated, yet with twenty or thirty men of the royal blood and of his own country, Sussala faced the enemies. Udaya and Dhānyaka, Kṣhatriyas, born of Ichchhiṭa family, and Udayabrahma and Jajjala, lords of Champā and Vallāpura; Tejaḥsalhaṇa, the chief of the Haṃsa family, who lived at Harihaḍa, and Savyarāja and others of Kṣhatrikabhiñjikā; Nīla and others, sons of Viḍāla, born of the family of Bhāvuka; Rāmapāla of Sahaja and his young son;—these and other warriors of renowned

* Lit. men who cook dogs.

families were eager for the well contested battle, and opposed on all sides the enemies who besieged the city.

Rilhaṇa who was, as if he was the king's son, first advanced in battle accompanied by Vijaya and other horsemen. As an iron mail defended his arm, so the energetic king protected Sujji and Prajji who were well versed in battle. The king who had shared his kingdom with them was now, in this time of peril, able by their help, to sustain the weight of his misfortunes. Bhāgika, Sharadbhāsi, Mummuni, Muṅgaṭa, Kalasha and other men of the king's party harassed the enemies. Kamalaya, son of Lavarāja king of Ṭakka, took the king's side in this war. He was adorned with chāmara and banner; and his blows, like those of a spirited elephant, could not be brooked by the horsemen. His younger brother Saṅgika and his brother's son Pṛithvīpāla defended him on two sides, as the two princes of Pañchāla defended Arjjuna. Though the whole country was against the king, yet with these valuable allies and with the horses bought at great price, he was able to gain a victory. As the master of a house visits every room at a feast, so the king went calmly through the scenes of battles. This danger had at first frightened him, but as the danger increased, he became cool. He entered into the midst of the danger which had at first made him uneasy, and he removed it, as a man who is afraid of chill water at first, plunges into it and pushes it away by the hand. Where the enemy's army was like darkness there the royalists came like

light, and where they were like moon-beams there the latter came like darkness.

Once led by some signal, all the Ḍāmaras attacked the city together, after crossing the great river (Mahāsarit). The king's forces were divided all over the large city, but the king with a few horsemen drove them out as they entered. Thus driven, the Ḍāmaras could not gain a firm hold of the royal troops, as one is unable to catch leaves scattered by the winter breeze. Ānanda of the family of Kāka, Loshṭasha, Nala and other renowned warriors in the Ḍāmara army were killed by the king's soldiers. Lamnā was not brought before the eyes of the severe king, but the king's servants, like Chaṇḍālas, killed many people. The remnant of Bhikṣhu's army ascended the hill of Gopādri in fear, but the king's soldiers surrounded them on all sides and their destruction became imminent. In order to save his horses, the proud Bhikṣhu sent them to a place beyond the reach of arrows. Prithvīhara's neck was pierced by an arrow, and he with difficulty stood by the side of Bhikṣhu. There also stood two or three great warriors similarly distressed. Besieged, as a sea side rock by the waves, the army of Bhikṣhu left Gopāchala and ascended other hills. The king's army was led up the hill by Sussa. At this time Mallakoṣhṭa's infantry which had harassed many places arrived at the spot. The royal soldiers in their eagerness to follow up the enemy, left the king behind and never thought of him. The king was attacked by Mallakoṣhṭa,

but at the very moment when he was unable to save himself any longer, Prajji and his younger brother entered the field of battle. On the eighth dark lunar day of Āshāḍa, many horsemen arrived and the sound of their weapons told their worth. Mallakoshṭaka, aided by his son, was checked by them, as the forest fire, aided by wind, is quenched by the rains of Shrāvaṇa and Bhādra. Many fights were then fought, and there never was heroism and valor tested as on this day. The enemies thought that the army of Lohara had come, and therefore could fight no more. On that day of trouble, the king and Bhikṣhu felt each other's strength.

Pṛithvīhara ordered the Maḍava soldiers to keep on fighting there, while he himself marched along the banks of the Kṣhiptikā and attacked Yashorāja who had come from a foreign country, and whom the king had made lord of Maṇḍala that he might overcome the enemies. The Lavanyas had witnessed his valor in battle before in the engagement of Kherī, and they now saw his face and trembled. The king anointed him with saffron, gave him umbrella, horse &c., and raised him as high in the estimation of all as himself. As a long suffering patient trusts for his recovery to a new physician, so the king, long troubled, placed his faith on him. Against Mallakoshṭa the king employed Pañchachandra, the eldest of the surviving sons of Garga. This person was brought up by his mother named Chhuḍḍā, and his father's dependants having gradually joined him, he gained some

celebrity. The king followed by Yashorāja gained a victory over the Ḍāmaras, some of whom came over to him and some were dispersed. Pṛithvīhara with Bhikṣhu retired to his own place, and the king in pursuit of Mallakoṣhṭa went to Amareshvara. In the meantime Mallakoṣhṭa sent robbers,* by night who burnt the uninhabited capital near Sadāshiva. Again Pṛithvīhara came out several times to fight, and he was met by Prajji, Sujji and others on the banks of the Kṣhiptikā. He repeatedly burnt the houses in the capital and turned the beautiful bank of the Vitastā to a desert.

After fighting several battles in which many were killed, the king attacked Lahara with a large army. At the time of crossing the Sindhu, there being no bridge over it, and the leathern bags having burst, Kandarāja and others fell into the water and went to the house of Yama. Driven by the king, Mallakoṣhṭa went to Darat and Chhaḍḍā with her son ascended Lahara. Jayyaka, the Lavanya, brought Janaka, Shrīvaka and others from Viṣhalāṭā to the king. The king spent the summer in Lahara and on the approach of autumn went with Yashorāja to Shamālā. Ḍambha of royal blood, son of Sajja, was defending Munīmuṣha, when his soldiers fled in fear of Pṛithvīhara, and he fell fighting. In many battles which were fought in the village of Suvarṇasānū, at Shūrapura and in other places, the king was victorious and successively beat the enemy. Shrīvaka was defeated

* The Dāmaras are generally meant by the term robbers.

by Prithvīhara and others at Shrīkalyāṇapura and Nāgavatta and others fell in the battle.

With a view to kill the wife of Garga who was with her mother, Prithvīhara, in the month of Pauṣha, sent Ṭikka from the village of Suvarṇasānū to Devasarasa. She felt herself secure with her own and with the king's army, but Ṭikka came there suddenly and killed her in a fight. This shameless man thus killed a woman for the second time. Where is the difference between him and a Tiryacha, a Mlechchha, a robber or a Rakṣhasa? The men of Lahara, when they beheld their helpless mistress killed, fled like beasts. Strange that they held arms again!

When the king learnt that Maḍava which had been to some extent pacified, had once more become disaffected, he again went to Vijayeshvara. The sons of Mallarája (Sussala's father) created dangers for themselves by their evil tongue. It has been found that servants forget real benefits done to them and remember and resent insults, just as a sieve retain the husks and allow the grains to pass through. Yashorāja who was from his boyhood used to flattering language became offended with the king for his harsh and insulting words. The vile Yashorāja was at Avantipura with a large army, and he thence marched and joined the enemy's party. On his going over to the enemies with the best part of the army, the king fled in distraction from Vijayakṣhetra. How worthless is a kingdom if its owner has to put up with insults and robbery from thieves when

running away to save his life. He fled in the month of Māgha and entered the city (capital); and when his servant named Vatha rose against him, he suspected even his own sons. He was disappointed in every Kāshmirian on whom he relied, and he therefore placed his trust on the party of Prajji who in his valor, his charity, his sound policy and his faithfulness resembled the princes of olden times, Rūdrapāla and others. Pure in his actions, he exalted in the country, the fame of arms and learning which were almost destroyed in the troubles of the time.

Yashorāja said to Bhikṣhu : "The Ḍāmaras doubt your valor and do not aspire to obtain the kingdom. We have a large army and by creating a fresh disturbance may either conquer the kingdom or should retire to some other country." While they counselled thus, Mallakoṣhṭa heard that Chhuḍḍā was dead, and returned home from Daratpura. The new year now commenced, it was a very cruel year of troubles in which many perished, and in which one in a hundred got his meal. In the spring, the Ḍāmaras, as before, came by different ways and besieged the king in his capital ; and the firm Sussala was again immersed in an endless sea of battles day and night. The Ḍāmaras well skilled in burning, plundering and fighting caused more serious disturbances and troubles than before. Yashorāja, Bhikṣhu, Pṛithvihara and others intended to enter the capital, and remained by the Mahāsarit (great river) where none troubled them. After some days of fighting Yashorāja was killed by

his own men who mistook him for a foe. When he was displaying his valor in fighting with Vijaya, son of Kayya, a horseman of the party of Sussala, he was struck by the lance of one of his irresistible lancers, who mistook him for a foe at seeing the golden mail of his horse, and he died. It is also rumoured that he was killed by the Ḍāmaras who feared that he might give the kingdom to Bhikṣhu and then kill them. As he had by his rebellion deceived his master (Sussala) who trusted him, so was he soon killed in battle by those whom he trusted. Pṛithvīhara who had led the Ḍāmaras in battle in different places now reached the banks of the Kṣhiptikā and engaged himself in battle. The followers of Bhikṣhu who were there behaved very gallantly, and did not allow the enemy to make head. Each day was marked by fire, by battle, and by massacre. The sun became fierce, there were earthquakes several times, and terrible storms blew breaking down many trees. The dust raised by the storms seemed like pillars raised to support the sky which was rent by blows.

When the great war had begun in the month of Jaiyaṣhṭa, on the eleventh bright lunar day, the Ḍāmaras set fire to a wooden house, and the fire being either carried by the wind or lightning, the whole city was burnt unopposed. The smoke was seen to rise from the great bridge of Sākṣhikasvāmī, like an array of elephants; and then the house and Vihāra of Indradevī caught fire, and the whole city was seen in flames. Neither the

ground nor the space around, nor the sky was visible,—all being darkened by the smoke. The sun was sometimes seen and was sometimes invisible, and it wore a face like that of a drunken man. The houses which were enveloped in the darkness of the smoke were suddenly lit up in a flame, they were thus visible for one moment and were seen no more. The houses on both sides of the Vitastā caught fire, and the river looked like the sword of Yama streaming blood from both its sides. The numerous and increasing tongues of flame shot up to the sky and fell again, and looked like golden umbrellas. The flames rising to various heights, and sending forth smoke from their tops looked like the peaks of the Sumeru with the clouds resting cn them. Houses were seen now and then in the midst of the flames and their foolish owners believed that they had escaped the fire. The burning houses fell on the Vitastā and heated its water, as the water of the sea is heated by the eruption of submarine volcanoes. The burning leaves of the garden trees flew into the sky with the birds whose wings had caught fire. The flames caught the white-washed temples of gods and looked like the evening resting on a Himālayan peak. Boats, floating houses and bridges of boats were removed to a distance from the town through fear of the fire, and the river was without a boat. Even maṭhas, temples, houses and palaces were all destroyed, and within a short time, the city looked like a burnt forest. When the city was con-

sumed, a huge figure of Buddha was seen without a shelter and blackened by the smoke, it stood high like a burnt tree.

The soldiers had gone to save the burning houses, and the king was left with one hundred warriors only. The bridge lay broken and the king was unable to cross the Vitastā. The enemies who were in large numbers saw their opportunity and tried to surround the king. The king meditated on the burning of his city and the destruction of his subjects, and being much depressed, he longed for the approach of death. And as the king turned backward intending to go, Kamalaya was informed of the fact by another person, and fearing that he was fleeing said "Where do you flee?" The firm king turned his face which was marked with sandel, and which beamed in a smile of anger; he stopped his horse and said. "For my kingdom I will act in a manner different from that in which the experienced, the proud king, our grandfather did in the battle with Hammīra. Wherever Harshadeva may be, he is our relative, he has fled without seeing the end of our work. Who among the proud abandons his country on getting into mire (difficulties) without sacrificing his person and his blood, even as a snake abandons his skin after getting into the mud? He thus said and pulled the reins, and the horse reared his head. He intended to touch the animal with both hands and raised his sword. The son of Lavarāja stopped the horse by holding the reins, though there were other attendants; he had not spoken a word

before he came to the presence of the king. The king was over-powered with blows, and Pṛithvīpāla alone came out of the room before the king in his danger. The king out of affection for him praised his courage and acknowledged that by his service he had paid off all the benefits which the king had done to him before.

The enemies who were in three companies, discharged their arrows in order to kill the king, the haughty horsemen were on the left. So situated, the king all of a sudden urged his horse and came in the midst of his numerous foes. Though attended by only a small force, it seemed as if the king multiplied himself by being reflected on the swords of the enemy, and seemed to be present everywhere. As the hawk defeats the sparrow, the lion, the deer, so he alone defeated many warriors. The passage of the cavalry being obstructed by the array of the infantry, the former fell on the latter and wounded them both by arms and by horses' hoofs. Great warriors looked red in the reflection of the flame, as if they were smeared with blood, and fell by mutual blows.

After the king had annoyed the enemy, he returned in the evening to his burnt city, his eyes filled with tears and his hopes fled. When the enemy found that the king, though reduced, could not be overcome, he despaired of success. The king too, on account of the destruction of valuable objects, held his life in small regard. At all times waking or sleeping, walking or sitting, bathing or eating, he used to issue out whenever

required by his enemies, and his enemies looked on him with tears. As all the articles of food were consumed by the fire, there occurred a severe famine in the kingdom. The stores were reduced, the produce was trifling, and the trade stopped during the long rebellion of the Ḍāmaras. The king was very much afflicted ; and even the chiefs who could not obtain money from the royal treasury died of famine. The horses which escaped the fire were burnt by the hungry men who were in search of food, and were consumed every day. Men stopped their noses when they crossed the bridges over the river which emitted stench of dead bodies swollen by the water. The earth was whitened by the disjointed and scattered fleshless skeletons and fractured skulls, and looked as if she had taken the kāpālikā* vow. The people walked with difficulty, their complection was turned brown by the sun, and lean and suffering from hunger, they looked like the burnt stumps of trees.

After a few days had passed, there arose a false rumour that Pṛithvīhara, pierced by an arrow, had died in a long contested battle. When Pṛithvīhara was overpowered with wounds, the men took him to a sheltered place. But the king heard of his death and fought severely. Victory entices men with false hopes, even like a prostitute, but avoids them when they follow her. Unpropitious Fate lures with false hopes and then adds to the misery of the victim, even as the clouds, in order

* This vow enjoins the carrying of a skull.

to destroy luminous mountain plants, display their lightnings, and then leave the mountains in dense darkness.

After suffering affliction for a long time, the king awaited with anxiety the arrival of the queen. Her affection was great, her words were kind and respectful, and her frankness was becoming; these qualifications were to her as her children. But this beloved queen Meghamañjarī who was the witness of his deeds and the ornament of the house died at that time. The king then felt that there was no happiness in the world; he became dejected in spirit and found no occupation in life or in the kingdom. The queen had been reduced in health when she heard of the danger of her husband. She was anxious about him, and had set out from her home, and was coming towards Kāshmīra, when on the way near Phalapura she died of exhaustion. At first the king had hoped to see her, but then when he learnt of the catastrophe, he became very much afflicted with grief. Four great ladies of the family followed the queen to the other world in order to show their devotion. They were never harshly treated. Not being able to bear her death, a cook named Teja shewed his devotion to her by suicide and he was honored among the servants. He was also marching with her, and on the day following her death, he plunged into the river, out of devotion to her, unattended and unobserved, tying about him a stone which was near her funeral pyre. The enemies did some good to the king,

as by calling him out to battle, they made him forget his grief in his anger.

The king, who was indifferent in mind and wished to resign his kingdom brought from Lohara, his son who had just then passed his boyhood. He had made Bhāgika, Prajji's brother's son, lord of Maṇḍala and employed him at Lohara, and thus guarded the country and its treasury. When his beloved son arrived at Varāhamūla, he advanced and embraced him with joy as well as with grief. The prince was grieved, when after three years he returned to his country and found his father in that condition. With his face humbled with sorrow, he entered the ruined city (capital), as the cloud charged with water enters the burnt forest. His father crowned him on the first of Āṣhāḍa, and with tears in his eyes he taught him in the ways and policies of kings. "Bear thou the weight which is now placed on you, and which your father and your uncle could not bear; they sank under it." Over-powered by fate, the king made his son bear the royal insignia and bestowed on him his possessions. No sooner was the prince installed than the siege of towns, drought, diseases, and annoyances by robbers abated, and the earth became so full of corn that the famine was over in the month of Shrāvaṇa.

In the meantime Siṃhadeva, (the prince just crowned,) had been destroying the enemies in battle. But the king was told by informers that he intended to rise against his father. When the prince heard this, he, in his anger

and without judging rightly at first sent away from him the son Kayyā, with his friends. He had anticipated this, and he now determined to remain unshaken before his father, terrible in his frowns, and he obeyed the orders of the king. On the next day Siṃhadeva, without taking food on account of grief, and much afflicted, was coming to his father inorder to gain his confidence. He was afraid that since his father's suspicion was roused, the ministers would not be able to assuage him. But his father caused him to return form the way, by false assurances. The king after much deliberation decided that he would confine Siṃhadeva in prison. Fie to the kingdom for which father and son suspect each other and cannot live at ease, even at night. Who can know whom the king will trust, when he distrusts his son, wife, friend and servant?

In a village known by the name of Sāhya, near Kugrāma, there lived the son of one Sthānaka, a keeper of asses. In his younger years he was brought up in tending animals and was taught in arms with the Ḍāmara boys, and he gradually became a constant attendant of Ṭikka. From the year 1, Utpala,—such was his name, was employed as messenger, and became the confidant of the king who was then trying to create a division among his enemies. The king told him to murder Ṭikka and Bhikṣhāchara, and promised to give him wealth and the house belonging to Ṭikka. Utpala too promised to commit the crime, and the king bestowed on him

large gifts and the title of Gañjapati. He for some time wavered between the hope of enjoyment and wealth and the fear of committing the murder of his master; and he could not decide whether to do or to decline the act. In the meantime his wife gave birth to a son, and the king sent her presents suited to the occasion, as if he were her father. Alarmed at this, she anxiously enquired of her husband, the reason of those gifts, and he told her every thing. "Do not rise against your master, for if you do, even this Sussala will kill you, as being the murderer of your master. On the contrary, if you can, gain the confidence of Sussala and kill him. Your master, his son, relatives and others will give you wealth." On receiving these instructions from his wife, which were contrary to his own ideas, he stopped executing his plans, and divulged everything to Ṭikka. The king was overcome by fate, and trusted Utpala who was constantly visiting him, as if he was his son. What disasters do not overtake him whose good fortune has waned? He mistrusted his son, and trusted a creature of the enemy! Or is it that fools and those blinded by selfishness do not think of danger, as those who are greedy after honey do not think of the sting of bees?

Utpala caused Ṭikka to be harassed by Prajji and humbled by the king, and made Ṭikka give up his son as hostage. The king left Devasarasa which he had conquered in the month of Kārttika and went to the

village of Vashṭuka in the province of Kherī. In the great battles which took place near Kalyāṇapura, he put to shame the great warriors Bhikṣhu, Koṣhṭeshvara &c and in the midst of the battle, he captured alive, from amongst Bhikṣhāchara and others, the great, the resplendant hero Sujji of the family of Kāka. The king first defeated the prosperous Vijaya and then burnt his house at Kalyāṇapura; and when Vaḍausaka was burnt, Bhikṣhāchara was left without shelter, and he left that place and stopped at the village of Kākarūha in Shamālā. The younger brother of the prosperous Vijaya took shelter with the king in fear, but the king imprisoned him in anger. Having placed Rilhaṇa with a large army at Shūrapura, he threatened an attack even on Rājapurī. By these energetic actions he dispersed the powerful Ḍāmaras, and there was very little left towards the subjugation of the enemies. Bhikṣhāchara and the Lavanyas found their power weakened, and their enemies gaining strength, and they thought of going to some foreign countries through fear. Some unknown misfortune fell on the party of Bhikṣhu, since though they lived in sadness, they appeared dead.

The king did not forget the dishonesty of Somapāla who had now returned [from his intended attack on Rājapurī] and determined to turn Rājapurī to a field of the dead, after the expiration of the cold season. When the rebellion was well nigh over, it was thought that the king was powerful enough to carry his arms to

the sea. One in a hundred of those who had rebelled now survived, and to such men a year seemed as long as a yuga. The reign of this king was grievous to all on account of the distress, fear, poverty and death of beloved friends. Success rests with Fate, and what can valor, severity and the wiles of man effect? Some people deserted him in his presence, like men shunning darkness. Some went to a distance and turned round like a lion to look at him in defiance. Some who were near slighted him, as if they were frogs who would overleap him. Irregularities were thus clearly visible. The king had depricated Uchchala &c. for having trusted others; and he lived constantly with drawn sword, even when listening to the narrations of the historians; and even when he was dallying with his wives, and he told them the tales of Viduratha &c., he did not look on them with confidence.

Who but Fate deceived him into the confidence which he reposed on Utpala as on a relative? Ṭikka and others told Utpala that if the king or Sujji happened to die, they would consider him as the murderer. Sujji never trusted Utpala, and Utpala was ready to murder the king, but found no opportunity. Now the accomplishment of his promise to the king [to murder Ṭikka,] was being delayed, and the king became angry with him. Utpala, in order to gain the king's confidence, brought his son from Devasarasa, and placed him as hostage, and told the king that he would accom-

plish his purpose through his fierce friends Vyāghra, Prashastarāja, &c. who were the king's enemies. One day he selected from among the infantry, one hundred brave men, and set out from his house. The murderer then sought an opportunity and frequently came near the king, but his purpose was several times defeated by the gift of food &c., which the king made to him. Now, there was in the capital a horse named Mandurāchakravartī which was ill. The king who loved horses sent Lakṣhmaka, son of Kayyaka, and others who were near him, to cure it. At this time the king was accompanied by a few attendants. Shṛiṅgāra, son of Lakṣhmaka, heard from his trustworthy men, of Utpala's purpose, and informed the king of it. A man whose end is nigh, regards his enemy as his friend, even when the fatal work has commenced, just as animals look complacently on the place of slaughter The enraged Ṛiṣhi had with his terrible look and fierce expression foretold the speedy extinction of Kriṣhṇa's line, and the fulfilment of the curse could not be avoided. Who can escape what is ordained, even if he knows it beforehand? The king rebuked Shṛiṅgāra and told him that it was false. He pointed out Shṛiṅgāra to the men who were present there, and told them that Shṛiṅgāra was the son of a rebel, and that either on his own account or on the instigation of other evil men, he had called Utpala, a wicked man, as soon as he had found a suitable opportunity, in order to disturb

his (king's) peace. They smiled and hid their faces in their stupidity and said, "You have stated O! king! what we should have said." When they were gone, the king, as if slightly afraid, ordered through his door-keeper, two or three chief warriors to remain with him. He was unsettled in mind, and so he sighed and thought of something and wept and did not care to attend dancing or singing. Laboring under a misapprehension, the king suspected his trusty men, as if they were foreigners, like one who is about to be expelled from heaven on the expiration of the period of enjoyment earned by his virtue. The friends of the king apprehended that their master was possessed by the devil. Some of them wished that he might be exorcised, and others, foolish as they were, sought other masters. Such is the fatal influence of time, that beings possessed of full knowledge of duty, forget to perform it. Utpala and others spent two days in fear, looking after opportunities.

On the third day, they who were watching for an opportunity when the king would be alone were invited by the king to dine in his house after he had performed his bath early in the morning. Having finished his daily prayer and worship and being alone, the king sent messengers at noon, to call Utpala. As the king was alone, Utpala thought that his object would now be accomplished. He came to the king, his followers being detained at the door. The king allowed Utpala's younger brother Vyāghra, who was detained at the door, to come in, while the other

attendants were told to wait outside. Some of the king's faithful men loitered there, whereupon the king said in anger that "he who remains here is a traitor." Only two remained there, the betel-bearer, an old man, and the learned Rāhila, the minister for peace and war. At this time Aghadeva and Nishṭavaishya, two spies of Tikka, came from him not knowing what Utpala was about. Utpala said to the king that "Sukharāja, a Ḍāmara, inhabitant of Vaḍḍautsa and a partisan of Bhikshu, will go about his own work after bowing at your feet." Thus for his own safety, Utpala secured the presence of the Ḍāmara along with his soldiers who were not far. Thus when the king was seated, Utpala soon caused Prashastarāja to enter, telling the king that he had some business with him. Prashastarāja on entering the room saw that there was none [capable of defending the king] either within the room or outside, and he shut the door unperceived. The king had lately bathed and his hair was yet wet, and as it was cold, he had wrapped a sheet all round his body and was sitting with his weapon resting on the seat of kusha grass. When Vyāghra saw the king in this state, he told Utpala that "such an opportunity will never occur again, so submit your prayers to the king now." After he had thus given the hint, Vyāghra, on the pretence of bowing at the feet of the king, came before him and removed the weapon from the king's seat, and drew it out of the scabbard. At the sight of this, king was amazed and cried out, "O ! fie treason !" But no sooner had he said so than

he was struck on the right side and then Prashastarāja struck him on his head. Vyāghra then wounded him on his breast, and then both of them struck him several times. Utpala however did not strike twice; he thought that the first blow which had broken the king's ribs, had torn his entrails and that he was dead. Rāhila attempted to kill the enemies, but was in the meantime struck twice or thrice by Vyāghra on the back, with an instrument used for piercing elephants' ear, and he died within two or three daṇḍas. The poor betel-bearer left the place and fled, and he was saved by Utpala from his men out of pity.

When this disturbance was raised in the inner appartments, the rebellious and armed Ṭikkaka and others who were in the outer appartments commenced plundering. The king's soldiers believed that the king had killed Utpala and so they attacked the soldiers of Utpala's men who were outside. In order to give them hope, Utpala came out and showed himself besmered with blood and told them that he had killed the king with his iron club, and that they should not spare the king's soldiers. When the servants of the king heard this bad news, they fled in fear, and the rebels being emboldened remained in the courtyard. When the rebels went out of the house, they killed the powerful Nāgaka, a servant of the king, who with drawn sword was entering the door. A servant of the king, Trailokya, of the dynasty of Shākyapāla, who remonstrated against

this treason, was killed by Ṭikkaka and others who were at the door. Sahajapāla, the ornament of the line of Bhāvuka, of superior prowess among the spiritless servants of the king, ran with sword and shield; and when the rebels saw him, they went out by a side way. But this powerful man was wounded by their servants, and he fell on the ground. The shame of the Rajpoots was washed by his blood. The learned Nona went before them, and though a native of the country, resembled the Rajpoots in person, and so they mistook him for a Rajpoot and killed him. When the soldiers saw the rebels go towards the village unwounded, they did not pursue them in anger, but remained stationary like painted figures. The fat bodied Rajpoots, beloved of the king, kept themselves quiet, and crowded in the courtyard which was a while ago deserted. It has been a burden to us to speak of these cowardly men from the time of king Harsha. We dare not pronounce the names of these sinful men through fear of contamination with their sins, and out of grief. Thinking it an act of great manliness to walk from the courtyard to the house, some of the principal men among these sinful people went to see their murdered master. They saw the king, his teeth pressed on his lower lip over which the blood was issuing and which seemed to be quivering, as if the king was giving utterance to his grief at his being deceived. He was motionless and dead, but his eyes looked as when he was alive. His face was darkened by tears, as if caused

by the smoke of the fire of his anger at the time of its extinction. There were the clear marks of sandel and saffron on his face, as if he was marked with blood from the wounds. His hair was clotted with thick blood, and he lay naked on the ground. His hands and feet were stretched out, his neck was hanging on his shoulders. They did not do anything befitting the occasion; they only said "enjoy the fruit of being alone;" and thus reproached him. They did not take him on horse or on carriage, nor could they burn him, for they fled to save their own lives. Nor was the body placed by any one afterwards on wood and burnt; each took one of king's horses and fled; and the soldiers, as they went into villages, were plundered by the Ḍāmaras. On the way which was covered with snow, neither sons protected their fathers, nor fathers saved their sons, whether they died or were killed or plundered. There was no warrior who thought of his dignity when menaced by his enemies on the road, and did not cast away his clothes and arms. But three died bravely. They were Lavarāja and Yashoraja, two Brāhmaṇas who were well up in gymnastics, and Kāndarāja. Utpala and others saw from the neighbourhood, the soldiers thus fleeing and they entered the house, cut off the head of the king and took it away. When they had gone to Devasarasa, the headless king, like a murdered thief, became an object of sight to the villagers. Thus in the year 3, in the month of Phālguṇa, on the day of the new moon, was the king killed by treason, at the age of 55 years.

It was when Siṃhadeva was lying at ease, that the son of his nurse told him this evil news. Unarmed as he was, he felt all the anger of an armed man. Recovering from a long swoon, he regained his recollection, and impatient with grief, he lamented half aloud and half in whisper "You, O! great king! who governed the country for me, and cleared it of all enemies, for what an insignificant cause have you died? Did the foes approach you, destroyer of enemies! when you were looking on them unarmed? You killed your enemies and thereby pleased your father and your brother in heaven; but alas! your son cannot please you in the same manner. Think not for a moment that the world is like a wilderness and that there lives none in it like Kripa, Droṇa and Jāmadagnya who extirpated the dynasties of their foes [to revenge the insult offered to their parents.] It is sad that grief has settled on you: O king! But I will be revenged for it. I am not sorry that the three worlds are the objects of my assault. When you beheld me, your countenance became affectionate, smiling and sweet with kind words,—that face is still before me." When he had lamented thus and more, he kept his deportment unchanged, owing to his gravity, and saw before him his father's faithful men, dumb through shame, grief and fear. His usual courtesy checked what anger suggested to him, yet he addressed them thus in harsh and reproachful words. "Perform the funeral rites, and spend riches as befits his dignity. Fie to you! Fie to arms! that all this has come upon my

father. You, honorable men, have not now been able to do what the vulgar people did when my uncle died!" When he was thus rebuking, two or three ministers came to him, and he listened what they said for his benefit. Some advised him to leave the country and to go to Lohara without delay, as they apprehended mischief in the country from Bhikṣhu, at the dawn of day. Others calmly advised him to take over to his side, Garga's son, Pañchachandra who was at Lohara, and to continue the civil war.

Now that Sussala was dead and Bhikṣhu purposed to enter the capital, none thought it advisable to remain in his own house. The ministers had no confidence in Simhadeva who told them that they would witness on the following day what would happen. As time went on, the king's grief for his father's death became manifest. He now ordered trusty guards to watch the treasuries &c. The city became clamorous, the dust surrounded it on all sides, and the people went hither and thither and talked to one another. All the people feared the night, as they feared demons, or, as if it was the last night of the kalpa. Surrounded by the lamps that did not flicker, there being no breeze, and by ministers who did not move, the king thus thought within himself. "My father, like a helpless man, has been murdered in a dark room without doors, while the wind was blowing hard, and I am yet alive. His death is intolerable. How shall I meet the proud in an assembly as long as this disgrace is not

wiped off? And how will the leaders of my armies come through hostile countries and roads covered with impassable snow?" Thus he meditated and gave vent to his excessive grief and fear, and the terrible night dawned after much trouble.

On the morning he went to the courtyard to assuage the citizens, and thence he despatched horsemen in search of the soldiers who had fled. The clouds touched the ground and the hollows of the road were entirely covered with snow. Those who had been sent returned, but the king could not get even the names of the soldiers who had fled. After a moment's deliberation, he published in the town, by the beat of drum, that he did not wish to get back the things which had been taken away, and that he pardoned those who were guilty, and had gone over to the enemy. When he had done this, the citizens flocked into the town from all sides and blessed the king. The proclamation which was in favor of those who had acted against the king bore its fruit on that very day. Siṃhadeva had about him less than one hundred followers only; but men from all sides now flocked round him out of love. Lakashmaka obtained the post of prime minister for his kind and gentle words in presence of the king.

When the wise king had consolidated his government, by this policy, Bhikṣhu arrived with the intention of entering the capital just after midday. His army composed of Ḍāmaras, citizens, horsemen and plunderers appeared as usual. He had come to the capital, aspiring after the

kingdom, when he heard of the death of his enemy. To him Tilaka, son of Kāka, spoke thus.—"Sussala was disliked by all, but now it so happens that he is dead, why should his subjects desert his worthy son? Therefore O! king! instead of entering the capital, come let us make haste and enter Padmapura within one day, in order to obstruct the way of the enemies. The armies of Sujji and of other great warriors have fled, and they themselves are now coming. If we can kill them or capture them with their arms and conveyances, then surely within two or three days we shall be able to enter the capital. The inhabitants will themselves welcome your entry, and lay down their arms." Bhikṣhu, Koṣhṭeshvara and others said that these infirm councils were useless, and smiled and treated Tilaka with disrespect. The followers of Bhikṣhāchara believed that they had already got the kingdom, and clamoured for obtaining posts and hated delay.

Much snow had fallen by this time, which benumbed Bhikṣhu's large army when he arrived on the skirts of the city (capital.) Taking advantage of this opportunity, Pañchachandra, son of Garga, with a large army, came to the king who was then without soldiers. Pañchachandra had set out with the Rajpoots to fight in order to expiate his sin for deserting his deceased master. No sooner the battle commenced than the soldiers of Bhikṣhu, thus unexpectedly engaged in fight, saw their own men falling on every side, and soon gave way, nor

could those who were fleeing be restrained. Bhikṣhu, Prithvīhara and other great leaders were also, like common soldiers, struck with unusual panic. Had they been pursued by the king's followers, when they fled, surely none of them had been left alive, after a short time.

When they were routed through the prowess of the new king, Fate favored the distressed capital after a long while. The result of the contest between the two kings was different from what the people had expected. Fate hurls down some men in a moment, tying them by the leg, and lifts up others who were falling, even as a stream washes away a bank and raises another. The designs of Fate are curious!

Sujji quietly issued from the field of battle at the close of the day, like a serpent issuing from a hill, covered with forest-fire. He was in the village of Meghāchakrapura, when he heard of the late king's death; and after consultation, he stopped there for the night. He waited for Rihlaṇa and other leaders of armies at Shūrapura &c., and entered the town with them without opposition. They lighted lamps over their dwellings in the darkness, in order to convey information to the infantry as to their position. But there was difference of opinion among the infantry, they were tired and they got separated during the night, and could not reach the place. On the morning Sujji marched out, but the Ḍāmaras never left him, they hung on his rear and attacked

him here and there. But, as a cowherd protects his animals, so Sujji went on protecting his army, keeping in the front those who were with him, and there were many old persons, women and boys in his train. With fifty horsemen he turned round and stood, and was for a short while able to protect his charge. The passage was obstructed by heaps of vine creepers and many trees, and infested by his fearless enemies. He lost his men at every step. But with a wish to pay off the debt which he owed to his late master, and to his master's son who was in danger, he saved his own life. Of what use are those men who live like ravenous beasts, and who die without waiting for a fitting time. Sujji's soldiers were killed and the cruel Ḍāmaras of Khaṇḍūvi obstructed his way near Padmapura and waited there in order to kill him, as he was marching by that road. At this time Shrīvaka left the village of Kherītalālasā with a large army and came marching this way. The Ḍāmaras mistook Shrīvaka, coming with his followers, for Sujji, and fell on him and killed and plundered his soldiers. In this scuffle Meru and Sajjana, two horsemen, perished, and Malla, son of Vaṭṭa, was wounded and died in a few days. The place Udīpapuravāla had become dangerous, as the chasm there was filled with much water. Shrīvaka marched out of Padmapura, fighting as he went, his army was surrounded, and some arrows entered his throat. When he was overcome with wounds, the Ḍāmaras found out that he was not Sujji, and they

desisted from plundering him for the sake of their old friendship with Shrīvaka. The Ḍāmaras were grieved for having robbed Shrīvaka and at the death of his soldiers, and went away. Sujji's passage thus became safe, as a lion is accidentally killed by a trap, and a traveller's passage is cleared.

Sujji silently marched with his army towards Padmapura, and when he had arrived near the chasm of Udīpapura, the Ḍāmaras became aware of him. Sujji disregarded the Ḍāmaras who plundered his infantry, treasures, arms, &c., and with his cavalry crossed the chasm and reached the place where the horses could move. Now, his fear of his enemies was gone, and he threatened them by contracting his brows, shaking his forefinger and by harsh words. He took his umbrella only and with his frightened men, he hastily entered the capital, and with tears in his eyes came to the king. On the approach of Sujji who was like the king's elder brother, the king shed tears in grief, he cast off his dread of the arrival of his foes, with the tears that he shed.

On that day Ananta's son, Ānanda the great, was killed by the Ḍāmaras at Lochanoḍḍāraka while on his march. He did many good acts and could undergo hard labor. Who was not grieved at his mishap? Bhāsa, a servant of Sujji, had escaped his enemies through the virtue of the people and being weary, entered the court yard of god Avasvāmī at Avantipura. He and Kshemā

nanda who had quelled the rebellion at Kampana were surrounded by the angry Ḍāmaras of Holaḍa. Indurāja, a commander in the army, born of the line of Kularāja was also surrounded by the same Ḍāmaras; but by some pretext Indurāja obtained the protection of Ṭikka at Dhyānoddāra. Piñchadeva and many other leaders of the army were besieged by the Ḍāmaras and they left Kramarājya. As when a large tree falls, the young ones of birds are thrown out of nests and are wounded and perish, so fared the followers of the king in those places. Many died in the way having no protection for their feet which were benumbed by cold, their bodies were naked and they were oppressed with hunger. At that time none were seen on the roads leading to the capital but men covering their bodies with straw. Even Chitraratha and others who were destined within short time to become great ministers, carried grass to make comfortable beds. On the second day, the clouds poured snow, and the thick shower, through which arrows could not penetrate, continued without ceasing for a moment.

Bhikshu was at Vanagrāma, and at that place Dhanya left his army and went to seek protection of Siṃhadeva. When the soldiers of Bhikshu heard that the king had treated Dhanya well, they were eager to come to the capital. Four queens took this opportunity of the enemy's weakness and set out to follow the late king to the next world. Fearing interruption, however, from an attack of the enemy, and deterred also by the exhaustion

of their servants, they could not go to the distant Pitṛikānana, but were quickly consumed near the temple of Skanda, not far from the palace. Queens Devalekhā born at Champā and her mother-in-law Taralekhā, Rūpollekhā, and the accomplished Jajvalā born at Vallāpura, and Rājalakshmī daughter of Garga:—all perished in the fire. The Ḍāmaras believed that the snow fell on account of the accession of the new king to the throne, and therefore named him Himarāja.

Bhikṣhu, to whom the head of Sussala was brought, viewed it with angry looks, as if he would burn it with the fire of his eyes. Koshṭeshvara, Jyeshṭapāla and others tried to perform the last rites to the remains of the late king, but Bhikṣhu, out of enmity to the dead, could not bear it, and prevented them from this act. When the snow had ceased to fall, he intended to march to the capital, to fight. He knew that his servants sought to do him harm on account of his inaction, and he addressed them thus:—"So long as Pṛithvīhara lives, we shall be able to get the kingdom by force. We had thought that on the death of our enemy, Sussala, his successor would be in peril, but it has been otherwise decreed by Fate. Our enemy is dead, but we have not even a hope of obtaining the kingdom. I am aspiring to conquer the kingdom merely for the sake of enjoyment, for what duty could I perform, either towards myself or towards others, by obtaining the realm? He who had cast the heads of my ancestors to the ground is dead, and

his head is now rolling at my lion-gate. He had for ten months destroyed the peace of my ancestors, and I have given him similar trouble for ten years. Thus my duty has been partly fulfilled, and the grief of my mind has abated; now I wish to devote in peace, the latter end of my life to some purpose." When he had said these words and more, he went to Ṭikka who bowed to him. Bhikṣhu was pleased with him and gave him a golden vessel, a white umbrella, &c. He had confidence in Ṭikka, and his ambition for the kingdom revived; he thought on the subject, but as he had an attack of cold, he spoke nothing.

The corpse of the late king was impiously guarded [against cremation] by the Lavanya guards attached to Bhikṣhu. Sajjaka, a warrior, who lived in the city, thought of the corpse of his late master which had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and moved by gratitude, he came to Vāṣhṭukā, on the pretence of seeing the body. He defeated the guards and burnt the corpse. Sussala had destroyed many of his subjects, from the year 94, under the mandates of the gods, as was learnt from those who had communion with spirits. And this was confirmed by the events which followed his death. The man who had struck off his head, and had flourished it was found dead while sleeping. Bhikṣhu lost his sense of right and wrong, on account of his inhumanity. He sent the head of the late king to Rājapurī. Uchchala's daughter, Saubhāgyalekhā, caused those

who had brought the head of her uncle to be killed by her followers; and when Rājapurī became unruly, she went to her husband, Somapāla, who was at a distance. The powerful lord of Khasha had, through indulgence in wine and in gross vices, become an object of pity, like a vulgar beast, and lost his senses. His courtiers acted properly or improperly without any restriction. Nāgapāla who lived in friendship with his brother could not brook the insult offered to the head of his benefactor; and far-sighted men apprehended defeat from the Kāshmīrians and advised Nāgapāla to perform the last rites to his master's head. Even he who has a strong party is made helpless by Death; when a lion is dead, the jackals laugh at him. At Gopālapura the head was burnt by the enemies with kāla, aloes, sandal and pine wood. Many a time had Sussala got and lost the kingdom, many a battle had he lost and won, and many a danger had he encountered; and his death was similarly strange. Whose remains have ever received the last rites by fire like his? The body at one place and the head at another!

Ṭikka and others loitered on their way to the capital *via* Avantipura, inorder to destory Bhāsa and others who had been besieged before. But they could not overcome the besieged by fight or by throwing stones or by fire or sword. Protected by the thick stone wall of the temple, the besieged killed the besiegers who could neither stay there nor flee from that place. In this opportunity

caused by the enemy's delay, the wise king brought over the Ḍāmaras of Khaṇḍūvī to his side by riches. He then sent without delay Sujji with Pañchachandra and others who took money from him, for the relief of Bhāsa and his party. But before Sujji arrived at Avantipura, Ṭikka and others had raised the siege, as soon as they saw the son of Kayyā and others in the vanguard. Bhāsa and his party issued out of the temple, pursued the flying enemies and killed them, and came back to Sujji.

When the powerful lord of Kampana entered the capital, Indurāja with his followers left Ṭikka and came thither. The king made Chitraratha, Shrīva, Bhāsa and others lords of Pādāgra, Dvāra and Kherī; even Sujji who had not given up the duty entrusted to him had to wait on the pleasure of the Pratihāra, what shall I say of other ministers! The Pratihāra who was in the confidence of the Ḍāmaras created dissensions among the parties, and was an object of regard of the king. There was not one among the enemies who at the bidding of the Pratīhāra did not come or wish to come under the protection of the king. The wily king who was ill at ease did not even take his meals but at the desire of the Pratihāra. Thus the Pratīhāra became powerful in the capital; but his policy which had wellnigh succeeded was defeated.

Bhikshu had collected all the Ḍāmaras at Vijayeshvara with the intention of taking the capital at the end of

the winter. The Ḍāmaras saw the union of their army such as was never seen before, and they feared that the kingdom would come to the possession of Bhikshu. They began to deliberate whether Somapāla would not rise in rebellion after seeing the strength, valor, friends and foes of each party, and whether he would not create a division in his own party at the time of the attack with the prospect of getting the kingdom. Thus meditating, they privately sent messengers to Somapāla, with the view of giving the kingdom to him, and he also sent messengers to them. The Ḍāmaras looked on Somapāla as a beast on account of his defective person and his behaviour; and they believed that by his possessing the kingdom they would become masters. In this most sinful country, the object of the plunderers who were excited by the greed of enjoyment was frustrated through a mere chance. Is he who is unfit even to be a servant, who is ashamed of good habits, at all able to govern the country? Can he who frightens the sparrows by burning grass in order to protect the shāli crop, and in doing so, burns his own face, protect the forest trees which are broken by wild elephants? Somapāla's messenger who would not do any harm to Bhikshu, raised money from the Ḍāmaras on false pretences.

In the month of Vaishākha, Sujji commenced his operations. He hastily issued out of the capital and came to the banks of the Gambhīrā. His encounter with the enemies was glorious, for he routed all the warriors

engaged in battle. It is so ruled by destiny, that in battles where courage is displayed, sometimes one man conquers a hundred thousand, and sometimes a hundred thousand conquer one. There was no bridge over the river, and Sujji could not cross it, but saw the enemies on the other side discharge their arrows. For two or three days, both he and the enemies remained unmoved on the banks of that river; those who were clad in mail looked for weak points in other men. The bridge was then made with the boats brought from Avantipura. Sujji crossed the river with his horse on a boat. When the soldiers of the enemies saw Sujji reach the other side, they moved, as the trees do in a wind. In order to see their movement, Sujji ascended the bank. In the meantime the bridge was completed, his soldiers crossed over to the other side and the enemies fled. Of the fleeing army not one swordsman or horseman or spearman or bowman could look behind. The strap of Koṣṭheshvara's horse got loosened and his saddle became loose, so that the horsemen waited for a short time. When the saddle was tightened, and Sujji pursued them hotly, they soon disappeared, like dust driven by the wind. The enemies whose soldiers were killed, robbed and overturned, collected their shattered forces at Dhyanoḍḍāra and other villages. Bhāsa who was in the van crossed the bridge over the Vitastā at Vijayesha and caused the robbers to flee.

The enemies stopped that day at Vijayakṣhetra and then on the day following, they went to the lord of

Kampana leaving Dhyānoddāra behind. At this place Sujji stopped for a few days, and was going towards Devasarasa, when the relatives of Ṭikka, on account of some difference with Ṭikka, came out and joined Sujji. Sujji entered Devasarasa and set up Jayarāja and Yashorāja, principal men among the sons (clan) of Bhojaka, in place of Ṭikka. Owing to the sharp pursuit made by Sujji, Bhikṣhu and others were dispersed, and they went to Shūrapura. Koṣhṭeshvara and others went to their respective countries. The messenger of Somapāla fled in great terror and spoke ill of Somapāla saying "where on earth did this son of a servant-woman send me"? The messenger thought that Somapāla's aspiration which could be attained after great effort, was like the wish of a jackal to do as a lion does. Within a few months Sujji pacified the kingdom which had for a long time been distracted owing to the carelessness of the king, and bestowed it on the king's son. The king tried by gifts to bring over to his side Shamāla and other great Ḍāmaras and the citizens who were in favor of Bhikṣhu. But they by common consent decided first to test the power of the king and then to decide what they should do, and so they fought against the king. As the dance of dancers can be seen through a screen, so the movements of the soldiers was visible through the dust. Many warriors perished in the battle which took place at Dāmodara. Sahajapāla set at liberty his father who was captured by Koṣhṭeshvara and obtained great glory

along with his men. In this battle both the king and Bhikṣhāchara labored very hard, but the latter saw that his defeat was clear. From that day the soldier who was found on the morning in Bhikṣhu's army was not found there (*i e* deserted) in the evening; and he who was seen there to-day was not found the next day.

When the Ḍāmaras and the citizens deserted the enemy and went over to the king and received befitting rewards, Manujeshvara and Koṣhṭa, both of whom aspired after reward from the king and wished for his friendship, quarreled between themselves, each wishing to go over first to the king. Bhikṣhu heard of this from the sooth-sayers, collected his attendants, and set out in the month of Āṣhāḍa intending to go to some other country. The Ḍāmaras who followed him could not assuage his anger with pleasant words, nor make him turn back. The vicious Koṣhṭeshvara,—himself a prostitute's son,—longed for the very beautiful wife of Bhikṣhu. But who could touch his wife, or hold the mane of an angry lion, or the jewel in the hood of a serpent, or the flame of the fire? When Bhikṣhu asked Somapāla for shelter, he did not give it, because he had made his peace with the son of Sussala. The victor had every where made attempts to kill Bhikṣhu, consequently Bhikṣhu went to Suihari, crossing over an unapproachable tract of that country. "There is kindness in Trigartta, good behaviour at Champa, suits at Madramaṇḍala and friendship at Devvābhisar. When you stay away, the king,

relieved of fear, will oppress the Ḍāmaras. They will then gradually welcome you and make you king." Though the ministers told him that it would be well for him to ask the help of the people for the conquest of the dominion of Naravarmmā, Bhikṣhu did not accept their counsel; he adopted the advice of his father-in-law, and his servants left him on the plea that their families at home were anxious for them.

The Ḍāmaras, in the splendour of their wealth, entered the capital, like the procession of a bridegroom, in an auspicious moment. When the people saw that each of them had a horse and an umbrella and was more than a king, they regarded the forbearance of the son of Sussala as cruelty. Koshṭeshvara in whom centered greatness, form, youth, dress and beauty was the special object of sight of the women. The country in which the civil war ceased, became now the scene of festivity and rang with the sound of music of the many Lavanyas (Ḍāmaras) who came in there. Lakṣhmaka too brought to the king Kṣhīra and others with a large army from Maḍavarājya. The king loved the Pratīhāra, and the king's parasites therefore thought it a great favor if they could gain entrance within the Pratihāra's door. The Lavanyas plundered the villages and a great famine ensued in consequence and which caused a great expenditure to the king. While the people suffered out side the capital, the king took into his pay some of the Ḍāmaras who lived within the capital and increased his own staff. The king gave

befitting punishment to Tippa, Vaishyārdhadeva and others, his kindreds; who had rebelled against his father. Within four months from his father's death, the present king reigned supreme in the realm. The citizens were powerless in the capital, but many king-like Ḍāmaras spread themselves over the country.

Not far, the powerful enemy remained firm, and both in and out of the court, the nobles from ministers to feudatory chiefs leagued with him. At that time there was none in the palace who could give good counsel; all the servants were rebels and addicted to vice. Those who know traditions ought to remember now the events which took place in the beginning of the reign of the king in order to understand what happened afterwards. While we are treating on the subject of this meritorious king, we will, by way of example, briefly say something about him though it has been told several times. The kings whose histories were told before from traditionary accounts, were not well understood; but we shall be able to judge rightly the qualifications of this king whom we have seen. A man is not able to judge another, how then can one judge a king who is more than a man? Like an affectionate wife, the poet shares the prosperity and adversity of the king. Such a poet who loves all men and whose name is mentioned with that of the king, cannot judge of the extraordinary character of a king, as he is blinded by his misguided intellect. When once he has assumed what is right and what is wrong,

how can he afterwards arrive at a correct judgment? There are traits in the character of this king also which are not intelligible, and I reckon them as faults because I cannot comprehend their purport and aim. The lightning which dazzles the eye, expands some objects; the loud and long peal of thunder gives birth to certain herbs; thus no action of the cloud is without some benefit to some object or other; but ignorant men see no other quality in the cloud save that it rains. After hearing of the more than human qualifications of this king whom we have seen, we will believe the deeds of the kings who were. He made the kings tremble without moving from his place, as elephants which support the earth shake the mountains by moving their hair. The army of his enemy and the other kings were in secret afraid of him, even as sea bears are secretly afraid of the submarine fire. He is the sun among kings, and by his light the moon like fame of former kings became hid in the earth. They who see him think that they behold before them the reflection of a god. He never takes back whatever he gives save that he withdraws from his enemies, after their submission, the fear which he had imparted to them before. When he holds up his sword there stands nothing before him but his own reflection; and when he raises aloud his voice no other sound is echoed. His words are sharp in time of anger and mild when he bestows a favor, as the two edges of a sword are respectively sharp and blunt. As the leaves of the kalpa tree retain

their beauty for ever, so the dependants of the king shine in lasting fortune.

The people knew that the king's ministers were wise and possessed unlimited nobility of soul and power, and they served them in every way. But the Pratīhāra could not brook the advancement of other ministers, as the eṣha herb cannot bear the growth of trees by its side ; and he rooted out all the ministers except Janakasiṃha, like grass. Janakasiṃha had served the king from childhood and knew his habits and he could not therefore be ruined. Janakasiṃha wished to establish peace with the king by a marriage alliance, but his son Chhuḍḍa was disgraced on account of his pride and insolence. The king watched for slight faults, and he hated both the father and the son for the behaviour of the son, and became angry with both of them. Both Janakasiṃha and the Pratihāra became very haughty in the reign of this king, as they were both of the same age with the king and were well known to the queen-mother. They knew not to act according to the time. In the capital they used carriage and pair, and in bath and food and furniture they behaved like the king. It is ridiculous to live in the same style with one's own master, because they all attained prosperity through him. It is like the attempt of the frogs to overleap the tall lotus stock. The enemies of Janakasiṃha and of the Pratīhāra biased the king against them and against all their party ; and made them appear in the eyes of the king, as a portrait of envy drawn on the wall.

At this time, in the month of Shrāvaṇa, the grateful king went to Vijayeshvara to welcome the victorious lord of Kampana. In the meantime Utpala who was coming from Piñchadeva at Shūrapura was murdered by the lord of Draṅga in a mountain cavern. He was returning from Pushpāṇanāḍa in order to serve Piñchadeva, when he was found out by the lord of Draṅga who was secretly looking out for him. But the lord of Draṅga was thrown on the ground and was on the point of death. His knee was pierced with arrow. He killed a soldier of the enemy's party whom he found by him.

The king, after he had bestowed favors on the lord of Kampana, was on his return. He stopped at the gate of Avantipura when Sūra of Draṅga bowed to him. He was the scourge of his enemy,—he assuaged the anger and the grief of the king. In his first expedition he destroyed his enemies, and the people thought that he had exterminated his foes. When he entered the city, some of the guilty men fled, and Janakasiṃha and some others were thrown into prison. Koshṭeshvara and others became his [Sūra's] enemies, through fear of the king. In the month of Kārttika, the accomplished king went to Shamālā, and there by fierce fighting, he harassed the unfriendly villages. The village of Hāḍi, where the power of king Sussala and others had been broken, was burnt by the powerful Sujji.

Oppressed by the king, Koshṭaka and others invited Bhikshāchara who was ambitious of obtaining the kingdom

and he came again. In one day he traversed fifteen yojanas and reached the village of Shilikākoṣhṭa situated on the hills. Eager after conquest, Bhikṣhu did not mind the trouble which arose from hunger, thirst, fatigue, fear of enemies and travelling, but remained silent. He who is opposed by Fate in his desire to conquer sees his endeavours bear contrary results, even as a banner is borne backward by the wind although the car runs forward. Some succeed in their work as soon as they commence it; while others fail though they be assiduous. The Amṛita was brought up from the sea in a moment by the hill Manthara, although the Himālaya, though long used for the purpose, failed in the attempt. The river running from its source falls into the sea, although flood-tides seem to roll the water backwards; even so the man whose Fate is adverse, struggles in vain against his fall. Even at the time of Bhikṣhu's prosperity, adverse Fate worked against his success. At this time the younger brother of Pṛithvīhara was defeated, his finger was cut, and not knowing the approach of Bhikṣhu he took shelter with the king. Koṣhṭeshvara and Pṛithvīhara went to Bhikṣhu and there remained like two serpents made inert by charm. They led Bhikṣhu to another place and assuaged the fatigue of travelling. He then went to Sulharī by the way leading to Kārkoṭadraṅga. Arrived there Bhikṣhāchara, in the excess of his pride, kept himself warm with the thought of attacking Kashmīra. As the water which has increased

in bulk seeks to enter some cleft, even so did Bhikṣhu for an opportunity. But the king on the other hand entered the capital and devised means to oppose Bhikṣhu's plan.

The first minister, the Pratīhāra, unable to bear the pride of Sujji, began to find some pretext against him. Now at this time, the elder brother of Dhanya had purified himself by bathing in the Ganges, and returned to this country, and came to the king when he was walking alone. He and his party were welcomed by the king who talked long with them. But they had no appointments and were oppressed with anxiety. In time of work, the king depended on his father's ministers, but they too had their hidden purpose, and they waited for opportunity. The Pratīhāra who was bent on ruining the great Sujji persuaded them that violent acts were commendable. When a few months had thus passed away, it so happened that the king was suddenly attacked with an inflammation caused by the urine of spider. The life of the king being endangered by boil, intumescence, diarrhœa and indigestion, the country was thrown into anxiety. In this state lay the sole king of the realm; and there the powerful enemy and the Ḍāmaras on the side of the enemy believed that the kingdom had become weakened. Now Sujji with the view of preserving the [reigning] dynasty, and after deliberating what should be done, thought of crowning Parmāḍi, son of queen Shrīguṇalekhā, who was then a little under five

years old. He consulted with Garga's son, the maternal uncle of the boy. The Pratīhāra got hold of this pretext against Sujji and thus told the king:—"Now that you are in this condition, Sujji with his son, is today constantly holding council with Pañchachandra and others with the purpose of rising against you." Dhanya and others also spoke to the king to the same effect, and the king too believed it. Clever men try to excite the curiosity by describing strange things, and kings are mostly like children of little sense, and are easily led. Their understanding is not guided by rules. The born slaves who are like evil spirits, who live in dirty places and who are adept in deceiving, enter into the minds of senseless men and possess them. How can good proceed from a king thus possessed? The rogue comes to the king with smiles which have no meaning, and the king with smiling eyes asks him his purpose. His purpose is dark, and at times he says something which is injurious to all honorable men, and which falls like thunderbolt on the honor, the life and the merits of the proud. Such a favourite who comes and leaves according to the gestures of the king, who speaks at random to his master, looks on the world with supercilious eyes of contempt and understands favors and frowns by the movement of the muscles of the king's face, is deserving of contempt. Will there ever be a king whose intellect is well balanced, and is not moved by the cunning people, like a puppet on a machine? Ignorance of the minds of

servants has ruined all. O! Fie! that owing to the sins of subjects such a source of evil is not removed.

Sujji, as before, came to enquire whether the king was recovering But when he saw the guards stationed, he thought that he was suspected and was sad. He saw in the king, as if reflected in a mirror, that the royal favor was against him, and he went back. In his disappointment he came less and less frequently to the palace, and the king's favor which was on him was removed. Even Sujji's servant, the wily Chitraratha, son of a court Brāhmaṇa, did Sujji harm, and accompanied his act with words of an injurious character. When the king recovered, Sujji out of etiquette came to the palace, and was seen to distribute wealth to the people, and afterwards to go towards the houses of the beggars. But the king did not favor him but devised plans to attack him. Sujji had a large body of retainers. The king then judged that if he deposed Sujji from his posts, his followers would become broken-hearted and would desert him, and he bestowed Sujji's posts on others without delay. He gave the government of Rājasthána (palace) to Dhanya, Kampana to Udaya and the office at Kherī to Rilhaṇa.

The king by taking away from Sujji his possessions plainly showed that he no longer felt for Sujji as he used to feel before. Sujji's followers became few and he himself apprehended evil. This proud man, thus insulted, went out of the capital with the bones of king

Sussala in order to proceed to the river Ganges. Out of love for the king, Sujji asked his permission for undertaking this journey; and when he set out, neither the king nor his officers prevented his going. With a view to parade his pride, the Pratīhāra, when sending Sujji to exile, sent his own son to protect Sujji's wealth. It grieved Lakṣhmaka to find that the Pratīhāra thought that it rested with him to punish or to favor, so that the Pratīhāra sent his son as a protector. Lakṣhmaka returned from Dvāra and went to Parṇotsa without rising against the king; and then drove Bhāgika from the hills of Lohara. The Pratīhāra sent Prema, son of the (king's) nurse, to the king, and the king bestowed the possession of Koṭṭa on him. Lakṣhmaka left Lohara and thereby removed the fear of the king, and spent the fierce summer season at Rājapurī. The king who had under him the Ḍāmaras, and could raise or put down the ministers like balls, appointed Lakṣhmaka at Dvāra, in order to set up a rival to Sujji and also for the safety and dignity of his dynasty. Thus the king enviously believed that the valorous Sujji, born in this country and fed from his treasury, would deprive him of his glory. By this appointment at Dvāra, Lakṣhmaka was made uneasy and became an object of ridicule, as he wandered about in the road with men armed with sword. No unworthy person can walk in the footsteps of the worthy, nor can the unworthy be invested with the merits of the worthy. Mahādeva besmears his feet with the ashes of the burn

ing dead, where he should have applied sandal, and though he can create and uncreate the three worlds, yet he cannot make the ashes smell like sandal. Lakshmaka was unable to bear Sujji's rivalry, and the king sent messengers to bring Sañjapāla from the foreign country. As there was no warrior in the country, even Koshṭeshvara, who ought to have been hated, became, on account of pressure of work, the favourite of the king. The king was pleased with him and gratified him with gifts, and he now became the trusty servant of his sovereign. But Koshṭeshvara was attacked with lūtā* and remained in the city.

Thus when the king was bringing together those whom he should have punished, Somapāla and others induced Sujji to change his mind. The insulted Sujji determined to conquer Kashmīra, which was as easy of performance as to uproot a creeper; and he promised to give the kingdom to Somapāla. Somapāla promised to marry his daughter and his sister's daughter to Sujji. In the mean time the king tried to overcome the difficulty with sweet words and gifts. Rabhasa and another, both foolish men, prevented the marriage of king Somapāla's daughter with Sujji, and thus their enemy gained an advantage. Influenced by the artifices of Jayasiṃha and frightened by some omens, Somapāla became indifferent towards Sujji. The Pratīhāra himself came and brought the daughter [of the king of Kashmīra]

* An inflammatory disease.

to the frontier province for marriage with the king of Rājapurī (Somapāla). Somapāla married the king's daughter named Ambāputrikā, born of the great queen Kalpanikā. When this marriage was over, the wise Pratīhāra married Somapāla's sister's daughter named Nāgalekhā to the king. Thus when the two kingdoms were united in peace, Sujji found no other opportunity, and in the beginning of winter went towards the Ganges. At Jālandhara, Sujji, spoilt of his glories by the deep insult he had received, met Jyeshṭhapāla who induced him to come over to the side of Bhikshu. "When you and Bhikshāchara," said Jyeshṭhapāla, "become leaders of the same army, neither Vishṇu nor Indra would be able to stand before you. You bestowed the kingdom on the king who has insulted you; on him and on the man who now occupies your post we will have our revenge." Thus induced, Sujji was inclined to go to Bhikshu who was with Deṅgapāla, but was prevented by Bhāgika who was somewhat agitated and advised him not to take that step so long he had not consigned the bones of his master in the waters of the Ganges. "After bathing in the Ganges I shall come to you." Thus promised Sujji and took money with him and went after his present task.

The king had placed all cares of government in the hands of the Pratīhāra and did not attend to the duties of his post. He felt, however, that the kingdom was going wrong. The Pratīhāra had established peace with

those who had rebelled against the king and was always near his sovereign, and looked down on him, as if he favored the king. He who is audacious ought to be punished, so thought the lord of Kampana; and he killed the proud and haughty son of Kāliya through some artifice. Lakṣhmaka kept in check all the Lāvanyas (Ḍāmaras) who were unfaithful, restless and going astray, and also the lord of Kampana. On the other hand, Bhikṣhāchara deliberated how he should proceed against Kāshmīra as long as Sujji did not return after performing his bath in the Ganges. But soon learning that the Ḍāmaras had fallen out with the king, he entered Viṣhalāṭa on the approach of winter. At the time he entered Maṇdala, the Pratīhāra and Mantu secured the Ḍāmaras and thus obstructed his entrance. But Ṭikka who was the object of great enmity of the king, owing to his treason against the king's father, brought in Bhikṣhu, and all the Ḍāmaras met together and expressed their joy. Bhikṣhu awaited the arrival of Sujji in order to snatch the kingdom, and stationed himself, fearing nothing, in the fort named Vāṇashāla which was small height and belonged to Bhāgika, lord of Khasha, and son-in-law of Ṭikka; and he caused all the Ḍāmaras to rebel against the king by means of spies. Now Sujji, after he had bathed in the Ganges, returned to the joy of his friends and the terror of his enemies. "If these two persons,—Bhikṣhu who was formerly wronged, and Sujji,—join together, the king will have as

much cause for apprehension as we." Thus thought Somapāla, and he was struck with fear, and when asked by Siṃhadeva, he shewed some indications of performing what he promised to Sujji. When Sujji reached Jālandhara, on the evening previous to the morning on which he was to go to Bhikṣhāchara, a messenger came to him from Somapāla. Advised by Jyaṣhṭhapāla, but prohibited by Bhāgika, Sujji relied on the words of the messenger and did not join the enemy. "The king (of Kāshmīra) will pay the debts you have incurred in the foreign countries, and if I ask, he will restore to you your possessions." In this way Somapāla daily urged Sujji through his messenger, and Sujji abandoned his intention to join the enemy and went towards the country of Somapāla.

Udaya, lord of Kampana, crossed over the Saṅkaṭa in the month of Vaishākha and fought a battle with Bhikṣhu who was attended by the Khashas. At first Udaya had few soldiers with him, but when his army increased, Bhikṣhu entered the fort which was besieged. Now the king went to Vijayakṣhetra and swelled the army of the lord of Kampana by sending some squadrons. The king's soldiers discharged stones by means of engines, showered arrows and hurled various weapons. Those within the fort fought by throwing stones. On account of the stones which fell on the infantry,—and which were marked with the name of Bhikṣhu,—the king's army could not take the fort. When a month and a few days had passed away, the besiegers took possession of

the base of the fort and the moat on which a rice crop stood. When those who were in the fort,—and there were females with them,—saw that the king was trying to take the fort, they intimated to him their desire to turn against his enemy and asked for wealth. The king with a view to capture the fort sent the Pratīhāra with the feudatory chiefs, the Ḍāmaras, the ministers and the Rajpoots. Koshṭeshvara, Trillaka and others determined to relieve Bhikṣhu who was in peril, and went after the party of the Pratīhāra. The Pratīhāra viewed from the top of the Saṅkaṭa hill, the small height of the fort (Koṭṭa) and also the innumerable army on his own side, and he felt confident of capturing the fort. The followers of the Pratīhāra who had been near the fort before him wished to storm Koṭṭa with the whole force, and on the next day the fight commenced. But the beseiged began to shower stones in such a way that the besiegers became convinced that the fort could not be taken by force. Struck by the stones, the heads of the soldiers were severed from the bodies and fell with streaming blood, even as black bees fall, with dripping honey, from trees. The foolishness of Koshṭeshvara now became manifest and was the cause of the destruction of himself, of Bhikṣhu and of the Lavanyas. He fought with the utmost rashness in order to show that he had no equal among warriors, and his rashness cost Bhikṣhu his life. At this moment of danger, the Khashas intended to rise against Bhikṣhu, but Bhikṣhu told them that

he and Koshṭeshvara were inseparable, and that the Ḍāmaras under Koshṭeshvara were obedient to him; and if the large army went to battle without him and Koshṭeshvara, it would be overcome. He thus addressed them and appeased them, but the result was different from what he had expected. The Khashas concluded that when Koshṭeshvara, the object of Bhikshu's trust turn round to be his enemy, what reliance or faith could Bhikshu repose on others?

The wise Lakshmaka was induced by the state of affairs to promise employment in his own house to Ṭikka who had risen against the king's father. He also promised large villages and gold &c. to the chief of the Khashas and induced him to come over to the side of Bhikshu's enemy. Ānanda, brother of the wife of the Khasha chief, once more brought Ṭikka before the Pratīhāra after a personal communication. When the Ḍāmaras saw Ṭikka leagued with the Pratīhāra, they thought that Bhikshu had been deserted by Koshṭeshvara and others; they then assembled together and sent messengers with much wealth and with promise of gold to the Khashas for the delivery of Bhikshu to them. They thought that the Khashas would accept the bribe and deliver over Bhikshu to them. They would then set him free, and Bhikshu and others would be assured of their safety.

Now, Deṅgapāla said to Bhikshu that Jayasiṃha who was then at a distance had obtained possession of the

kingdom, and as he was angry with him he would kill him. Bhikṣhu thought that Deṅgapāla should attach himself to some party and he replied accordingly. The Ḍāmaras advised Bhikṣhu to flee to Phalapura, breaking open the privy. But Bhikṣhu who possessed a noble heart refused the advice because he thought that the people would speak ill of him, and say that he had fled like a dog, through the privy hole, with all his limbs covered with unclean things. Koshṭeshvara, whose dealings were always open, used harsh words towards the soldiers in order to raise a commotion among them; but the Pratihāra who understood his motive pacified them. When the Khashas gave hostages, the Pratīhāra and others attempted to kill Bhikṣhu from the morning. The king who was at Vijayakṣhetra learnt how the matter stood from the messengers who were constantly going to and coming from him, and became anxious. The people said among themselves.—" The old king who fought great battles could not kill Bhikṣhu in ten years, but these warriors think, now that the king is young, they can destroy Bhikṣhu! It is impossible. The Khashas surely will, within a short time and with ease, snatch the wealth from the king's party, and the king's party will surely be broken and robbed by others and shall have to go away; Koshṭaka, who is the friend of Trillaka, will part from the king's side, and there are many in the king's party who have been brought up in the charity of Bhikṣhāchara. What new man has come who will do the king

this benefit? The circumstances, as before, favor Bhikṣhu's success." While the people were talking thus in the camp, the ministerial army with drawn weapons surrounded the fort. The people remarked that it was a shame that in order to kill this Bhikṣhu who was alone and suffering so long, so many shameless soldiers have got themselves ready. The sea-like army, with weapons moving as waves, and the eyes of the soldiers glancing like fishes, became still. And in the last extremity when Bhikṣhu of wonderful valor took up arms, the people wondered whether he would fly into the sky, or like a deer leap clean over the soldiers or scatter the army, like drops of rain.

Thus far the ministers succeeded, when matters were about to take an unfavorable turn. Through the power of the king, however, the disadvantage was removed and the object accomplished. When the soldiers were looking for Bhikṣhāchara to come out, a man with drawn weapon issued from the fort. He was surrounded by women who were weeping, and on his back some people threw garments dyed with safflower, which fluttered over their persons. One said that it was Bhikṣhu who was arrested in his attempt to escape, but he heard that the person who was going out was Ṭikka. As Ṭikka had instigated the great war between the king and Bhikṣhu, he feared death either from Bhikṣhu or from the followers of the king, and so he was making his escape. In order to make the people believe that he was not against the king,

he drew his sword with his own hand with the intention of thrusting it into his own stomach, but his followers prevented him from doing so. Turning aside from the road, he passed the king's army with his followers and sat by a fountain on a hill not far off. Urged by the Ḍāmara soldiers who joined him after a long time,—and for which he was very glad,—he now came out of the fort and began to employ his wiles. "It is evening, give respite to Bhikṣhu for a short time, and at night the Ḍāmaras will complete the work." When he had said these severe words, the Khashas who had given hostages left the side of the ministers and opposed the enemies who were then scaling the fort. The ministers were astonished to find themselves suddenly attacked by the soldiers clapping their hands and making noise. The ministers released the rebels who were imprisoned and gave them wealth for the advantage of the kingdom; but none of them accomplished the object. Seeing the day about to expire and the king's purpose* not yet attained, Lakṣhmaka made enquiries of the hostage [Ānanda] the brother of the Khasha chief's wife. He replied that even the lewd woman can control her desire, but who can, when [Ṭikka] is near, control the Khashas? Lakṣhmaka then told Ānanda to go and prevent the Khashas from acting in a hostile way, and sent him out while the other ministers laughed.

* The apprehension of Bhikshu.

The experienced king, who remained in the house of Deṅgapāla, near the waterfall of Vishalāṭā, had guessed that it would come to this. He was himself devising an elaborate plan for this purpose. He now took with him the brother-in-law of the chief of Koṭṭa. When this confusion took place, the soldiers became bold and [alluding to the release of Ānanda] said that the bird when let loose escapes to its nest. The king directed that so long as his work was not accomplished, his followers should not indulge in merriment but should take courage. "Should ruin come,"* said he, "what will be the good of killing the brother-in-law of the Khasha chief?" Ānanda, the brother-in-law of the Khasha chief, with unabated good fortune, had driven all away from the top of the fort and called on the Tīkṣhṇas and others. When the Tīkṣhṇas climbed the hill side, the lives of the enemies were near their end, the minds of the ministers were troubled with anxiety and the gladness of the wives of their party rose to its climax. Clad in a small piece of leather, Ānanda discharged the arrows marked with the name of his master's son, and thereby spread his name abroad. And as he chewed the betels, the only strength the followers of Bhikṣhurāja had in their dying condition was to tie their beards and hair together [a sign of humiliation?] When Ānanda found his men were all safe, he pursued the enemies who were anxious to take refuge

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* *i. e.* If Bhikshu escapes.

in the tent of Koshṭeshvara. Ṭīkka saw himself over matched by the horsemen who were sent one by one by Lakṣhmaka and cut off one of his fingers in fear. At this opportunity the Khashas who feared lest Ṭikka would run away, kept him under guard and this grieved him very much.

Bhikṣhu was anxious to fight and became uneasy at the delay made by the Tīkṣhṇas and diverted his mind by playing at dice. When the Tīkṣhṇas arrived in the court yard of the house in order to fight, Bhikṣhu rose and acted what little it was left to him to act in this life. He rose from his play [with the utmost coolness], as one who was playing with his wife rises at the approach of a friend. "What is the use of killing many people today" thought he to himself and leaving his bow and arrow, he set out with his sword. Bhikṣhu's long black hair had become white owing to his great anxiety, and his torn clothes fluttered like colored banners. The marks of sandal were on his cheeks, and the reflection of the ear-pendant danced on them, as if it were the smile of pride. As the end of his checkered career drew nigh, his footsteps became unsteady and the veils of his wife which lay torn marked his footsteps. The white cloth over the safflower-colored garment on his shoulder made him appear like a lion with its mane erected. He walked round quickly yet solemnly and gracefully. His eyes, mind, hands and feet were all directed at one object,—*viz.* to secure captives. He was like justice

among just men, the ornament of pride, he was like the undying prosperity of honorable things. The eager people looked on Bhikṣhu but he came so fast that his approach could not be marked, and he walked before the enemies. Kumāriya of royal blood, grandson of Madhu, and Raktika, elder brother of Jyeṣhṭhapāla, followed him. The enemies were entering the fort through buildings high and low, and in order to oppose them, Gārgika, a follower of Bhikṣhu, discharged a shower of arrows and stopped them. They who were running forward felt the arrows from Gārgika's bow, as elephants feel the hail stones cast by the wind ahead. But the wicked Khashas threw stones on him who opposed the soldiers of the enemies, and thereby his body was cut, his bow was broken, and after a long time he was forced to retire. When he had retired the soldiers came in by roads high and low and arrived in sight of Bhikṣhāchara. One powerful warrior ran with a lance towards the man who held a weapon by the side of Bhikṣhu. This attendant had for a moment been careless, and the warrior struck him with the lance. Bhikṣhu who loved his dependants went immediately towards the assailant in anger, held him by the hair and struck him with a dagger, and Bhikṣhu's followers Kumāriya and Raktika struck him even when he had fallen dead.

When he had been thus struck dead, the three fought with the enemy's soldiers bearing various arms. The place became deserted on account of the combat, as a

tree is deserted by bees when a snake enters its hollow. The king's soldiers, unable to destroy them by sword, or spear, went a little way off and began to shower arrows. The lion Bhikṣhāchara warded off the arrows, but the Khashas from the houses began to hurl large stones. All the ways were obstructed by the heavy shower of stones and while Bhikṣhāchara was in the act of running, an arrow entered his side penetrating his liver. He went three steps and fell on the ground, and the fear which had frightened the enemy for a long time perished with him. Kumāriya too, pierced by an arrow at the groin, fell down near the feet of his master. Raktika also, pierced by an arrow in a mortal part, sat on the ground, like one dead, though his life was not yet extinct. Bhikṣhu fell with many noble persons, as the crest of a hill, felled by lightning, falls with the flower trees growing upon it. Among the royal family, Bhikṣhu, son of king Harṣha, became the object of glory not of shame. He accepted his own defeat without a complaint and with fortitude and resignation, so as to grieve even the Creator. Who among the past great kings was superior to him? None of them was in any way comparable to him in greatness.

Elated with vanity, the soldiers of the enemy who were ascending the fort fought with their weapons against Kumāriya who was in a miserable plight. The enemies apprehended that Kumāriya who was stunned with blows would fight as soon as he would regain his senses: and they accordingly came to him and killed him. When the

enemies of Bhikṣhu knew the condition in which Bhikṣhu was, they surrounded him and struck him in various ways. But the Khashas reviled them saying "It is useless O! fools! to strike him when he is dead." But still the soldiers struck Bhikṣhu in various ways. Raktika was killed by some of the unruly soldiers. It was wrong to use arms against him, as he was almost dead with the pain from his severe wound. At the age of thirty years and nine months, on the tenth lunar day of the dark moon, in the month of Jaiṣhṭha, in the year 6, Bhikṣhu died. He was the source of long tumult: but even they to whom he was the cause of ruin wondered at his conduct and approved of it. When dead, as when living, his eyes quivered in his head, his brows moved, and there was smile on his lips and his pulse beat for some time. His soul ascended the sun, there to live with the Apsarās, and his body remained on earth to be washed with cold water.

Next day the ministers brought the three heads before the king who was at Vijayakṣhetra. The king's character is as strange as the sea which has produced Lakṣhmī, Amṛita, jewels, elephant, horse, and the moon. The king shewed a strange demenour, and no one could guess his feelings. He felt no pride at the death of one who was a thorn to his father, and whom his father could not subdue, neither was he glad. He was not angry though Bhikṣhu had carried about his father's head, but he looked on Bhikṣhu's head and mused on the mutability of things "The make of Bhikṣhu's body

showed valor undisfigured by malice, he was pure as crystal, not heated by the rays of the sun. Alas! it is well known that all the kings from Utkarṣha should be overtaken by death before their natural time. Those who participated in Bhikṣhu's favor and enjoyed his fertile lands now see with indifference, that Bhikṣhu's head is all that is now left." Thus thought the king who possessed much generosity in him, and speedily ordered the funeral ceremonies of such an enemy to be performed. Even at night when his sleep was broken, he thought of the rise and destruction of Bhikṣhu, and thought of the mutability of the world.

The people believed that there would not be any more civil war in the country even for a thousand years to come. Fate burns grass large and small in order to grow the grain. It increases heat in the day and so causes rain to fall. What reliance can be placed on the uniformity of the action of Fate whose ways are various. After the king had finished the work, he expected rest, but Fate imposed on him a heavy task. The king had hardly freed his feet from the shackles of government in order to enjoy the company of women, and while he hoped for freedom from the cares of the kingdom, an additional load was imposed on him. Only one night had passed after the country had been freed from the enemy, when a messenger, dumb with grief, entered the presence of the king. When questioned by the noble courtiers, the letter carrier replied that of the half brothers Loṭhana

and Salhaṇa who had been confined by king Sussala in the hill of Lohara, the elder Salhaṇa being dead, the officers of the fort had coroneted the younger Loṭhana on the night succeeding the day on which the king's enemy, the disturber of the realm, Bhikṣhāchara had died. That Loṭhana had been asked to come out of the prison and take possession of the treasury with his sons and nephews, five in all, proud and worthy of the kingdom.

The governors of provinces looked at the king, believing that the king whose mind had been relieved at the cessation of long tumults in the kingdom, would be grieved and stunned at this bad news which came like a thunderbolt; and that he would cry aloud and lie stretched on the ground and remain motionless, be numbed and stupified with excess of grief. But the king remained as before in conduct and expression. No other king had ever been beset with so many unbearable and irremediable calamities. He now lost the fort and the treasury [of Lohara] by means of which his father had regained the kingdom which had once been lost, and by means of which the present sovereign had freed the ancestral kingdom of enemies, and where also the last claimant to the throne had been confined, friendless, and in obscurity. For many years disorders destroying wealth and honor and sufferings caused by rebellions had prevailed in the kingdom. Now there rose six enemies, strong in wealth, and having forts in

the possession of their friends; and in the kingdom the people were divided and the treasuries empty. Tested by the touch-stone of these calamities, the nobleness of the king's mind excelled even the nobleness of Rāma. Rāma was as happy when the kingdom was first offered to him, as when he was afterwards sent into exile; and his father saw the equanimity of his temper on both these occasions and knew that he possessed the equanimity of the soul, and was struck with surprise. He did not remark signs of depression in Rāma when he ordered him to go to the forest, any more than when he called him to succeed to the kingdom. It was on the skirts of a beautiful forest, that his father promised to give Rāma the kingdom, when the time fixed for his exile had elapsed; and he bade Rāma with his wife and younger brother to abide there. Pleasure and pain coming at the same time make their difference keenly felt. In this world Bidhātā produces a result where there is no cause, and can prevent the result where there are many causes to produce it. I will speak of the very wonderful acts of the king, and who that has not been bereft of prosperity can overrate them?

The king who was a sea of patience wished to know of the particulars of the affairs of state and made enquiries from the bearer of the letter who narrated to him the accounts of Koṭṭa. "When Bhāgika had left Koṭṭa, Prema, lord of Maṇḍa'a, careless on account of affluence, paid little attention to the defence of the country. He gave himself

up to dress, to excessive eating and to indulgence in women. He was fierce and was hated by his servants, and his wealthy foster-mother looked after his affairs. He was forewarned by Fate which was friendly to the family, by such signs as the twiching of the eye, not to proceed further. He took no steps for the protection of the captives. Māyābhyudayana, an aspiring Kāyastha, Mājika the Pratīhāra, and Indrākara, son of the minister Bhīmākara, who had firmly established himself, conspired to destroy Prema at a certain place. But they found no opportunity to kill him, as he came down from Koṭṭa to his house on some business.

" About this time the Kāshmīrians sent instructions to the people of Koṭṭa in order to inspire confidence in them. The king was then in reduced circumstances; and according to these instructions, the numerous inhabitants of Koṭṭa wrote secret letters and came into an understanding with the wife of [Lohanasiṃha] whom they had decided to anoint. And after the fort had been examined and the men [who were in confinement] had been set free at night, Lohanasiṃha was released from confinement and was anointed king before the temple of Vishnu, named Rājasvāmi. The wicked woman, Sharat, widow of king Sussala, directed these men. She gave an iron instrument with which the bolts of the doors of the treasury were broken and much valuable jewels were robbed. These seven persons, with their servants, though attacked by the Chaṇḍālas (Ḍāmaras ?) spent the night

performing acts of great valor and in distributing gifts. The inhabitants of Koṭṭa passed the night without sleep on account of the sounds of drum and trumpet, and Loṭhana appeared almost as a king. He was never seen before in such noble dress and the people beheld him with surprise. He was also honored with illuminations caused by the king's ministers.

"Dvāraka who was with Prema invited from his own country, two Ṭhakkuras, Charmma and Pāshika with their soldiers. They deliberately and completely broke down a tower at the time when the night, pale with the touch of moonbeams, waned. When Prema learnt this bad news in the morning, he was very angry and much grieved, and he came out after sunrise to stop their work. But when he reached the principal street in the town, the soldiers repulsed him. I have seen so far of the enemy's work and have come to you, my lord."

When the king had heard this, he did not delay to send Lalla, minister of Lohara, and Ānandabarddhana, the powerful lord of Dvāra. The king knew them to be of those who knew the country about Koṭṭa and who were born in that place and who knew the ups and downs of the land, by local indications.

When the king entered the palace, he saw the soldiers who were aspiring for reward swinging the head of Bhikṣhu. He snatched it from them and caused it to be burnt. The crowd who were unchecked and consisted mostly of women were grieved to see the grandson burnt

in the kingdom where his grand-father [Harṣha] had reigned, by the orders of the present king. In summer when the sun became powerful, the king, confident of a successful issue, sent Rilhaṇa to his (king's) native country [Lohara.] Rilhaṇa was distinguished by his mighty valor, his devotion to his master and his being devoid of avarice. The king who wished for a prosperous termination believed that Rilhaṇa would begin a sure career of success. But either owing to predestination or owing to his false ministers, the plans of the king were destroyed before they were matured, and the king became uneasy. He was not strong in wealth, forts or in his ministers, and he believed that the servants of his considerate enemy had commenced their work in this sultry season.

Udaya, lord of Kampana, waited before the king, and then went after the prime minister, the Pratīhāra. The army consisted of the Rajputs, and the Ḍāmara horsemen and was led by ministers, and accompanied by troops who looked terrible in their arms. A part of the force which was within the palace [at Lohara] surrounded a large tract of country and tried to seize the enemy. Lalla and others remained at Phullapura adjoining Koṭṭa, and made the enemy's soldiers tremble by spreading alarm and dissension among them, and also by skirmishes. Sussala had received many services from Loṭhana; but Shūra, the king of many lands, to whom Sussala had given his daughter Padmalekhā in marriage, came to

the help of the king [of Kāshmīra,] and Shūra's soldiers consequently attacked the soldiers of the enemy. When they had besieged the country, Loṭhana's heart wavered through fear, and he thought of submitting to the king, and to the punishment he would award. "Our fruitless endeavour has come to a suitable end, in these desperate times, we should retreat, and in such retreat there is no humiliation." [Thus thought Loṭhana to himself.] Lakṣhmaka urged on him every day that they would gradually collect forces and make a good beginning on the approach of the favorable season of autumn. But neither the king [of Lohara] nor the other ministers present there accepted the advice, for the latter were deceitful.

Udayana, the king's principal manager, promised much wealth to Somapāla and brought him to the help of his master. Somapāla was avaricious of wealth and though he was related to the king [of Kāshmīra], was not worthy of taking his meals with the king. He had taken side against the king who was then in a very dangerous situation. "If Loṭhana gives me much wealth what do I care of my relationship with the king, if he does not, I will promise falsely to Loṭhana to be on his side." Thus treacherously thought Somapāla within himself as he went. Sujji also had some reason for behaving deceitfully. When Bhikṣhāchara had asked and insisted that the king of Kāshmīra should pay the money promised to him before, Sujji had been sent to

Bhikshāchara as an envoy. But the king recalled him soon after through Somapāla. Sujji then heard that Bhikshāchara was on the brink of destruction, and he refrained from joining him, believing that Bhikshāchara would not be able to tide over the difficulties. Filled with pride, the king did not pay any thing to Bhikshāchara. When Sujji heard that Bhikshāchara was killed, he thought it inexpedient to join Bhikshāchara's party, as he knew that every one was sympathising with the king.

Frightened by the troubles which raged at Lohara, Sujji became anxious and very much grieved. He said to the rebels one day that he would cause peace to be established between them and the king and Loṭhana through the king's envoy, and that he would induce Loṭhana to pay some gold to them by speaking to Somapāla. He sought by such promises to strengthen or to weaken the different parties as suited the furtherance of his own interest. Followed by a handful of servants who appeared to go in quest of some other object, Sujji joined the powerful army of Somapāla. Thus Sujji scattered ashes on all sides* and soiled his good name, and he destroyed the nobility of his soul through the lust of enjoyment. He could not forego the luxurious food of Kāshmīra, digested by water white as snow or sugar. Unable to eat dry oatmeal mixed with husk which he got out of Kāshmīra, he was anxious to enter it by any means.

* *i. e.* behaved in an unworthy manner.

The Kāshmīrians saw that the dissensions did not terminate at the end of summer, and became anxious when they heard of Sujji's approach. They lived on fried meat, drank the charming, light and cool juice of grapes smelling of flowers, and they came to the Pratihāra and said that they would soon bring Sujji dragging him by the beard. Thus the people began to talk of their manliness. But when Sujji arrived with a few Kāshmīrians, with the Khashas and the men of Sindhu, they tried in vain to confront him. Somapāla who had asked for a large sum of money was told by Loṭhana that he would rather pay tribute to Jayasiṃha, the principal enemy, and the proudest of the proud. Thus rebuked, Somapāla rendered some service to the king. Somapāla then thus addressed Sujji :—" O ! Sujji ! thou art on the side of my father-in-law's (Jayasiṃha's) army eager to fight against the enemy, wherefore wilt thou then seek to descry my weakness ?" Thus rebuked, Sujji left all aside in his pride, and went over to the king's army.

Attacked with cold and fever and struck with excessive fright, Lakṣhmaka broke up his encampment during night and fled at the end of the fever-giving month of Āṣhāḍa. Some of the soldiers of Jayasiṃha sent messengers to their sovereign to inform him of the flight, and pursued Sujji with the intention of destroying those who fled. The army of the king marched on one side of the road leading to the fort of Shvabhra, while on the other side of it, marched the enemy. But the enemy

finding the road named Shāramvara occupied by the army of Jayasiṃha, avoided it, and went by the pass of Kālenana, and marched towards their own ground. Before the day closed, they were seen by many persons in the village of Vanikāvāma. They were pursued by their pursuers to the neighbouring villages. The latter passed the time without any fear, in eating and drinking, till midnight. Sujji who was afflicted with sorrow hastily approached the enemy and caused his trumpet to be sounded in order to let the enemy know that he was nigh. As the night waned, the soldiers, left without any leader, fled through the mountain roads. When in the morning, the ministers who were with the army were robbed of their various colored dresses, they appeared like hillocks variagated with melted metals after an earthquake. The soldiers who plundered carried no weapon for the defence of the army, as if the wind which they raised by their movement defended them. Some, whose nether garments were of red color, appeared, as they jumped over the rocks, like monkeys with red buttocks in their march. Some left off their clothes exposing to sight their fair bodies and seemed like pieces of rocks of yellow arsenic moved by the wind. Some of them who were corpulent, as they passed over the hills covered with forests of pike-like bamboos, breathed heavily with their heads uplifted, like elephants raising their trunks. It is needless to mention names. There was none among the ministers whose firmness was not shaken, and who

did not run away through fear of the beasts and birds in the forest. The Pratihāra was seen by some of the enemy's soldiers riding on the shoulder of his servant who was unable to run fast. The soldiers determined to seize him, and pursued him with all their might. He was without clothes and his gold ear-rings and arm-rings glittered in the sun. The servant wounded by a stone let fall his master from his shoulder and he was cut by a rock. He lay without moving or speaking and was taken up by the soldiers who soon came up to him. He became, like a shārikā (a bird) that feels miserable and languishes when newly caught and while the moisture is yet in her throat. He could hardly cast his eye on the enemies. He thought that after he fell into the hands of the enemy, Sujji would subject him to still greater indignities. Shorn of wealth and fame and having only his upper garment on him and without even the power to move, he was borne on the shoulders by the troopers who shouted and laughed in derision. Thus he was conveyed to Sujji. That kind hearted man covered his face and enquired why he was not honored like a great king, and gave him his own clothes to dress. Sujji consoled him with mild words, clothed him and placed him on a horse and thus comforted him. Surrounded by the Khasha soldiers who were plundering horses, swords and treasures, Sujji went to Somapāla taking Lakshmaka with him. With whom does prosperity remain permanently? It follows the cloud of fortune, like the unsteady

lightning which plays with the nymphs of the sky. He (the Pratihāra) whom Somapāla and others had served like servants and whose body they had smeared with perfumes, was now, within five months, seen by men seated before Somapāla in that plight. Lalla was also captured by the enemy. With his black face surrounded with white hair, he looked like a monkey in a strange forest, dumb with sorrow. Somapāla took with him Lakshmaka, made over to him by Sujji, and considering that Kashmīra had already been subdued, returned to his own kingdom. The powerful and wise Mājika and others came from Lothana, and having obtained from Somapāla a promise to give them what they would ask, begged him for the delivery of the Pratihāra for a large amount of gold. But Somapāla, desirious of obtaining the lands possessed by the Pratihāra and also expecting much wealth from the king, did not give him up though he had promised to do so.

When the disgraced ministers returned to the capital, and when the Pratihāra was taken, the king did not lose self-possession. Ten thousand troops of the army,—the same army by which Bhikshāchara had before caused a division in the country, and by which Sussala had gained power in the disturbed kingdom,—now perished of cold and fever. Funeral music and the lamentation of friends continued day and night in the land, and did not cease even for a moment. In the powerful sun of the summer season, the life of

the survivors became inert; and the time seemed like that for the destruction of the kingdom owing to the depression of men's minds. At Lohara, people from various countries, and even from Kashmira went to the palace-gate, so that it became crowded. Thus it was by a happy chance that Loṭhana obtained the fleeting Royal Fortune, and became as full of splendour as the god of wealth. The sons of Loṭhana's brother and the sons of his servants did not share Loṭhana's physical and mental infirmities, and were not deprived of enjoyments. The actions of the rich king Loṭhana who did not bestow charity on the undeserving and was not niggardly to the deserving, lacked energy owing to his old age. As when the course of a shadow is obstructed, the light naturally gets intermingled with darkness; so though happiness is quite the opposite of misery, yet the course of uniform pleasure is interrupted by great afflictions.

Within about a month after he had obtained greatness, Loṭhana's only son named Dilha died; and Loṭhana's beloved wife, Mallā died sorrowing for her only son, pierced with grief and despair. On the death of his most beloved wife and of his worthy son, Loṭhana did not pay attention to the affairs of the kingdom. But owing either to his natural want of affection or to the genial influence of Kingly Fortune, he indulged in pleasures again. The king [of Kāshmīra] knew how to take advantage of an opportunity; and although poor, he

ransomed the old Lakṣhmaka for thirty-six lakhs [of the current coin.] When Lakṣhmaka arrived, the road was strewn with flowers and the people saw the growing prosperity of the king; and who did not then believe that the king had got back the Royal Fortune? The greatness of fortune soon removed the stain of the defeat which the powerful king had sustained, and he was again able to favor and punish men. Sujji whose avarice had destroyed his dexterity in all business, now threw off his disguise and became the minister of king Loṭhana. He bestowed on king Loṭhana, the daughter of Bhāgika and removed the mistrust which existed between him and Loṭhana, and also soothed the grief caused by the death of his beloved ones. The able Sujji requested king Padmaratha, and brought Padmaratha's daughter named Somaladevī for marriage with Loṭhana. Having thus by high connections established the stability of king Loṭhana, Sujji paid off the debt of receiving the post of the minister which he had sought. The new king, at the repeated request of the Ḍāmaras and others, sent Sujji to Kashmīra, and Sujji prepared his plan for entering that country.

The son of Sussala (king Jayasiṃha) devised means to deceive the enemy who was now in a prosperous condition as stated above, and had allied himself with the kings of the adjoining countries. Udaya, lord of Dvāra, deep in wisdom and of unabated zeal, was admired for his services to the king by the unthinking people. He lost all his

wealth in bestowing gifts and conferring honors on men, and he was always zealous in the service of his master. He remained at Vanaprastha, not far from Lohara, and during the never-ending war, he unweariedly spread discord among the forces of the enemy. Dāraka and others frightened Mājika with rumours which might have been true or false, of some harm from king Loṭhana. They apprehended that as they had been conspirators and were fit to be executed, the king who had confided his purposes to Sujji would think it proper to take their lives, and would send Sujji for that purpose. On the other hand, the wise king Jayasiṃha, within a short time, deceived Loṭhana, as he had deceived Prema. He said to the people :—"We will make Mallārjjuna, son of king Sussala by queen Sahajā, king of this Lohara for your benefit." When the king had said these deceitful words, the people did not believe him, yet they consented to his proposal with the object of possessing Koṭṭa. Loṭhana knew his brother's son Mallārjjuna to be first among the conspirators, and imprisoned him as also the other conspirators of whom Mallārjjuna was the chief. Afraid of the son of Sussala (Mallārjjuna) who was imprisoned, Loṭhana made Vigraharāja accept the office of the Pratīhāra. The king who was fertile in expedients, concluded peace with the brother of his father by stratagem and by various other means, and hastened to bring the lost kingdom (Lohara) under his control. Through the labors of Sujji, the kingdom became stable, and for a few

months Lothana could discard Shūra, and was able, without fear, to engage himself in his own work. When Sujji heard that the mother of the unmarried daughter of Padmaratha, whom he had invited for marriage of her daughter with Lothana, had arrived with great pomp, he went to Darpitapura to receive her men. At this unguarded time Mallārjjuna was released from prison by Mājika and others, and was unanimously anointed king of the kingdom of Kotta by them and by the Ṭhakkuras who had been brought to the place before. They opposed the entrance into the fort, of the servants of Jayasiṃha who had approached the castle gate and were wishing to get into it. In the year 6, on the thirteenth day of the bright moon, in the month of Phālguna, Lothana was deprived of his kingdom, as speedily as he had obtained it. The foolish and unfortunate Lothana lamented that the unmarried girl and his unspent wealth should go for the enjoyment of another. His power was now broken, he passed through Aṭṭālikā and other places, and obtained what little remained in the treasury, through Sujji's influence.

When the dependants of king Jayasiṃha, who had been invited before, arrived, Mājika reproached them and made king Mallārjjuna supreme in the country. This prodigal and youthful king, on one occasion, distributed betels prepared with pearls, for want of betel-nuts. In the indulgence of his passions, he showered gold on the procurers. Such gift was pronounced criminal by the wise men. Thus the prodigal Mallārjjuna squandered

the contents of the treasury which king Sussala had filled by oppressing the subjects, and the money so obtained was thus suitably spent. Mallārjjuna discarded the good, and filled the coffers of the astrologers, the evil-doers, the licentious, the servants and others, for he was vicious and evil-minded. The wealth of kings obtained by extorting the people will either be taken away by enemies or spent on evil purposes or will be burnt. The wealth of king Jayāpīḍa obtained by oppressing the subjects was squandered by Utpala and others,—the sons of a servant-woman and the destroyers of his grandson. Shaṅkaravarmmā's wealth obtained in various ways by oppressing the people was used by his wife's paramours,—Prabhākara and others. The sensual wives of "the Lame" who did not like the embraces of their husband gave his ill-gotten wealth to Sugandhāditya, their paramour. King Yashaskara's hoarded wealth was spent by the woman,—a Chaṇḍālī, in her lust. The bountiful son of Parvvagupta died after obtaining the treasures earned by the previous kings, and Tunga and others got them as paramours of the wife of Parvvagupta's son. The rich Saṅgrāmarāja, who was anxious to get a large income, was robbed by Vyaḍḍasūha and others who like bees extracted honey from the lotus-like face of his wife Shrīlekhā. The riches of king Ananta, who did not attend to his duties and did much harm to his subjects, were burnt to ashes after his death. The ill-gotten treasures of

king Kalasha, obtained from Koshala, were, on his death, soon given by his son to the undeserving and by his widow to her paramour. The wealth of king Harshadeva, whose thirst for gain was never satisfied, was burnt by fire along with his home, wives and sons. The well-earned riches of the strictly righteous kings Chandrāpīda, Uchchala, Avantivarmmā and others were rightly disposed of.

Thieves, conspirators, petty neighbouring kings, prostitutes and dissolute men robbed Mallārjjuna on his new ascendancy to a great extent. Even after deceiving his enemy, the purpose of the king [Jayasimha] was frustrated. Jayasimha was grieved, and sent Chitraratha to attack [Mallārjjuna.] The king honored him by giving him possession of estate equal to Dvāra and Pādāgra ; and he stationed himself at Phullapura with innumerable petty chiefs. But though his followers were many, they could not overcome the enemies, as they were sheltered within a fort. In order to gain an entrance, one named Sambarddhana, a servant of Chitraratha, and a confidential man of the king, sealed the fort at night, but was killed by the followers of Mallārjjuna. Though the enemies could not be overcome in fight, yet when Koshteshvara arrived in the rear [of Chitraratha,] they were struck with panic. Koshteshvara came to terms, and peace was established with Mallārjjuna. Mallārjjuna then sent his mother to visit the other party out of civility. But she excited the passion

of the unsteady Koshṭeshvara and others by her rich and faultless dress of widowhood. When their confidence was established she returned from them, and Mallārjjuna gave the promised tribute to the lord of Dvāra. Attracted by the beauty of the eyes of the king's mother, Koshṭeshvara on the pretence of seeing Koṭṭa began to ascend the ground with a limited number of followers. But when he had gone up half the way, Chitraratha with adequate presents accompanied him, and both went to the king together. The king then consulted Udaya, lord of Dvāra, who had acquired much wisdom, and again planned for the subjection of his enemies. At the time when Loṭhana went to Padmaratha, the new king, now free from fear of an attack, had leisure to stretch his legs; and accordingly availed himself of the opportunity and married Somalā, daughter of Padmaratha. He married also the daughter of Nāgapāla. Somapāla and other kings screened their deceitfulness from Mallārjjuna, foolish in his pride, and took pay as servants. Many deceitful persons cheated the king by their poetry, song, gossip, fighting and flattery, and robbed him of every thing, and so did his dependants. Owing to his boyish years, Mallārjjuna had an undeveloped intellect, and he was known to be a fool, owing to his garrulity; and he was bent on mischief. There was nothing beautiful about him except his bright face, like the beautiful formed comet, which is the cause of evil.

At this opportunity the king [Jayasimha] brought over the fiery-tempered Sujji to his side, with the view that Mallārjjuna might not get his assistance. The king displayed a great power for seasonable artifice, both at the time of exiling Sujji from his service and at the time of bringing him over to his side. Jayasimha gave Sujji the garland indicative of the possession of Kampana except the Rājsthāna (palace), and in order particularly to gratify Sujji, he, at the request of Somapāla and others who had come to his house at the time of bestowing the garland, was pleased to pull away the garland which he had worn on his own head, with the left hand, and to give Sujji the fruit of Fortune, thus honoring him the more. Sujji looked on it with delight, and was glad to accept it as a valuable gift. At the time when Sujji came before the king, Rilhaṇa discarded the friendship of Udaya and Dhanya for the benefit of his master and behaved as their enemy. The king honored Sujji by going forward to receive him and caused him to be brought in, and in compliance with his request, the king expelled Dhanya and others, Sujji's enemies, from the country, though not from his mind. The king intended to kill Koshteshvara with a weapon, and that guilty man who was present, knew of it, and fled from him. And when the king took with him Manujeshvara and attacked Koshteshvara, and the latter being weakened by the discord among his own men fled from the country.

Loṭhana having obtained help from some Ṭhakkuras

remained at a place named Vapyanīla and defeated Mallārjjuna by his prowess. Loṭhana displayed unexpected courage on this occasion. Deprived of his throne, he overcame Mallārjjuna after having tied up his legs [*i. e.* not allowing him to escape.] He seized the horses and plundered the market of Aṭṭālikā and everywhere destroyed roads and towns. Loṭhana entered Kramarājya at the request of the Ḍāmara named Rājarāja, and in order to obtain the kingdom of Kashmīra. But when he arrived there, the Lavanya who was near him was killed by Chitraratha; whereupon he returned to Bapyanīla. Loṭhana repeatedly attacked Mallārjjuna, so that the latter was unable to lay seige to Aṭṭālikā and he resided at Koṭṭa. Koshṭeshvara caused much wealth to be given by the nephew [Mallārjjuna] to the uncle [Loṭhana] and established peace between them. When peace was established at Lohara, Koshṭeshvara, with a view to fight with the king [Jayasiṃha,] took Loṭhana with him and fell on Kashmīra. When he had scaled the hills and had set his foot on Kārkoṭadraṅga, the other Ḍāmaras who had arrived by the level road, could not yet join him. The active king came out, and by every means in his power, crushed him at the time of his ascendency.

Meanwhile the Pratīhāra died without illness. The riches of people possessing small virtue are not safe to their lives. Fie to those men who find a pleasure in driving away people from them, and who live by shutting

the doors of their room, and without being importuned by men, and whose prosperity makes their intellect light. They cannot anticipate the sudden fall of their auspicious fortune. The female servant of the Pratīhāra who had always been driving away men from the house, and slept at ease did not know that the Death was at his back. He was sleeping after the fever had left him, and so thought she, but she did not know that he died even when sleeping.

When Koṣhtaka with Loṭhana had departed from [Lohara,] neither Mallārjjuna nor Koṣhtaka nor Loṭhana remained the sovereign of the country. Mallārjjuna killed Udayana who was on his side through treachery. On this Koṣhṭaka who had been appointed umpire between them became very angry with Mallarjjuna. Koṣhṭaka then collected a force, and he did not show himself inferior to Mallārjjuna, and accompanied by Loṭhana, he marched rapidly in anger to confront Mallārjjuna. He joined a few horsemen headed by Mallakoṣhṭa, crossed the river Paroṣhṇī and crushed a weak army [of the enemy.] In this battle when the Khashas and the men of Sindhu perished, though the king [Mallārjjuna] could have been destroyed, yet, out of jealousy towards Jayasiṃha, he was spared. He [Mallārjjuna] ascended the crest of Koṭṭa, but was fallen from the crest of pride, and his power was broken ; and he again concluded peace with Koṣhṭaka. Leaving Loṭhana [Koṣhṭaka] remained with the Ḍāmaras without committing any hostility,

but in a doubtful state towards Mallārjjuna who did not give him what he had stipulated to give. Koṣhṭaka imprisoned the chiefs of the several departments of government, and, like a king, collected rent from the subjects in Draṅga, in his own name, and left no money in Sindhu. As two fragments of a glass jar joined together by lac get separated, so from time to time, the peace was broken between them. The lord of Lohara [Mallārjjuna] estranged himself from the Ḍāmaras by his harsh words, and they too alienated his heart from them by their ungovernable defiance. The Ḍāmaras attacked the centre of the camp, possessed themselves of the superior weapons, horses and beasts of burden, and made the camp lifeless. The foolish Koṣhṭaka with his powerful army frightened [Mallarjjuna] as regards the future, and reduced him to a state of weakness in which he could be easily destroyed by enemies.

At this opportunity the king [Jayasiṃha] thought of destroying Mājika his principal minister and father-in-law. Mājika had bestowed his daughter on the king. Mājika was young and lustful, and the king believed that it was well known that he was the paramour of the king's mother. At the time when Mājika was taking his meals, he was, at the instigation of the king, killed by the Tikṣhṇas who were provided with arms. The king brandished his sword, tied about him the shield of a warrior, plundered Mājika's soldiers and, by

the volubility of his speech, behaved as in a theatre. It is strange that in the midst of this rebellion even Diddākara was not left alive; the king made an end of him by administering poison. It was by chance that the enemies of the king were dispersed. He sent Sujji to subdue Koshṭaka. In one prahara Sujji reached the end of the road he had to traverse, but he was harassed owing to his horses being robbed by Koshṭaka. Distressed by internal quarrel and unable to remain there, Mallārjjuna left Koṭṭa after taking with him his wealth. Expelled from his territory, he was plundered by the robbers and was nearly surrounded by them; and it was with difficulty that he secured the remainder of his treasure. On the second day of Vaishākha, in the year 8, Mallārjjuna, aged eighteen years, lost the kingdom.

Udaya, lord of Kampana, reduced Kāpila, Harshaṭa and Koṭṭa under the province of Maṇḍala. He collected the officers of Koṭṭa and, with a view to consolidate Maṇḍala, waited there for a few days. At this time the mind of the king who was about to reward the lord of Kampana, was abused by the treason of wicked and profligate men who were jealous of one another. "What king except yourself is resolute in doing justice?" said the wily men to the king, and made the sovereign act like a child. The king, when a child, was in the company of ignorant men, and was dull; and when he attained his youth, his dullness did not altogether leave him, just as the flaw in a precious stone is not effaced by time.

Alas! The selection of the king's officers is the cause of the sufferings of the innocent kingdom, like the sudden fall of a thunderbolt. In the hope should Sujji be unsuccessful in attaining the desired end, he would, like Lakṣhmaka and others, be an object of laughter, the confidential servants of the king had employed Sujji in subduing Lohara. Wicked men brought against Sujji, who had performed many wonderful deeds, the charge of treachery which was as unfailing as Brahmâstra. On account of the gravity of the king, the change of his mind was not apparent; and the lord of Kampana (Sujji) who had returned to the king did not know of the turbid state of his mind in the expression of friendly feelings which the king used towards him. How could he who was naturally loyal and who had done such services to the king entertain fear or distrust? The king was not pleased with the just acts done by him, as he who is bereft of the sense of pleasure is not pleased by the words of affection of the woman he does not love. Sujji behaved with ease, feeling proud at the thought that he had, for the king, conquered the two kingdoms which had been lost before. Sujji having plundered the town, the citizens became unruly, and his friends opposed him. Koṣhṭeshvara remembered his own transgression and did not trust the king nor even his uncle [Loṭhana] who expressed his displeasure towards the king.

Chitraratha, who with Sujji was accumulating wealth by oppressing the subjects and was related to the king

was disliked by his angry master. As the king favored Sujji, Dhanyodaya showed no friendship towards the king, but lived in the capital and secretly robbed him of his wealth. Sujji and Chitraratha had now grown old and had lost their retainers through cold and fever, and they secretly robbed Mallārjjuna who, though deprived of his kingdom, was very rich. Lakṣhmaka invited Sañjapāla through his messengers, on account of his enmity with Sujji, and Sañjapāla came to the capital. The king [Jayasiṃha] whose efforts had been checked by Sujji and Chitraratha did not give orders to Sañjapāla to enter the city; but Mallārjjuna sent messengers to him. On this account Sañjapāla got himself into a quarrel on the way with some leaders of the army, his body was marked with wounds, and he was deprived of his glory. Even, in this plight, Mallārjjuna could not bring him over to him, though he promised much wealth. Wise men therefore praised Sañjapāla. A certain feudatory chief privately invited him through messengers out of courtesy, and Rilhaṇa and he came there without delay. "If I am not killed yet, I shall be killed afterwards," thought the brave Sañjapāla, as he entered the city by a road difficult of access, on account of enemies. He was respected by the kings of Kānyakubja and Gauḍa for his prowess, but he was grieved at not receiving good treatment in his own country. But the citizens near the capital looked towards his feet. The king appeared before Sañjapāla, after he had deliberated with the ministers, and honored

him by giving him betel with his own hand. Though an insignificant man, he was followed by men as he had obtained renown, and he made his enemies tremble by frequenting the palace of the king. Sujji who could see into the minds of men observed the uncommon appearance of Sañjapāla, his conversation and his conduct, and trembled. He thought within himself that this wonderful behaviour of Sañjapāla, which was quite unprecedented and excelled all excellent actions, would serve to restore peace in the kingdom. Sujji had seen haughty warriors in various countries, but when he saw Sañjapāla he thought little of those whom he had seen before, for they [unlike Sañjapāla] had wished to live in peace.

Either on account of destiny or on account of his haughtiness, Sujji became ungovernable and committed many censurable acts according to his pleasure. While he was in the Māḍava kingdom, a Brāhmaṇa, who had been plundered by his followers, spoke harsh words in anger. Sujji killed him by a dart, as one kills a jackal. By this deed he irritated the people who collected outside the town, and the people within the town were also estranged from him on account of this terrible act.

At this time Kamaliya and others contracted friendship with one of Sujji's friends, [Rilhaṇa], whom Sujji in his pride treated with indifference, although he was worthy of respect. "Though he is faithful to me," thought Sujji in his pride, "is there any one who

confers any favor on me?" And with this thought, Sujji treated him as if he had been a flatterer. Rilhaṇa became the enemy of Sujji, on account of his matrimonial alliance with Kamaliya and others and on account of his own prowess. But through a slight cause, a division arose between Rilhaṇa and Kamaliya and others, and soon the difference increased a hundred-fold. Ulhaṇa, son of Sahadeva, soon incited the naturally proud Rilhaṇa by evil advices which stirred his vanity and inspired him with a spirit of opposition. "The king is ungrateful, he tolerates equality between Kamaliya and others and ourselves." Thus he made Rilhaṇa angry even with the king. The king who was well supported, consequently excluded Rilhaṇa, like an outsider, from confidential and familiar talk. But Rilhaṇa who concealed his master's altered mood towards him by his cunning imparted firmness to his friends and fear to his enemies by his hypocrisy. By means of gifts he gained the friendship of Sañjapāla who was all powerful and who was sought for by both parties. Both the parties were armed, and in the sight of each other, entered the capital which was every moment convulsed with fear.

Sujji caused a tumult among the opposing chiefs at a place of amusement called Mahīmāna, with a view to overthrow them. Sañjapāla standing at the gate with his hand resting on his neck was pointed out to Sujji. Sujji became angry, he rebuked Sañjapāla and threw a

stone at him. But the king assuaged his anger and made him sit by him. He thought that no harm would befall so long Sujji lived. The Brāhmaṇas of Maḍava said that they did not wish that Sujji should obtain possession of the kingdom of Kampana ; and they remained without food. Rilhaṇa brought by night Pañchachandra who had collected an army, in order secretly to strike terror into the enemies. Sujji feared Sañjapāla and also Pañchachandra who had a large force, and did not consider any one else as his enemy. Afraid of an attack, Sujji issued out of the house with the cavalry, and remained awake at night in the street with a large army and the horsemen. The king was perplexed ; and Koshṭeshvara became united by friendship with Sujji who was well supported. Sujji killed Manujeshvara who was favorably disposed [towards the king] ; and for this act, the king who had detested Sujji before, now detested him all the more. When such was the state of things, Sujji's enemies told the king that Sujji was undoing during the night what the king had done for his own safety. The king was like a foolish man who considers falsehood to be truth and regards truth as falsehood ; and he was deserted by prosperity and was oppressed with evils. They whose eyes are jaundiced believe the effulgence of gems to be fire and avoid them, and they make a similar mistake in whatever they look at. What do not men devoid of reason see ? In this world they regard falsehood as truth and truth as falsehood. The king did not know any other way of overcoming the troubles except battle.

and employed Sañjapála to chastise the powerful Sujji. Like a coward, and able to destroy the heroic Sujji only by deceit, Sañjapāla waited for opportunity at different places with a view to kill Sujji by throwing a missle. Thus when both intended to kill each other by deceit and aimed at each other, the kingdom became disturbed, sometimes by fear, and sometimes by exultation. Sujji feared that his enemies would rise at night and kept himself awake as before. Even in the king's dwelling, the sentinals remained vigilant.

Sujji wished to banish Rilhaṇa from the kingdom, and the king, unable to oppose him, consented. Rilhaṇa wanted to go, but after he had bade adue to his sovereign, the lord of Dvāra told the king that the people were grieved for Rilhaṇa and with the king's permission kept him in the country. Sujji consulted the king and became desirous of reconciling Rilhaṇa with the sovereign. But Sañjapāla, who along with Sujji had devoured the king's treasures, thus spoke to the king:—"O! King! It is at the instigation of Ulhaṇa and others and through his own pride that Sujji is holding up his head. It is his wish not to bear the rivalry of others; he says that with the king's permission, he who has never rebelled against the king, but has done him good service, can send Rilhaṇa to exile, seize the very rich Chitraratha, collect again the cavalry which has fled from Lohara, and can recover the king's treasures which have been totally destroyed. He can collect an army and destroy Koshṭaka

He regards his life as little as grass in his master's work, and makes his will subservient to his duty, and not to the interests of his relatives. This youth [meaning yourself] will be a king freed from all anxiety by the overthrow of the hostile king, and will reign in the centre of his kingdom the whole of which will submit to his exertions. He further says that you are desirous that Ulhaṇa, lord of Dvāra, should have supreme power in strengthening the kingdom, and that Sujji should be allowed full powers in dealing with Rilhaṇa. And if there was no disagreement among Sujji, Ulhana and yourself, no one, you thought, could usurp the seat of the king. But if you do not abide by these terms, then he (Sujji) will bring here an aged relative and place him on the seat of the king." The king feared to be besieged by the enemy, and was anxious to bind Sañjapāla over to his side, and he thus spoke [to himself] with a heavy sigh ; and as he spoke the rays from his teeth seemed to show his worth. "What he [Sujji] has said is true ; he is wanting neither in the will to rise against the king nor in ability ; neither is it probable that the proud man will remain inactive. It is difficult to root out his enmity, not to mention his plan of doing harm. When I was angry with him, I intended to kill him, and I am sorry that that act must be done, be he really a rebel or not. Surely he will learn our plans by bestowing money to the weak-minded men in whose presence we held consultation, and by bringing them over to his

side. It is owing either to the dullness of our intellect or to the virtue of these men of inferior capacity that they are enjoying our good things. Those kings who employ stupid men have to undergo such penances as are the fruits of ignorance. The path of kings becomes difficult on account of dishonest men, as the road of the market place, difficult on account of bulls. What a difference is there between the path known to politicians and that known to the deceitful. The deceitful and the dogs are alike; they are both opposed to good work in every way, their tongues are restless and they steal others' food. This unavoidable bad deed which we are about to commit, troubled and frightened by the deceitful, will make us repent afterwards." Thus the king thought and was ready to accomplish Sujji's murder, and with that view kept Sañjapāla always on the watch, and he also remained watchful. The king was in a disturbed state of mind, because he feared that the plan would ooze out, and because he heard from his servant that Sujji also had intended to kill him. The king told Rilhaṇa to go home and to form a matrimonial alliance with Sujji, and this alliance he caused to be made. Though the king had planned to kill Sujji, yet he could not find an opportunity to do so, and he lost self-control and thought of it day and night, rolling on his bed. As Sañjapāla did not return from his home, grieved at the death of a friend of his, the king feared that the desperate work was not done, and became the more distressed in mind. Kularāja, a commander in the army,

and a celebrated athlete, had brothers named Kalyāṇarāja and others who had fallen like heroes in the field of battle, unmindful of the benefit done to them by king Sussala. Kularāja was anxious to pay off the debt [of benefit done to his brothers by Sussala] even at the sacrifice of his life, and asked the king the cause of his misery. The king told him that the cause of his misery was his fear of the lord of Kampana [Sujji] which he was unable to check or dispel and for which there was no remedy. What an insignificant thing it was, said Kularāja, to offer one's life in the service of the king ; and he was determined to do the desperate deed. The lord of Kampana [Sujji] who for two days did not come out of his house, had no security guaranteed to him either against death or against ill-fortune.

On the third day Shriṅgāra, a faithful servant, told the king that he saw Sujji on bed and alone. The servant who is kept as an ornament to his master, though he serves always, is not employed in the performance of daring deeds. The Pināka bow was an ornament in the hand of Shiva, and in the wars of old, the bow's work was done by the Mandāra hill which Shiva had then obtained. The king sent Kularāja in the guise of a betel-bearer, and his true firmness disguised his feeling. "Death is certain, I will surely not come back. I shall be killed, but what of that ?" Thus thought he and did not carry the betel in a golden vessel. This man removed the difficulties of the king by giving

up his life. Others try to do the same, but they fail to accomplish it. "Be he with or without attendants, he will surely be killed by me, stir yourself up O king! after this." Thus he said and went out. The king thought to himself that should Kularāja fail in the daring act for which he was going, it was doubtful whether he would be able to escape, and the king's mind became distracted. Kularāja was bent on benefiting his master, and pondered a little, and afterwards, on some pretence, took with him two armed warriors to the place beyond which their passage was forbidden. Kularāja was introduced by the door-keeper under the pretence that he had brought betel from the king himself. He entered and came to Sujji, but his followers were prevented from coming. He saw Sujji in company of a limited number of attendants, some seated on high and some on low seats, like a leader elephant attended by a few elephants. Sujji accepted and saluted his master's betel and examined the mandate sent by his master; and having honored Kularāja who was entitled to honor, dismissed him after a short while. Fearing lest other people might come in, Kularāja made no delay in telling Sujji that an armed man of the Kaivartta caste had, after committing some offence, taken his (Kularāja's) shelter. "You should," he continued, "forbid your servants who are reviling him from doing so and, without looking into the cause or the occasion, you should first pay respect to our party." Sujji, in his pride, disregarded those proud words, and made a rude reply that he would not do it. Kularāja

went out, as if in anger, but Sujji's servants said that he should be respected, assuaged him, prevented his going away and again brought him back. Kularāja asked that his two servants, who were waiting to enter, might be ordered to be brought in, that they might inform Sujji of some business. Sujji reluctantly permitted the servants to enter, and when Kularāja saw them come in, he, with their help, made up his mind to rise against Sujji and strike him. Sujji told them to go that day, promising to do what was needful, in the morning, and he turned his back and stretched himself on bed in order to sleep. Kularāja went a little way, but returned, quickly unsheathed his dagger, and without delay struck Sujji on his left side. Sujji's servants raised a cry against this treachery. All of them ran towards the knife, but the murderers all struck Sujji. Before Sujji's servants, who were looking at the dreadful deed, had time to realize the calamity, Sujji appeared as if he had long ceased to breathe. The followers of Sujji had deserted their honor and fled in fear. Piñchadeva alone drew his weapon. Piñchadeva who moved round as he struck was surrounded by the three murderers who equally returned his blows; his body streamed with blood and he was driven out of the room. Sujji's attendants closed the doors [from outside] leaving the foes and darkness within, and surrounded them with the purpose to kill them. They too remained in the room bolting the doors. In the darkness, the three opposed their enemies, and when the door was broken by the latter, they removed the cotton

bed and lifted the corpse. The followers of Sujji showered swords, arrows, darts, axes, knives and stones and tried to enter by various ways and frightened those within. The three, situated in a perilous position and in despair, cut off Sujji's head from his trunk and threw it in the courtyard at their enemies. The eyelids and ears were whitened with continuous tears, and his nose, covered by his hair, hung on his lower lip. The pupils of his eyes which were a little open reflected the images of men moving about, and it thus seemed that the eyes themselves were moving. The head was cut off from the joint by several strokes, the muscles came off from their attachments in the bone, and the fat looked as if dyed with turmeric. The hair of the head and beard was besmeared with dust; the marks of saffron alone on the forehead indicated that the head was Sujji's. And as it fell aslant, it showed the teeth at the junction of the lips. When Sujji's servants saw the head, they raised a loud lamentation and fled away wherever they could.

The king, after he had sent the three desperadoes, remained anxious: but when he heard the uproar of men, he knew that something desperate was done. Accordingly, as previously advised, the king ordered the soldiers to collect and surround Sujji's house. But when he heard these words that "it was in vain that the king had escaped from the hands of Sujji;" he hastily prepared himself for fight. He knew for certain that Sujji was killed. The attendants of the king bound Shivaratha who

was there and whom all envied. My present narration is honored by the account of the conduct displayed on that day by Kalasha, son of Hilla, who was brother of Sujji's brother's wife. Bhikṣhu and others were in danger, and behaved at the end, like heroes; but Kalasha was not in any danger, but sought to perform a noble deed. When he heard the words [mentioned above] in the king's palace, he planned to sacrifice his life, and being suffered to escape, he went to his deceased master. He tried to break open the door by kicking, but was removed by the powerful soldiers of the king and his life was, with difficulty, saved. He was wounded but not severely. When he had entered another room, Kularāja and others who had escaped with their lives went to the king. Kalasha who was with difficulty wounded by the enemies by an arrow from a distance forcibly entered the room and killed a powerful soldier.

Sañjapāla, who had arrived at that place of disturbance, was speedily sent by the king to destroy Rilhaṇa and Ulhaṇa. Rilhaṇa apprehended that Sañjapāla had fled from the road; and arrived after wandering about the banks of the Kṣhiptikā. Sañjapāla opposed the way of Ulhaṇa, as the latter issued out of the gate, and severely beat him in the fight. He then arrived at the spot before Rilhaṇa. But his right arm was cut by some one's sword, so that only the skin was left, the bone and tendon being cut, he severed it off. In his family whose worth is almost beyond description, he had attained

reputation in foreign as well as in his own country by the skill of his arm: but when the time for reaping the fruit arrived, such an arm which was the pledge of valor became maimed. Fie to the unsteady will of Fate! There was no change in Sañjapāla in the time of his prosperity, but the people would have wondered if that prosperity had continued, for they know that Fate is fickle. If the body of Rāhu who had tasted of the amrita had not been maimed, how could the world have known of the well known fickleness of Fate?

Sahadeva's son who was severely wounded quickly killed Sañjapāla's father's brother, the old Shila, who was found there. The respected Jajjala was weary and was entering his house preceded by an attendant; the attendant was killed as also a soldier and a Chandāla sentinel. Jajjala's little boy was seated in the court-yard, but was coming out when he saw his father's party, when Rilhaṇa caused the house to be set on fire. From the darkness caused by the smoke, Jajjala was brought out by the principal soldiers, tied, and faint with wounds, and was killed at the gate of the house by some low persons. When the king saw his head, he thought that his principal subjects were perishing, and his rage became ungovernable. The soldiers who were sent by the king, in their fury, killed Sujji's servants, great and small, who displayed befitting valor. Lakṣhaka, the younger brother of Sujji, was taken, bound, and some cruel men, on seeing the king angry, killed him in the

court-yard of the palace. Saṅkaṭa, son of Lakṣhaka's father's brother, and a worthy man, limped like an actor in the king's court-yard and yielded his life as he should have done. His mad brother Mummuni, as he entered the house, was, by some wicked men of the line of Vāṇa, killed in his own house. Chitriya, Sujji's wife's brother, born of noble family, was killed by red lead (poison). The wounded door-keeper named Saṅgika was slowly killed and the other dependants of Sujji were killed in different places. Two or three of the well born Virapāla and others, saved their lives by the swiftness of their horses. They came to Koṣhṭeshvara, and then they laid aside their fear of death. It was autumn when Saṅkaṭa was going out ; on the way his horse was stopped by the tumult of the wicked men, and he was confined in soldiers' quarters. And then, Sajjala son of Sujji, Shvetika, son of Sujji's elder brother, and the son of Ulhaṇa were thrown into prison with him. Thus when the king and the minister were under the influence of the wicked, this commotion happened in the year 9, on the fifth bright lunar day of summer. Though in some matters the minister Sujji betrayed want of strength, yet the king thinks of him and grieves for him even to this day. It is truly fearful to serve a king, as it is to invoke spirits or to leap over a chasm or to chew poison or to embrace a serpent. If the actions of a man who is faithful to kings are not tested according to their own conscience, he is like one kept before a [running] carriage, and

how can he enjoy pleasure? The king considered Sujji's murder to be wrong, but the people thought it right and as a manifestation of the king's great power.

The king served Sañjapāla by making him lord of Kampana, and Kularāja, superintendent of the capital. Dhanya and Udaya, favorites of the king, left Mallārjjuna and came to the capital and began to prosper as before. The goddess of prosperity left all others, and changing her fickle character, settled steadfastly on Chitraratha. He had immense wealth, and distressed the country by chastisements, and became uncontrolled; and even the king was unable to check him. Koṭṭesha killed Ṭikka in a village named Gandharvvāna and sent his head to the king on the other side [of the river].

At the time when the king gained great power, Loṭhanadeva, on receiving repeated assurance from the spies who were oppressed and who were naturally inimical to the king, forcibly entered Hāḍigrāma at night, accompanied by Koshṭeshvara. The Lavanya [chief] had made peace with the enraged king, and immediately drove Loṭhana out from his well renowned town. Loṭhana now forcibly ruled the country which Koshṭaka had obtained and which was under Uchchala and others. He wanted firmness, and foolish as he was, he became the object of laughter of the people. The king purposed to destroy him by employing the Tikshṇas and other soldiers, and by adopting other means. Koshṭaka who had lost his senses, and was angry and displeased with

the king, was a match for the Tîkshṇas, and made his preparations to fight against the sovereign. He ordered the leaders of his army to enter the capital through their respective territories, while he again himself attacked it with soldiers of different descriptions. The powerful Koshṭaka arrived at the capital, and when he learnt that the king who arrived there hurriedly was attended by a small force, kept his army concealed. When the battle commenced, Chitraratha was accidentally defeated by a section of Koshṭaka's army, although he had a large force. As the recitation of the Oṁm by the females is injurious to their welfare, so was the defeat to Chitraratha. From that time his prosperity daily declined.

As an elephant finds increased difficulties in ascending a hill, even so the powerful Lavanya found his difficulties heightened when after fighting with Rilhaṇa, he arrived in the evening before the lord of Kampana. He was without his army which was completely scattered, but was accompanied with enraged followers, less than a hundred in number. What need be said of this tiger-like man, who, as the battle raged hotter, did not consider his armour as a protection to his body. Tattrillaka and other Lavanyas arrived, having at the very beginning repulsed their angry enemies. But they remained neutral at that critical time owing to their tenderness for their own kinsmen. This was of some advantage to the Lavanya chief who drove away his enemies by his valor.

He had timely prepared himself for war. In times of truce, he used to keep up nights with his army, and with a view to ensure victory, he had enlisted men beforehand and did not allow his soldiers to desert; nor did he appropriate the treasures he had siezed in war. These virtues made his enemies waver. What praise is not due to one who has forbearance?

Koshṭaka was mistrustful, and deserted by his attendants and harassed in battles, he intended to flee. With that view he descended from the hill, but the way of the horses was blocked up by an untimely fall of snow, and the enemies who hung in the rear prevented his attempts to escape. Distressed at the disgrace and driven out of the country by the king, he went [on pilgrimage] to the Ganges to bathe, with a few attendants.

Somapāla, driven by his son named Bhūpāla and grieved at the faction which prevailed for a long time in his own kingdom, went to the king [of Kāshmīra] and sought his protection. The king who loved those who asked for his shelter, promised safety to Somapāla and also to Nāgapāla who had given away his wealth to his two sons. The king, whose character was ennobled by real magnanimity, did not at this time of danger resent the crafty conduct of Somapāla who was the cause of calamity to a great kingdom. But in order to help Nāgapāla, the king gave him his own army, crushed the pride of his enemies and re-established the stability of

the kingdom. In the meantime Koshṭaka returned after his ablutions in the Ganges, and taking Mallārjjuna on his side, set about to raise a faction in the kingdom. At the time of the solar eclipse, the prince was at Kurukshetra. He waived his former enmity towards the Lavanya and went to him in order to serve his purpose. Loṭhana came there invited, but when he heard that the prince was with the Ḍāmara (Lavanya), he was unable to establish peace between himself and the Lavanya, and returned by the way he had come. Though the evil-minded Somapāla had received the king's money, he remained negligent when the king's enemies entered the place before the temple of Vijayesha. In order to please the king, Somapāla's son caused Koshṭaka to be robbed of his properties by the Ṭhakkuras.

In the meantime the excessive oppression of Chitraratha became unbearable, and the twice-born people (Brāhmaṇas) at Avantipura did not wish to have him and held a religious fast. Chitraratha who did not fear even the king despised the twice-born through his pride, and many of them sacrificed themselves in the burning fire through grief. In the pasture land of the cows which were kept for religious purposes, a cowherd, though surrounded by his dependants, threw himself into the fire out of sympathy [for the Brāhmaṇas.] Vijayarāja son of Pṛithvīrāja the bard, and born in a well known family, saw the calamity that befell there. He became very sorrowful and wished to go to some other country.

After shedding tears of sympathy, he thus addressed his younger brother—"The king has become inactive owing to his fondness for Chitraratha; and behold his subjects, neglected by him, and entangled in the net of the ministers, are being destroyed. Who will protect the poor from danger where the king neglects them, in order to humour the ministers? It generally happens, that when a commotion occurs, through mutual rivalry, either the protector punishes the protected or the protected punish the protector. The roughness of a hard stone is sometimes smoothed by the rubbing of iron, while sometimes the stone makes the iron straight. The king is radiant with every virtue, and should not be detested for one fault. I see nothing else that can be done, except murdering Chitraratha. If one small offence proves to be universally beneficial, then it is a virtue; and even the great Buddha killed the serpent, the devourer of animals. When that wicked man is killed by us, no governor will again oppress the subjects, out of fear of spirited men. If by the sacrifice of this life, the lives of numberless men be made happy, then O! brother! is not the bargain good?" Thus he advised his brother who attentively listened to him, and then came to Kaṅkoshapīthina and went after Chitraratha in order to kill him. Even in this Kaliyuga which is turbid with feebleness of virtue, the power of Brāhmaṇas shines unbroken. As the power of Brāhmaṇas up roots evil, even so those who retained their full measure of virtue could

not bear the evil any longer. Sujji who oppressed the Brāhmaṇas was killed by a Brāhmaṇa, and Chitraratha who insulted the Brāhmaṇas was murdered by a Brāhmaṇa. The heart of Vijayarāja was full of grief for the action of the twice-born [in burning themselves,] and he thought of destroying Chitraratha, even by giving up his own life, though he was not compelled to do that act at such a sacrifice. At the time that the Brāhmaṇas burnt themselves, the disgust of Vijayarāja knew no bounds. During several nights the [intended] murderer found no access to Chitraratha, and he kept himself awake day and night. Chitraratha was attended by a large force, and he walked between rows of the leaders of armies, in the middle of the force; and being in the centre, he could sometimes be seen and sometimes not. Once when Chitraratha had gone past the stairs of the palace, Vijayarāja, who had become hard of heart by a strange firmness, swiftly went after him; and though Chitraratha was surrounded by the leaders of armies, Vijayarāja, possessed of wonderful courage, struck him on the head with his sword, in front of a pillar, and laid him on the ground. There he lay like one dying, his memory began to fade, and his eyes rolled above, and his prowess was lost. The attendants believed that he was killed by the [orders of the] king, and bewildered and much frightened, they left him in that state. Believing him to be dead, Vijayarāja did not again strike him, and forbade his brother who had arrived there by another

flight of stairs, to strike. Though all the ways were safe, Vijayarāja fled not, but repeatedly called out that Chitraratha had been killed by the king. Chitraratha's cowardly attendants who used to go forward for the "fried meat" of the kingdom, fled in fear. Lautharatha, Chitraratha's elder brother, fled in fear and took shelter with a dancing woman by taking her breast in his mouth. Chitraratha was brought to the king in his present plight, and the king told him not to fear and asked him who had struck him; and with these words he gave him courage. The soldiers searched for the murderer and enquired what Tikshṇa (desperado) had, by the king's order, killed the lord of Dvāra? The cool-headed Vijayarāja became violent and showed admirable prowess. He killed thirty soldiers and wounded twenty; and when hurt in the foot, he pointed out to himself and said "It was I." "For the delivery of the good, for the establishment of virtue, I take birth in every Yuga." This shloka, explaining the cause of his action, was written in a holy scroll which was found in his hand, and in which mention was also made of the end of time. Chitraratha was wounded, pierced at the junction of the bones of the head, and he lost his appetite and became insane and feeble. Weak and without comfort, he spent five months in his bed surrounded by men.

At this time Koshtaka took Mallarjjuna with him, and with a view to create a commotion in the kingdom, arrived at Giridurga which was well defended with trees.

As men are oppressed with dulness at the sudden appearance of a cloud, so the people soon became disheartened at the presence of the enemy's army. Koshṭaka who had come traversing many a mile, surrounded the woods and villages with his attendants and completely blockaded Tarudurga (Giridurga). But when Sañjapāla arrived in the camp with his fleet cavalry, the enemies became motionless, like the still trees in a windless place. Dhanyaka whose army was supplied with graineries filled with corn, sat like a lion who cannot bear the smell of elephants, his foes. Rilhaṇa was, by the king's orders, encamped at Govasa with his force. He moved about in the wood and harassed the enemies, as the sun-light does vermins.

By these acts of the very powerful king, Koshṭeshvara became quiet, and for three or four months he could not move. He was harassed in a foreign country, driven by the neighbouring potentates and deserted by his followers; his plans were frustrated by the officers of the king, and owing to his ignorance, he was unable to understand the behaviour of kings. Forgetful of his wrongs and dismissed from his post, he wished to make peace with the king. He tried to assuage the king's anger; and Sañjapāla attempted with humility derived from devotion, to further his purpose, considering it a shame to disappoint him. The king's enemy [Koshṭeshvara] cut off his finger and sent it to the king, but could not allay his wrath. [His messenger] tied the

turban round his neck, bore shoes on his head and waited long, but could not remove the king's anger. The king did not accept two or three objects, symbols befitting a sovereign [which Koṣhṭeshvara had sent], but gave orders like a king and behaved proudly like a sovereign. In the meantime he learnt that Mallārjjuna was seized on his way. Good luck waits on prosperity. Mallārjjuna was being carried by his servants on their shoulders, his legs being like those of a goat, [defective], he could not walk on the road. When he had passed the dangerous places and had arrived at the village Sabarṇika, revered in Lohara, he was arrested by a Ṭhakkura named Jaggika who had placed sentinels there. The king heard that this benefactor and servant, together with Mallārjjuna had arrived. Mallārjjuna had been captured [once before] by his enemies, but had escaped from the fort by some means, but he was now again seized by them. Who can escape that which must happen? The Ganges, which flows through heaven, issued with difficulty out of the stomach of a great Ṛishi, and falling into the sea was again drunk up by another Muni. No one is able to escape that which must happen. The very wise king had sent Uḍaya, lord of Dvāra, to Jaggika who had placed guards far and near in order to seize [Mallārjjuna] who had once been captured. The king thought that without Uḍaya, who was a man of great coolness, gravity, heroism and discretion, the common people would be at a loss to act in the critical time. By

paying in two different ways [*i. e.* paying regular dues and bribes?], Udaya passed over the obstacles in the road and saw the king's enemy at Tamori. Udaya with a wonderful coolness which showed his prowess, praised him outwardly by various words, and thus again said :—"You chief of the wise! You who greatly value a praiseworthy devotion to master, you have been drawn away [from the king] by madness.—You are like a jewel of security; and as I had not you as my refuge, the wicked king was able, under various pretences, to do injuries to my territory during my boyhood. The king is like the sun; and men can scarcely gaze on him, but when he is in misfortune, as when the sun is in the dewy season, people can look upon him. That sovereign is worthy of praise, who, like the sun, alike in the time of rising and at the time of setting, shines blood-red, like a copper disk. His advent is fortunate, at the tint of whose fierce ascent, the Apsarās are alarmed, and at whose setting, citizen's wives are grieved. Employed in my post, and like a nobleman who has got a little money, I have become foolish like an elderly poet. Now make me a promise which is difficult to fulfil, and grant me a boon and give peace to my heart." Thus he said, and in order to have assurance, the lord of Dvāra placed a crystal liṅga, together with its seat, before Mallārjjuna to touch. Mallārjjuna believed that the lord of Dvāra was making him promise to fight in fair field against the soldiers who used missiles, spears and arrows.

He touched the Shivaliṅga and promised to grant the lord of Dvāra the boon he desired. Udaya then said:—"Unwounded and alive as you are now, I ask you to appear publicly before the king." On hearing his words defiled with baseness, all became stupified with shame, and like leaves, wet with rains, turned their faces towards the ground. Mallārjjuna then remembered how easy the mind of Bhikṣhu was at his last moments, and his heart became light. He ascended the vehicle carried by men, he felt no shame and looked on his followers without betraying any agitation of mind, and was led by Udaya. He was dragged in the way, like an animal, but he was not touched by emotion. He took his usual meals and had good sleep. The people who saw him led by the guards in that state were touched with pity. They did not congratulate the king but said, "It does not look well for the king, elder by birth, to use such unkindness towards the younger brother who is fatherless, and who is the object of pity. His eyes are like the black lotus and his person is pleasant to behold. Who that has a heart unlike a sword can torment such a body and disfigure it?" The people did not know of their previous history, and forgetful of Mallārjjuna's faults, they reproached the king in the streets when they saw him, in various manner. What judgment can there be in boys and in fools? The feelings even of great men do not always remain in the same state. Listeners become angry with the sons of Dhṛitarāṣhṭra, rather than

with Pāṇḍu's sons when they hear of the play at dice, and of the daughter of Pañchāla dragged by the hair. But when they hear of the quaffing of the blood of the sons of Kuru and of the blow hit on the head [of Duryyadhana] when his thigh was broken, their anger is turned against the sons of Pāṇḍu. Excepting the moderate minded people others cannot judge the merits of actions; and hence the king's acts were so misjudged. How could it be otherwise? Mallārjjuna rode on a carriage drawn by a pair and bore on his lap an earthen vessel marked with the [blood of] the finger which was cut, making the citizens weep as he went, and reached the capital in the evening.

In the year 11, on the day of the full moon, in the month Āshvina, the king placed Mallārjjuna with guards in Navamaṭha. For five nights he remained without food, and sorrowful and longing to touch the king's feet. The king went to him through pity and promised him protection. Mallārjjuna then told the king what the king had wished to learn, he said that the rebels Chitraratha and Koshṭaka surely deserved execution.

The king then intended to accomplish the arrest of Koshṭaka who was going out to his own territory. He sent Rilhaṇa and others, five trustworthy men. When all had lost their power, and the king alone remained active, Rilhaṇa with his arms caught hold of Koshṭaka as one catches a fish. Koshṭaka's weapon was snatched away, and he remained motionless within the cage like arms of the strong Rilhaṇa, blind with sleep as if dulled

by evil spirits. Bhihkharāja, a hot-tempered man and son of Kularāja's brother, made a deep cut in the neck of Koṣhṭaka by the means of a sword, out of devotion to the king. Prithvīpāla, a follower of the king, was about to strike with an axe on the head of Koṣhṭaka in anger, when the king prevented him. Surrounded on all sides, and struck in a vital part in the bone of the neck, Koṣhṭaka lay on the ground struggling and weltering in blood. His younger brother Chatuṣhka was stretched on the ground by Kamaliya and others, men of great strength, as a rock is felled by an elephant. When Mallaka, a twice-born, saw his two masters siezed and thus killed by mutilation, he drew his knife and stood up. He came to the mingled strife unnoticed by any one but by the king, and struck the king's followers great and small. Kularāja with his knife ran towards this man of great strength who destroyed many soldiers of the king. Mallaka's blows fell fast on his antagonists, and the athlete Kularāja, unable to kill him, drove him against a wall. There stood Kularāja who knew various tactics, but was unable to go away or to stay, or to strike, and stopped Mallaka who remained unmoved. And when Padmarāja created a noise by stamping his feet and jumped and made a sound with his arm and in this way ran near to Mallaka, Mallaka turned his eyes towards him. Kularāja took advantage of this opportunity and struck him on his breast, but as he was retiring after striking, Mallaka cut his thumb. And when the

stout Vijjarāja, hot with pride, struck Mallaka, he returned the blow, but both instantly fell on him. When the king appeared in view at the door of the four-cornered room, Mallaka left his three antagonists and ran towards the king. At the time when the king was thus singled out, Kularāja ran swiftly in alarm and cut off the speed of Mallaka by cutting him in the bone of the buttocks. Then was Mallaka surrounded by all the warriors, but he quickly killed the weak and the strong, and then stretched himself in the bed of heroes, making the stream of blood his bed-sheet. He was observed by his master who was still alive, though in extreme danger. Mallaka's prowess was praiseworthy but his end was undesirable. He too was counted among heroes.

When the servants of Koshṭaka fled away outside, a Ḍāmara named Janakachandra with much coolness feigned great poverty. He was without a weapon, but snatching an axe sent many to the king of death as the first messengers with the tidings of battle. As he tried to retire, the sharp shining axe which longed to divide the marrow of the backbone looked in his hand as the crescent of the moon. The proud and chaste wife of Koshṭaka behaved, at the time when her husband was arrested, in the way the like of which we have never seen and never heard. She disregarded the words of her friends who told her that her husband would revive, and that she would get him again, and she threw herself into the fire. The fire that was polluted by the desire to

embrace the wives of the seven Ṛishis became hallowed by the feet of her who departed to the region of chaste women. She was the daughter of Vasanta, the brother of Dhanyodaya, and proud of being born in a pure family, she did not act like the wives of the Ḍāmaras. The widows of the Lavanyas (Ḍāmaras) gratify their co-villagers and relatives with their embraces for the last of wealth. The proud Koshṭaka was wholly prostrated by the loss of sense, but his head was lifted high [*i. e.* he was honored] by his wife and his two attendants. He was wounded, and through some sin, worms preyed on him, and though lifeless, he lay in prison for some nights.

Now, Chitraratha who was feeble with consumption heard that the king was under the evil influence of Mallārjjuna, and became very much distressed through fear. His only wife, the chaste and beloved Asuyamatī was dead; she was the pledge of his prosperity before her death. He had become satiated with pleasures, he had no wife in his house, and his master was alienated from him. For these reasons he was very unhappy; he thought that though guilty, no injury would come to him from the king as long as he lived in a place of pilgrimage; so he went to Sureshvarī on pretence to die there. The king took possession, from Chitraratha's house, of various kinds of wealth which had enriched Chitraratha more than Kuvera. The gold, clothes, armours, horses, jewels, weapons and other things displayed their augmented beauty; and with these the king wh

had been reduced by the rebellion of Lohara, prospered, as the tree dried up by the heat of summer, grows by the watering of a mountain stream.

Though the commotions had long ceased, Vijaya, son of Bhava, lived in the wood and had become timid, and like a frog which does not leave its well, he did not leave Shrīkalyāṇapura. Royal Fortune was imprisoned in his house, sleepless and wan through anxiety, as if the rays of the white umbrella were reflected on her. The king sent Ānanda, a Tīkṣhṇa to him. Vijaya knew of this and killed Ānanda, but was also killed by him.

Thus king Jayasiṃha ruled the sûbjects, and thus passed his time full of great excitements. When Chitraratha had gone to the place of pilgrimage, his two servants Shṛiṅgāra and Janaka who desired to touch his feet [to serve him] became bards. The king gave large bribe to Shṛiṅgāra whom Janaka deserted, and Shṛiṅgāra promised to the king [to serve his end] and became a sharer in the enjoyment of his master's (Chitraratha's) wealth. The king again bestowed on Udaya, the province of Dvāra which Udaya had long possessed, as the rainy season brings to the banks, the waves of the river. Chitraratha long suffered remorse for his wicked actions, and expired in eight months, leaving but his name behind. Let us pray to Him by whose power even the pure minded becomes an object of laughter and the foul and impure becomes indispensible, who can render the words of the stupid man acceptable, and can subdue ancient

dignity,—to Him who is universally known and yet Inconceivable.

The son of Sañjaka (Shriṅgāra) had become the favorite of the fickle-minded and wayward king during his boyhood by the reprehensible game at dice. And when the king obtained the kingdom, he wearied Shriṅgāra by sending him day and night to Chitraratha with betels. Engaged in the duty of a messenger, he was ignorant of all other work, but he afterwards secured the confidence of the king by getting him those of Chitraratha's servants who discovered to the king, Chitraratha's treasures. At this time there were no great ministers in the kingdom, and he obtained the post of the prime minister. The king who was in the habit of making bad selections, through ignorance, did no wrong in trusting this man, or in squandering money in food and in garments for women. For he considered his action commendable in having given paddy to his gurus according to his liberality. He added to the silver shrine of Sureshvarī, his own stock of silver and thus deserved emancipation. This king maintained with great pomp and large expenditure of gold, for five years from the full moon of Āṣhāḍha, the worship of the image which was originally set up by Champaka and others at Nandikṣhetra, and which kings cannot approach even in speech. The king trusted in persons who even in pastimes were known to be worthless, but who through the influence of their master's

affection performed unheard of actions. When young women adorned Mahādeva for the sake of amusement, and placed the serpent round his neck, as an ornament, the serpent often slided down; but the snake did not slide when tied to the firm bow of Sihva at the bidding of the enemy of Tripura. Who does not acquire strength at the command of his master?

Rilhaṇa and Dhanya brought over Janaka and Shṛiṅgāra to their side by bribe for mutual support and in order to attain their object. The king had once siezed Janaka together with his ornament, the pearl necklace, and caused Shṛiṅgāra with his wives and children to weep. He once felt romorse and dishonored Shṛiṅgāra, after he had entreated both Shṛiṅgāra and Janaka with bribe. One of them attained his object by his habit of moving about the ring in his little finger by the nail of his thumb, by his manner of drawing up the upper lip when speaking, by his uncouth voice and eyes, by the movement of his brows which protruded the skin of his forehead which was low and yet protuberant; but he became the object of the people's laughter. The speech of the other was indistinct and harsh, he was garrulous, and in times of pleasure would shut his eyes, and clasp his hands when he laughed.

The king is possessed of a mind which overcomes all and is immoveable, and he has attained the highest place among the virtuous by his pious acts. This rich sovereign performed acts of kindness in times of danger,

like Buddha, even as the sandal wood relieves the burning limbs during fever. He tended with due treatment the gurus, the learned, the twice-born, the helpless and others, and those forsaken by their kindred. The pure minded and admirable king white washed the line of houses of Vijayesha and of other gods, and made them look like mount Kailāsha. He has a passion for repairing delapidated buildings, and he always delights in repairing schools, temples, gardens, lakes and canals. He once showed enmity towards religious students, and stupid people call him a receptacle of cruelty. The Ganges, which delights the world, fills the seven seas, and sanctifies Brahmā, washes, at the same time, the place where the elephants of the gods were burnt; a bad deed once done does not soil one's reputation.

At this time the twice-born Shivaratha who was a great conspirator, and worse than a Kāyastha, was executed by a cord tied round his neck. The well behaved king thus destroyed his enemies and freed the kingdom of foes. When the enemies who restrain kings are destroyed, kings generally appear fiercer, like the sun released from clouds. The latter days of the king have been prosperous, and the excessive sweetness of this jewel among sovereigns is like the sweetness of grapes just beginning to ripen. He encourages the performance of religious sacrifices with incessant gifts to Brāhmaṇas, and he also encourages marriages, pilgrimages and proper religious festivities. He helps in the completion

of religious performance by pious men by supplying them with his own provisions, as the moon by his own power makes certain plants in the Kula mountains,* luminous. The sedate king promises to help with all necessary things, in the performance of marriages of the citizens' sons. For the increase of his treasure, he gave permission to owners of extensive forests to reclaim their lands, and he repaired the capital. The wise see with wonder his excessive fervour, like that of a Ṛishi, in the worship of Hara, though he is engrossed in the duties of a king. From morning to evening he performs no act which is not guided by the wise. Jayāpīḍa and others, by their kingly grace, made wisdom shine amidst the deep darkness of injustice, like fleeting lightning in the clouds. But this king, by the gift of things of permanent value, prevented, like the rays of jewels, his other virtues from being known.

He built very high houses for the learned, and the seven Ṛishis,† as if to see their beauty, spread themselves out over their head. Owing to religious sacrifices performed with intelligence, the wisdom of the learned became pure, and travelling by road became safe. The noise of the falling water with which the Linga was bathed, and which he listened forsaking the sounds of the flute and the lute, as he lay in his bed, was as dear to him as the varied speech of the learned, untainted with envy. The

* The seven great mountains of the ancient Hindus.

† The seven brighest stars in the Great Bear.

temples &c., which were set up in the times of Shrīlalitāditya, Avantivarmmā and others were now brought to perfection. The king made perpetual grants for all schools and houses of gods set up during his reign. The maṭha of Ratnādevī to whom her husband [the king] was strongly attached was the best of all that were set up.

At this time Rilhaṇa who was the friend of the worthy was, of all the ministers, the first traveller in the path of virtue. Though this pure-minded man lived in a house of amusement, yet he could never forsake the chief Ṛishis and the elders in religion. His life was not void of virtue acquired by the gift of the skin of black deer, by giving shelter to men, by oblations, by good deeds, and by helping in the marriage of girls. This great man bestowed things suited for religious sacrifices on all the fire-worshipping Brāhmaṇas, and made the performance of their work easy. His heart was untouched by envy, and in the wonderful sacrificial feast which he held, the people of the sixty-four castes enjoyed the delightful objects of enjoyment. By bestowing valuable villages on Brāhmaṇas, by building large schools and bridges, he embellished the two cities of the two Pravarasenas. In the city of Pravarasena, I. he set up the wonderful Rilhaṇeshvara [an image of a god] which was the chief of all the religious monuments he built. This pious man, for the memory of his wife Sussalā who was dead, caused a vihāra to be built for the Buddhists,

at the place called Akaprapā. A female cat died of grief for the death of Rilhaṇa's wife, and Rilhaṇa feared lest he should forget the affection due to the brute creation, and called the vihāra after the cat. In that district soiled by envy, and not far from the town, this cat lived and was dear to her master, as a human being. From the day on which Rilhaṇa went on pilgrimage, the cat ceased to take food which was brought to her, and died of grief without a groan.

Diddā, among the wives of kings and Sussalā, among the wives of ministers, reached the utmost perfection of virtue by setting up various religious establishments. Sussalā built the maṭha of Shrīchaṅkuṇa of stone which till then had existed only in name. She attained perfection in all kinds of virtues by building wells with masonary works, small wells, houses for students and other works. The whole city looked beautiful on account of her maṭha which covered the entire sacrificial land of the ancient lines of kings. She rapidly wasted away by consumption, and died at Shrīsureshvarī; and her death was like a harbinger of her absorption in the Deity attained by her setting up religious edifices.

The Brāhmaṇa village and the edifices built by Dhanya did not fulfil the purpose for which they were raised. How can fame be obtained without virtue? In the like manner, the religious edifices built by Udaya, lord of Kampana, in the villages of the Brāhamaṇas, and named after him, served no useful purpose except that they

went by his name. Udaya, lord of Dvāra, with the help of the Gaṇa sect of Brahmapurī, built a beautiful religious edifice in which the lotus tank looked beautiful. At Shrīdvāra, Shṛiṅgāratantrapati, a jewel of a Brāhmaṇa and an owner of a large mart, built a religious edifice with garden and tank, and he adorned the earth by erecting rooms for bathing, religious edifices, and a bridge at Brahmapurī, and by similar works. The maṭha of Shṛiṅgārabhaṭṭa near that of Bhaṭṭāraka was like a well in an expanded ocean, and was deservedly forgotten. Jaṭṭa, the minister for peace and war of the lord of Dārvvābhisāra, and prone to pious work, set up the image of the eight faced [Mahādeva].

Among the trees, karavīra alone, owing to the loveliness of its flowers, has the dignity of beauty, and the flowers become useful in the worship of the Shivaliṅga. So among the several ministers of the king, one alone named Bhuṭṭa, younger brother of Jahla, attained dignified excellence. The offering which he made to Mahādeva the Jyeṣhṭarudra, otherwise called the Bālal-eshvara, and set up by Vashiṣhṭa, was accepted by the god who appeared in person. There he built a town without a defect, named Bhuṭṭapura with maṭhas, religious schools and high buildings. In the capital also he set up a Hara, named Bhuṭṭeshvara, and in the village of Maḍava he excavated a tank named Dharmmavibhramadarpana.

The queen Ratnādevī set up a religious school named Vaikuṇṭha and maṭhas and other edifices, and with

her own money made arrangements for their permanent maintenance. At Ratnapura, a town of great value, and which had many gates, the spotless religious school was the receptacle of virtue, and looked like a large cage for a swan. Mahādeva graced by his presence her white washed houses, like a white light, to destroy the transient state of man's existence. When she built sheds for cows, Shūravarmmā and the other builders were reckoned as cows. There [at Ratnāpura] adorned with cowsheds, where the kine roamed unrestricted, and which was washed by the waves of the Vitastā, she parted with her deseased body (died). At Nandikṣhetra she had raised religious schools, and in the principal places of the Yavanas she had built delightful maṭhas. In Dārvvā she built a town like the city of Indra, and named it after her name. It contained a beautiful and grand house befitting a king. The queen who was kind towards her dependants built various monuments consecrated to the memory of the great, the honored and the principal men who were dead.

The world held such jewels of women who were its ornaments. The chief among the kings made his own maṭha a specially desirable object. He was without vanity, and gave away in gifts many villages, the principal among which was celebrated as Siṃhapura by those who knew of his gifts. In this place the son of the daughter of the lord of Kārapatha established a

colony of the twice-born who were going to Sindhu and of the rough out caste people of Draviḍa who formerly lived at Siddhachchhatra. What need is there of narrating about the construction of maṭhas &c. by the king who turned the whole of Kashmīra into villages and towns. Owing to the troubles of the time, the country had become like a wasted forest, but the king again made it wealthy, populous and full of houses. From the beginning, when he engaged himself in giving what was asked from him, men of skill built maṭhas and houses of gods. He was not jealous, and when he gave valuable riches, clothes and jewels for the use of the public, the citizens celebrated various great festivities. About this time the shāli crop was destroyed by the sudden fall of snow, by fire and similar troubles, but there was no severe famine. Strange things happened, for though at night the voices of the Rakṣhasas were heard, and omens like comets were seen, people did not die. The king killed the rebellious Chhuḍḍa, the younger brother of the lord of Koundha by secret punishment. The king also destroyed Vikramarāja and other kings in Vallāpura &c., and raised Guhlaṇa and others to sovereignty. This sun among sovereigns, enriched honorable men out of his affection for them by giving them possession of beautiful lands in Kānyakubja and other places.

At one time Yashodhara, king of Darad, a place where good counsel did not prevail, was during his life

time reduced to poverty. Though his kingdom was situated next to that of the king of Kashmīra, yet he had become the favourite of the king of Kashmīra by rendering great service in time of danger. His son was overpowered by the ministers and his condition was pitiable. For his own minister Viḍḍasiṃha snatched the kingdom from him, violated his queen and gave the kingdom to his minor son. But when after gradually subduing the country, the minister intended to destroy the boy who was king only in name in order to usurp the kingdom, another minister named Paryyuka set up another son of Yashodhara and commenced hostilities. When Paryyuka turned his back towards the people of Kashmīra and left unnoticed Sañjapāla and others who were capable of undertaking all things, and began the civil war, the wise king of Kashmīra, led by his prejudices which clogged his intellect, thought it would be a useless display of pride to send the Superintendent of Affairs or other officers like him to support Hevaka.* He therefore sent his minor brother Sujji as his minister to Paryyuka. Paryyuka could not be overcome by force. What a difference is there between business-like, influential and powerful men with all conquering and unshaken genius who constructed wonderful kingdoms, and boys and foolish men ignorant of the practices of courts? Fie to the troublesome wantonness of kings which brings afflictions in the end! The

* The prince whom Paryyuka befriended.

enemies who live near the country and those who become hostile from interested motives try to destroy prosperity. They conceal their knowledge of armies, kingdoms, forts, treasures &c.; they take advice in every work they do; and if friendship be contracted with them, their sincerity cannot be relied upon.

As a tree in the midst of a narrow stream is not felled by the current even when the banks give way, so the king of Darad could not be drawn into the civil war between the minors. The king of Darad neglected to obtain any advantage from Paryyuka who was willing to accept bribes in many important matters. Viḍḍasiṃha made peace with Paryyuka, and Sujji returned as he had gone, whereupon the king of Kashmīra was angry.

Shṛiṅgāra in his newly appointed post of the Superintendent of Affairs became, within a short time, like a tree in a stream, and died. He displayed himself in various ways, as a waterfall flowing through a hundred channels, by the light of the spotted moon. At this time other ministers in obeying the orders of their noble master suddenly died. We do not praise the foolish kings who place young boys, sons of deceased ministers, in the places of their fathers. But the servants of the ministers inaugurated a new custom. Without feeling shame they appropriated the wealth of their masters as they would do their own wives. They gave presents to the king, did some

little services to their masters' children, and then robbed the wealth of their deceased masters. When the treasurer Vishva died, Sahaja alone became the protector [of Vishva's children]. At this period such men who offered assistance were rare. Though requested by the king, Sahaja did not accept his master's post, but helped in the aggrandizement of his master's son named Ṭishṭa. Fie to employers who see servants negligent in their devotion to their master but still raise them to prosperity. When the feet of Brahmā, the foe of the Asuras, were weary with walking over the world, he had in his vessel the water of the Three Streams (Ganges) to wet his throat, and so overcome his fatigue. Mahādeva therefore placed that water on his head. So if one admires even a dull object, all others, one after another, greatly welcome it and are stupified with it.

When Sujji was away from the country, the tree of his iniquities nourished by Sājjijāḍya was about to bear fruit. Viḍḍasiṃha remained indignant for two or three years. He took refuge with the warrior king [of Kashmīra] and with his friends, he put down from a distance, the rising of the people by means of active trade and agriculture. He engaged himself in conspiracy with Alaṅkārachakra and other Ḍāmaras who were related by marriage to the ministers of Darad. At the time when he first marched out with a view to obtain possession of the mountains and forts, a low

person named Janakabhadra had become his friend; this man now expired by his side. In Karṇāṭa and in many other places through which he was seen to pass, some rose in rebellion and some became friendly. He planned to enter [the capital of Darad?]. Though he made grand preparations yet he artfully made his progress slow, and the king of Darad, inactive through indolence, overlooked him. The king of the world [Kashmira] sent Udaya, lord of Dvāra, with men. He brought riches to the peaceful and tumults to the turbulent.

Udaya who worked hard, until he fainted, in collecting an army, heard that in the town of Shaṅkaravarmmā, Loṭhana had joined Alaṅkārachakra, and he also heard that Vigraharāja, son of king Sussala, and Bhoja, son of Sulhaṇa, had come with Loṭhana. Then when their insurrection had gained strength, Udaya hurriedly marched in one day over the road which is traversed in many days. The Ḍāmara (Alaṅkārachakra), unable to take possession of Kanthā with his own party, was at a loss, and on being checked in his movements by Udaya's attack, he fled and took shelter in the fort of Shirahshila, situated on the banks of the Sindhu, where the Madhumatī also flowed with its pearl like beauty. The lord of Dvāra (Udaya) wandered over an extensive country, but could not ascertain whether the Ḍāmara had hid himself in the dense forest or within the fort. When he ascended the fort, it appeared as if the king's

power could not be overthrown even by chance. When the party was attempting to ascend, the marauders (Ḍāmaras) in the fort, where tumult prevailed, were scattered by the sword. The clever conspirators Trillaka and others whose disaffection was still undisclosed, defeated Loṭhana. He who had burnt towns and villages before now fled, baffling pursuit; and though he fell into danger at every step, he was protected by his party. Fie! that he wandered in the circle of Fate and was sometimes visible and sometimes invisible like the comet, son of Brahmā, which rises at the time of the destruction of the creation!

When, in course of time, the ministers established peace, the people thought that the whole land of Māḍava was lost. Unable to find any remedy when the enemy gained strength, the king, as advised, sent Dhanya [to quell the commotion.] The people said that when the work devolved on Dhanya's shoulders, the lord of Dvāra would feel humiliation or become indifferent or would act against the king. The people also said that Bhikṣhu and Mallārjjuna had been as one, but that these three [the lord of Dvāra, Dhanya and the king] would be unable to effect the destruction of the united enemy. But the lord of Dvāra did not behave like Hevāka, and even at the sacrifice of his reputation, he desired the fulfilment of the king's work, and made grand preparations. Such a man who, even when left by himself, never behaved foolishly in

the work of his master, and who when that master was under the influence of many, did not, through anger, become indifferent [to the interest of the king]; such a minister who did not behave like Hevāka but wished the completion of that which was to be accomplished, can be had only by a very virtuous king. Dhanya too, when Pañchachandra died, raised his younger brother Shashthachandra on the king's seat, [at Maḍava ?], and set about to begin his work. Divāhuka and other principal dependants of the king and the outsiders also followed Dhanya with bards and singers.

When Dhanya and his party took shelter of Tilagrāma on the banks of the Koṭisindhu, the lord of Dvāra who was in the town went out leaving the road behind. He also left behind Hevāka, the cause of the war, though unfit for battle, and reduced the enemy, and behaved with patience and gravity.

By the help of many architects with their building instruments, Dhanya caused rows of temples to be built on the banks of the Madhumatī; and the temples emulated [the beauty of a] town. This able master dispelled darkness from among the groups of trees, built houses in the woodlands and furnished the camp with all enjoyable things. The country where winter was intolerable for excessive snow, fortunately became adorned by the sun and was fit for the enjoyment of the king. The king wished to conquer foreign countries, but though at times his orders were obeyed,

yet the civil war in his own country had raised a number of difficulties such as were never seen before.

Being in a foreign land for a long time, the soldiers' spirit was cast down, and they began to desert. But the king was angry with those who deserted, satisfied with money those who stayed and thus established the stability of the army. Three or four months thus passed away, and though the army worked hard during this time, they could not seize those within the fort. They were no way humiliated, and they could not be reduced even by the stoppage of the entry of grain [within the fort]. At the end of the winter, the Ḍāmaras who were desirous of displaying their wealth and whose exultation began to increase remained fixed as a rock. The peasants left their cultivation, the twice-born left their study of the Vedas and arrayed themselves in hot haste and took up arms on all sides of the village. The people of Darad waited for the termination of the fall of snow and wished for victory over the king who was on the way, with the help of the well armed cavalry. Both the people and the king's soldiers trembled, fearing the fall of snow, like the cotton of Death's bed. The king had foolishly commenced the war without examining the strength of the enemy; and victory was doubtful. The skilful have one good means to deceive the enemy, *viz*, by pretending to fear the power of the enemy; but the foolish enemy could not judge of their preparations. Though well

armed with weapons long in use, yet blind with anxiety, he helped his enemy's success. If the elephant through vain and imaginary ideas is afraid of the lotus, fearing to be stung by the black bees, or to be attacked by the leaves or to be tied up by the fibres, then he will not venture against such enemies, nor uproot the lotus. When Lothana and others, after escaping with difficulty from Karṇāṭa, joined Alaṅkārachakra, the first idea which occurred was that the king would be conquered. It was in vain that with his party he [Alaṅkārachakra] garrisoned Kantha, for the lord of Dvāra who came rapidly made a vigorous attack on it. Unable to oppose the enemy, he fled from the fort and on the next day he [Alaṅkārachakra] followed the followers of the king. The hill fortress situated on the water where the stream was narrow and having an extensive construction behind, appeared to them like a heron anxious to catch fish. But seeing the fort without strength, like an elephant stable without elephants, they despaired of overcoming the enemies, [who had fled,] and bore apprehension in their hearts.

The enemies were afterwards surrounded on one side by the arrows discharged by their foes, on another side they were protected by water and on the third side, by rocks. When thus besieged they believed that the Ḍāmara [Alaṅkārachakra] was contriving for his own safety, and they could not form any determination to fight. At Tilagrāma where the attack was

severe, these outcaste (Ḍāmara) soldiers were unable to find any remedy, and became very anxious. Loṭhana, the balance of whose judgment was considerably shaken, believed that the Ḍāmara could defend him no longer, and he openly accused him. Bhoja said that disaffection must arise among them and he arrested his father's brother [Loṭhana] although with reluctance, and although he still daily served him, to save appearances. Kunṭhashāvya, in order to soothe Loṭhana, acknowledged his prudence in his presence, and came to some agreement with him. When the uncle wished to depart, [Bhoja] told him that the king would kill him, and would not let him escape, although others might go, and he wept. [Then said Loṭhana] "We are all closely blockaded; we do not expect the enemies to attack us in the rear. Through some reason, they have now become inactive, but they will succeed in what they propose to do; so bring without delay other Lavanyas or the men of Darad, but let me go from this place." "I will release you" [said Bhoja] "from the arrest, as it is fit to do." The Ḍāmara [Alaṅkārachakra] now under the protection of Bhoja seemed to express his willingness to comply with his desire and said.—"I will release you either today or tomorrow at night." But he was in possession of power, he was relentless, and deceived the [prisoner] every moment.

Their enemies were at a great distance and did not stop the roads as they should have done, so they (the

besieged) brought jewels from the villages outside and from their sale proceeds they passed the day. They informed the king that evil consequences might ensue, and Dhanyodaya advised the king to make peace. But for many reasons, the king was of opinion that peace should not be concluded with them and he ordered that the houses within the fort (koṭṭa) should be surrounded. He also warned them that when the bribed Ḍāmaras would forsake them in their posts, their relatives who had obtained a good name would also deceive them. "We are engaged in hard work and our negligence would be culpable, and we shall surely be reproached by men for not accomplishing the task. If king Harṣha who was about to reach the Dugdhapravāha (a river?) had not for seven days given up all efforts, then who would have had occasion to grieve on listening to his history. All men receive their due by their own good or bad work, and if even our acts remain unfinished in this world even then the sovereignty of the three worlds may come to us unsought. Possessed of legs and wings, the winged ants neither rove on the earth nor in the sky, but like the lame and the blind go into the fire. How can wealth affect the course of life? The cripple Aruṇa is born to guide the sun even with his thousand legs (rays), and even if Aurṇa had a pair of legs what more would he have done? Shake off indifference therefore, and surround the whole fort well, and here let our lives and theirs be lost. The wind by constant

motion becomes hot, as if united with fire, and the water by incessant friction waste even the Kula Mountains. In this world unexpected prosperity is begotten every moment by firm perseverance."

When Dhanya and others heard the stern orders of the king, they left the river banks and speedily ascended the high road of the fort. The inmates of the fortress discharged their arrows and looked with feelings of astonishment as to how the assailants would fight and how they would stand on the ground. Though Dhanya was below, he defeated those above in a hard fight, and by constructing houses made the place appear like a town. Owing to incessant combats innumerable soldiers fell every moment on both sides. On the next day, the son of Garga arrived after having visited [goddess] Sāradā and he added to [the slaughter] by bringing in the warrior citizens of Saṃkrandana. Alaṅkāra who was in possession of the outer palace was invincible in human fight, and killed the enemies in various ways. How can they who roam over the plains rival those who roam over mountains? But even then, the machineries of war of the army which accomplished things beyond thought should be taken into consideration. The inmates of the fort were few, those of the camp were many, hence the former, though besieged, were easily destroyed. Harassed in two or three battles, they closed the doors of the castle gates, as if the fortress shut its eyes out of

fear. Finding that Dhanya and others sought such opportunities as disagreement among the guards, division among the inmates, those in the fort became mistrustful. In order to keep off sleep, they called one another aloud at night and did not sleep, but they slept during the day when the fort became silent. At night these soldiers were afraid of the sound of trumpet sounded at every prahara, as the sparrows in their cells are, of the sound of the thunder. The king's soldiers by means of boats plying day and night prevented water from being taken within the fort, and alarmed their enemies in every way. Their water being out off, they endured the sufferings of thirst; and checked in their movements, their food was reduced, and they became exhausted. The enemies of the king were famished, and any thing that could be eaten, any foul food that could be got by chance, was considered as worthy of sovereigns. Emulation was cast aside, and these hungry people showed every day a greater hankering after food even than those who live on the king's substance.

Bhoja who said that there were many useless things done in the arrangement of troops, kept himself aloof in the middle tower within the fort. His enemies thought that as one was old and the other was the son of a prostitute they were both unworthy, and believed that it was but natural that there should be a division in the kingdom. They believed there would be no disagreement in the camp if [Bhoja] went away. Thus

the enemies [of Bhoja] made an excuse to drive him out of the fort, in anger.

The unchaste wife of Alaṅkārachakra wished for his death. She was deeply enamoured of Ṣhaṣhṭha-chandra who was the delight of her eye. She disclosed counsel public and private. But the son of Salhaṇa who enquired after every thing daily heard of her ways. Fearing that a dissention would be caused, he informed [her husband] of her conduct and asked permission to go away. But Alaṅkārachakra's intellect was covered with the darkness of love. Though he was of a forgiving nature, though he knew how to wait for opportunities, and was happy in the continuance of friendship, yet he was as angry as the serpent was on the offending Bodhisattva. But affectionate as he was, he forgot in his heart, the resentment towards his beloved who might have caused his death, as a grasshopper is unmindful of danger while seated on the elephant's back.

Bhoja walked through the camp of the sleeping enemies, and had almost passed them when the son of Alaṅkāra, either with a view to rebel or losing his courage out of fear, followed him and brought him back again before his father who was in the fort. Alaṅkāra reprimanded his son and ordered Bhoja to go away the next night. Alaṅkāra hid Bhoja during the day and told all men that Bhoja had gone away. Dhanya and others were informed that one had already issued out of the fort and the other two would go out the next day,

but not knowing who were fleeing, they kept themselves awake at night. He who was to escape at night saw from the pavilion of the fort, that the fire was burning on all sides of the camp and all were awake. The fire lighted up the fort in such a way that an ant issuing out of it by the road leading from it might not pass unobserved by the watchful enemies. By the flickering light of the fire, the houses of the sentinals seemed to quiver, as if they forbade the son of Salhaṇa to venture on his enterprise by the shaking of their heads. The Ḍāmara was unable to proceed fast during the first portion of the night. He descended into a hollow beneath, by holding to a rope. The lord of the Ḍāmaras named Kṣhemarāja joined him, and they rested on an altar-like stone within the hollow. They ascended the stone which was just sufficient for them to sit upon, and afraid of falling down, the two persons spent five nights without sleep. They lived upon balls of powdered oats which they had in their hands, and they eased themselves as birds do from their nests. They spoke not, and though they wondered at seeing from behind the prosperity in the enemy's camp, they did not express their feeling. The heat from the fire of king Jayasiṃha's power made them forget the great cold [to which they were exposed], and it was beneficial to them. On the sixth day their food was exhausted, and the clouds began to pour snows, like salt on a wound. Their hands and legs were benumbed with cold, as if

they slept on listening to the befitting music of the harp. They thought that, overpowered with hunger and cold, they would surely fall in the enemy's camp that day, like two birds tied to a string. "Whom shall we call?" they said to themselves, "who knows us? who will deliver us, as the chief elephant delivers the young elephants when they sink in the mire." The Ḍāmara [Alaṅkārachakra] at night called out to them who were in peril, and by means of a rope took them up and placed them in a vacant house. There they warmed themselves by the straw-fire and relieved themselves of the cold; and they forgot their woes in sleep which they had after a long time. But a greater danger than this befell the crooked-eyed and amiable Loṭhana and Vigraha who did not even hear the voices of men. They ate barley and husk powdered together and cakes, and their persons and clothes were unclean and discolored.

Dhanya who, like Alaṅkārachakra, lived on scant food, drew Hola and Yashaskara to his party by giving them food. Then the Ḍāmara [Alaṅkārachakra], oppressed with hunger and afraid of disunion among his servants, promised, through his messengers, to sell the enemy of the king. Owing to the insurmountable difficulties, his strength departed and his heart was contaminated with vice and discarded the fear of sin and evil reputation. He planned his own safety by giving up the remnant of the king's enemies, and for regaining a good reputation, he sought the help of worthless objects like grass and

weeds. On the advice of his servant named Udayana, he hid and protected Bhoja, son of Salhaṇa, and hurriedly gave up the other two. He thought that it would not be right if the king were to punish them without consulting him, and he believed that the acts which he had done without meeting any opposition were right.

Dhanya and others who were bent on effecting peace did not know of the danger in which Alaṅkārachakra was for want of food, and the plan which he had adopted. They were anxious to depart from the place on some pretence, and it was all the better for them to get the promise [from Alaṅkārachakra] about giving up his kinsmen. With a view to give what was to be given up, to remove the army and to fulfil other promises, Dhanya made Kalyāna, his brother's son, his representative. He now totally closed operations, conciliated the enemies by humouring their anger, and thus brought them over to his side. But he dealt insincerely with them as his policy required. Active in the discharge of duty, he accomplished all that was necessary and took off the edge of the enemy's resentment. The grief caused by long absence from home demoralized the king's servants and they relaxed their anger. Truly ministers are rare who can boast of completing and bringing into order affairs which are in confusion. The soldiers who were anxious to return home, when they learnt that peace was established, disregarded the rewards of their masters and

departed within a short time. When the Lavanya [Alaṅkārachakra] obtained the food which was sold to him, he slackened his action.

The soldiers under Dhanya were few and it was therefore with difficulty that they could save their lives. The besiegers looked with eagerness towards the road leading to the fort where they wished and expected to arrive; Alaṅkārachakra, however, did not permit them to come up that day but harassed them. At night when the chakravāka lamented, the soldiers saw nothing else but the chance of losing their lives, and it was with difficulty that they passed the night. They said that it was owing to foolishness that the siege commenced with care was raised, and the ministers pretending to grieve for what was destroyed ridiculed the plans of their master who was favorably inclined towards them, and they wished to bring him to grief, though he disregarded the words of his ministers, out of respect towards them. "Or is it," they continued, "that the other ministers not seeing how the work would end, would bring disgrace on us by the circumstances of today's march? Having consulted the evil-wishers of the king, the villain [Dhanya] has thus acted deceitfully and now his purpose being fulfilled, he is surely laughing at us." Thus they made many conjectures. At last the night, during which many soldiers died, came to an end, and the day dawned. In the morning Alaṅkāra who was in the palace and was anxious to do some courageous deed ascended the fort.

and by his tactics and menaces he subdued the Ḍāmara. He had brooked the delay of Loṭhana's departure so long but this day he was relentless towards Loṭhana, and he plainly told him to go. Some persons made a proposal which might have removed the grief and disgrace of this proud man. [They said] that "the time was such as blinded the eyes of the crowd but gave light to those of the good Kṣhetriyas. The blade of the sword, dark as the cloud, is connected with the Apsarās, and has a wonderful and clear affinity with the fiery sun. Although we may not subdue the king, yet if we die in the field of battle, we attain the sphere of the sun, or the bosom of the lovely Apsarā full of love. In a death like this we do not feel the pain which is felt in the bed made rough by constant rolling, nor the acute pain felt at the departure of life from the joints, nor is the heart alarmed at the loud lamentations of weeping friends. But that death (in battle) is as pleasant as the desire for a beautiful woman. Your father went to heaven by the way covered with the forests of sword blades, your two brothers after having roamed in the wood of daggers found the good path [to heaven]. So do thou too walk in the way trodden by your ancestors, and by high deeds enter the sphere of the sun in the sky, and in this world remain endeared in the hearts of spirited men. Fate brought to you, several times, the kingdom which you have lost through weakness, and in that kingdom you behaved like a boy at an age when

you should have acquired composure. Fate at present has given you an expiation of your deeds, you have become dumb in the discharge of your duty, but you should not miss the expiation as you have missed the kingdom. Bhikṣhāchara lost the kingdom after he had obtained it. He then spent his time in eating the remains of other's meals—a conduct which was unworthy of a king, and by remaining in the country, he was the cause of the death of many persons. Yet that powerful man did something eminent which received its perfection after his body had perished, and for which he stands superior to all." Though thus excited, the powerless man did not take courage. Men without spirit and moist wood do not burn even when in contact with fire. But he felt fear and anxiety, and like a child, when soothed after being roused from sleep, he was inclined to weep pouting his lower lip. The dependants of the king who came to take him, saw him given up by the Ḍāmara (Alaṅkāra) in that condition, and out of pity, they came before him to pacify him. "Be not cast down." They said, "In the king's heart illuminated by the advent of kindness, as by the rising of the moon, foul passions which darken the heart by their gloom do not grow uncontrolled. He is the sea of the nectar of gentility; in firmness he is like the mountain of the gods, and in removing the troubles and griefs of others, he is like the sandal tree. Like the Ganges in autumn is his holy and pure person, at the sight of which your

anxious heart will be relieved. Like his stainless ancestors, he respects the high characters. He is disliked by the light hearted. He will keep you at a distance from harm. He shows mercy to enemies who do him harm, if they are immersed in danger; and he considers them as benefactors for testing his power of forgiveness." When they had thus said, Lothana, with his long and quivering beard, issued, delighted, from the house, like an old hairy ox from a cowpen.

Dhanya humbled himself out of shame when he saw Lothana riding in a carriage, and without ornaments and with clothes and weapons dirty and worn out. His eyes were large and motionless, his moustache and beard thick and rough and he had taken with him an image of a god. Lothana was seen like an owl fled from his cavern home. As the party moved on and lighted fire in the camp, the light brightened the hill which looked as if it were a touch-stone to test the power of the king. When the encampment broke up, all of a sudden the sky poured snow, and thus removed all doubt about the divinity of the king. Fearing that the snow fall would be heavy and that men falling under it would die in a moment, the soldiers went within caverns and looked as if besmeared with red powder. Thus in the year 19, on the tenth lunar day, bright moon, of Phālguna, aged fifty-nine was Lothana captured once more.

The disinterested king ascended a high building in order to honor the army returning after a long residence

in a foreign country; and with befitting gifts, honors, and kind conversation and inspection he pleased the soldiers and took leave of them. He then looked on Dhanya and others who had bent themselves down. There was Loṭhana, his hands over his shoulders, his face covered with the ends of the garments given to him by the soldiers, without nose, and with the rough white beard on his cheek entering the ends of his ears which were without ornaments: his weakness and troubles were apparent. The citizens were talking with a loud or in low voice, and at times, Loṭhana looked on them through the corner of his eyes, the eye-balls of which were feeble and moist. Afflicted with agitation, wretchedness, apprehension, weariness, hunger and distress, and with limbs shaking for want of sleep, he was like a cow tormented with cold. He felt as if the world was swinging, the hills thrown down on every side and the sky fallen down. His lips were parched and dried. "I who have come near the palace am unable to stay before the king to whom I have done all kinds of injury. Or am I covered with darkness or weakened by rheumatism." While he thought thus, his legs failed him at every step. He was surrounded by many men, so that glimpses only of him were seen, and the guards pointed him out to the spectators. In such a state the king saw Loṭhana in the court-yard. By the king's order which was communicated by the movement of his brow, Loṭhana entered the court on which the eyes

of the spectators feasted. Then with his eyes the king indicated the plase where he was to wait. Loṭhana knelt on the ground and with his head touched the lotus feet of the king. The great king with his lotus hands held Loṭhana's forehead, bent down and humbled out of respect, and raised his head. The touch of the hands adorned with jewels and herbs removed all grief from Loṭhana's heart, and the king's person, cool as the sandal, relieved him of his misery; and Loṭhana soon felt confidence in the holy authority of the merciful king. "Fear not, you will prosper" would have been the words of pride; to say that "your goodness is marred by your angry disposition" would have been an allusion to former enmity; "you are our friend" would at that moment have been irony; "you have suffered pain" would have indicated his own power and authority. Thus thought the king, and when he saw Loṭhana, he spoke no word to console him. Loṭhana bent down his head to touch the king's feet, in order to crave assurance of safety, the king touched the hairs on Loṭhana's head with the feet of the image of a god. "I am not worthy of respect" said the uncle (Loṭhana), but the king compelled him to take the betel which the king had in his hand. To the humble lord of Dvāra he said smiling that he had undergone fatigue, and he touched the principal personages, Dhanya and Ṣhaṣhṭha with his left hand. When Loṭhana saw the king endowed with skill, mercy,

gravity, humility and other qualifications, and saw him surrounded with petty kings, he thought very poorly of himself. Dhanya who out of bashfulness had remained with his face bent down was consoled and sent home, with kind words, his face beaming and his hands clasped together. But the composure of the king's face, who acted in observance of good manners was the same whether engaged in active exertion or in reaping fruits. The sea is not heated by the boiling of the sub-marine fire, nor does it cool at the access of the waters from the Himālaya. The dignity of those minds which always remain the same in grief as in pleasure is profound. The king effaced the shame of those two whose lives had become void of manliness, by steady and sincere benefits, cheerfully conferred, such as is due to kinsmen. But while the king, like a kind relative, fed them, he feared them also like the teeth of serpents because he had deprived them of the kingdom.

The king intended to sub due [Salhaṇa] together with the remnant of the enemies who afraid of the difficulties of living in a foreign country, had cooled down their anger and relaxed their exertions. Salhaṇa therefore remained sleepless, living in a vacant house, and when he came out of his hole, he found no persons waiting for him from his uncle Vigraha. The king saw Alaṅkāra come to the Ḍāmara in his house and thought it probable that the rebels would rise from behind. The way leading to the capital was spread out with camps, but owing to

distance, the extent of the encampment was not visible. The uncle (Loṭhana) rode in a vehicle between the vehicles of Dhanya and Ṣhaṣhṭha, but owing to the great distance he could not be distinguished. The king wondered what the cause of the approach of the army could be, and who the third person besides Dhanya and Ṣhaṣhṭha was, riding on a vehicle and following them. Then from behind the army came a Ḍāmara, happy in appearance. He established peace between Loṭhana and Vigraha, whereupon they both went to the capital.

That day discord was removed from among the multitude, and fear which had risen high was for a short time driven away by the love of kinsmen. When the army had departed, swarms of birds made sounds on the river bank vacated by the army, and he [Alaṅkāra?] fancied that the river wept for the departure of the two forces. In the noise of the water-fall heard at times, he feared the return of the royal army to take him away. Then at noon the clouds covered the earth with darkness displaying the beauty of midnight. From that time till the month of Vaishākha clouds prevented the performance of the festivity of snow on the earth. The villain [Alaṅkāra?] accused himself saying that he was faithless, irreligious and shameless and sat down before Bhoja. The son of Salhaṇa, however, was not grieved; he opportunely checked his anger and even consoled him and said, that he did not blame him in that matter.

He further said, "you have acted thus in order to save the sons, kinsmen and others who were in danger and who sought your help, and you deserve no censure therefore from any one. If you wish to rebel, it would be a cruelty to me. According to the exigencies of the time be your conduct towards me as of a stranger. We two are not the objects of the king's wrath as those born in the dynasty of king Harṣha; but we who have submitted to the king's administration should be kept under check. You who are wise have protected your own party, retrieved your reputation, prevented the opposition of those two men, and hindered the king from going in his own way." When Bhoja had said thus, the villain [Alaṅkārachakra] freed himself from the weight of shame, and after having repeatedly praised Bhoja, said, "you are my witness in all things." "At present for a moment send me away," said Bhoja, but he replied that he would send him after the termination of the fall of snow, and he went away. Bhoja was told by some that the villain would show his anger towards him, so Bhoja did not eat nor drink in that place. But after the termination of the snow, fall, the villain told him that he would surely send him away that day or on the day following, but still he did not let him go for two months. Bhoja believed that the king knew that he was there, and would, at the termination of the cold, behead him, and consequently he hurried to depart. The villain evaded the pretext

which Bhoja made for his departure which was delayed and Bhoja was convicted of guilt.

Rājavadana was born of Ojas, a leader in the army and in the womb of a chaste woman. This Ojas beamed with prowess, and during the civil war, adorned Sussala's army which was, as it were, a test stone of heroism for the principal warriors. Rājavadana was, during his childhood, called the long-blanket-clad. Owing to the faithfulness of his father, he was retained by the king in his service, and the possession of the estates of Ebenaka &c. was gradually given to him. But Nāga, born in the hermitage of Khūya, turned the king against Rājavadana, whereupon the latter, with a view to fight, held him in subjection. All feared that being a servant, he would not act cruelly towards the king, and not being a Lavanya, would not stand against the sovereign.

Then Alaṅkāra who had reached Draṅga and had taken possession of the estates was sent by the king with money, to subdue Bhoja. Bhoja said to the Ḍāmara [Alaṅkāra], "I am ready to go to you, but should you depart leaving me, I will kill myself." The other promised to see him on the next morning. When thus promised, [Bhoja] without saying any thing to any body left Koṭṭa at the fourth watch of night And when he [Alaṅkārachakra] enquired after him who, though it then rained, was looking after the road, he heard that [Bhoja] had gone out of the fort at the latter end

of the night. The irrepressible Bhoja, with a limited number of followers, journied on by day and went to the shrine of the goddess Shāradā. But out of pity and feeling ashamed to appear before the females of his kinsmen, without the two kinsmen who accompanied him, he, though advanced in years, like a young man, five times tried [to leave the place]. He believed that he would be blamed by men, and felt no desire to go to Durāṇḍa. He went by the road along the banks of the Madhumatī with the intention to fight with the help of the people of Darad. He spent five or six days in the way, and the days were very dreadful. Sometimes he passed over rough and broken stones, sometimes the clouds hid the light and darkened all sides, spreading themselves like the net of death. At times masses of snow, like elephants, slided down making the day dreadful. At times the rush of the water fall, like arrows, pierced his body. Sometimes the wind, hurtful to the body, penetrated him into the skin. And at times his eyes, distressed by the sun, were fixed on the moon. The days became fearful on account of the fall of snow. He then descended down a plain not quite level but extended. The descent was difficult, and though he walked down, yet he frequently thought as if he was ascending. At last he reached a village in the skirts of Darad.

His own things which was privately given to him were lost, nor did he receive much respect on the way. But the lord of the fort of Dugdhadhāṭṭa now bowed

to him and paid him respects. When Bhoja's messengers announced to Viḍḍasiṃha, who was at a distance, of Bhoja's arrival, Viḍḍasiṃha sent him umbrella and music and royal insignia befitting a king. In that kingdom, the lord of the fort (koṭṭa) raised him to prosperity, but prevented the appropriation of the treasures belonging to the Rājaviji. Rājavadana's son went over to the side of Bhoja who was behaving like a king, and brought him to a place befitting a sovereign. But the father (Rājavadana) who was a determined enemy sent his son who was worthy to be tied with a string, to the king. The father did not trust his son with any important work, and he acted as he should have acted. After giving him notice he sent him to the king without either acknowledging or disclaiming his acts. Rājavadana informed his son, through messengers, that he would soon come to know whether he (Rājavadana) was in the confidence of the king or his determined enemy.

The great Nāga attained such fame that his own countrymen did not feel ashamed to serve him. He was adorned with the virtues of charity, forgiveness, activity and want of avarice, and he shone as one who always enjoyed riches, and he was accessible to men. The composure of Prithvīhara and others who had means of protection at their command was not to be wondered at, but the great grandeur of this man who had none to help him was praiseworthy. He filled the ranks of his army with thieves, dwellers of forests,

criers, &c. He overran several villages and then stopped. He protected Bhoja and others. The Ḍāmaras became disorderly either through the advice of ministers who on account of mutual disagreement had become jealous of one another, or for the love of plunder.

The desire of the people for rebelling which destroyed the affairs of the state and which was manifested at the time of arresting Loṭhana now assumed a hundred branches. Trillaka and Jayarāja, though favored by the king, could by no kind treatment be pursuaded from attempting to reduce the kingdom. As the hole is to the lice, the wasting disease to other diseases, the nether world to infernal beings, the sea to the aquatic animals, so was the hypocrite Trillaka, the shelter of all the villains. He securely imprisoned the lord of Devasara and commenced rebellion. The Brāhmaṇas wished his fall and the deliverance of the world; they therefore commenced religious fast for the king at Vijayeshvara. The king anticipated the untimely destruction of the villains, but the Brāhmaṇas did not act according to his request. Then out of charity, the king consented to go to their assembly. But when he armed himself to start, Jayarāja, that chief among the wicked, died of carbuncle. The fortunate king who [beheld] on one hand the destruction of the villains, came to Maḍavarājya to please the Brāhmaṇas. The Brāhmaṇas, whose action was disapproved by the minister Alaṅkāra and who were vexed at his craftiness, caused him to be removed from

the side of the king. Alaṅkāra who had always tried to keep the wicked villains under control appeared to the jealous Brāhmaṇas as the encourager of their enemies. The king, by making a promise to root out Trillaka, after he had crushed the civil war, prevented the Brāhmaṇas from performing their religious fast. Trillaka, struck with fear by several disagreeable acts, harassed the king, as an undetected disease harasses a man with various complications.

Yashorāja, the younger brother of Jayarāja, was employed by the king. He was attacked by his nephew (brother's son) named Rājaka. Sañjapāla went to relieve Devasarasa where the proud enemies were; but as the number of his soldiers was small, he was doubtful of victory. He then learnt the account of Rilhaṇa who was favored with victory at a terrible fight. When like Mandāra, Rilhaṇa churned the enemies who were like a mass of water, the sea like Sañjapāla remained tranquil and acquired some advantage from the enemies. When Rājaka was subdued, Yashorāja, like a boy in a lonely place, was unable to stay without a protector. Trillaka waited the suppression of the civil war by the king, and spent time in various devices which were never completed. He privately disbanded the men who were the thorns of the state, and in due time, he spread out, like a porcupine, the spikes on all sides. Then Koṣhṭaka's younger brothers, Pāṃktīhari and Chatuṣhka, whom the king had impri-

soned, fled from the jail. The well known son-in-law of [Chatuṣhka] protected him in his own place and caused innumerable Ḍāmaras to join him and made him enter Samāla. The villains who had remained hidden made their appearance when they heard of him, as do the small fish in a tank when they hear the cry of the fish-hawk. Then Ṣhaṣhṭhachandra, son of Garga, opposed the proud Rājavadana, as the mountains by the sea shore opposed the convulsed sea at the time of the deluge. Both parties sometimes swelled, sometimes diminished, like the cold clay covered banks of the Himālaya during summer.

Jayachandra and Shrīchandra, younger brothers of Ṣhaṣhṭha, used to get salaries from the king's palace. They feared that evil would come to the king from their respected elder brother. But knowing that the war had not terminated, and ambitious to do the duties of leaders, they fled from the camp and went to Rājavadana. The king's two brothers-in-law (wife's brothers) also commenced hostility. Rājavadana who wished to obtain the wealth of past kings caused Bhuteshvara to be plundered by the Khāshakas who were travelling the hill road in great numbers. The whole kingdom, in which homesteads were attacked by robbers and the powerful killed the weak, was distressed and it appeared as if it was without a king. The king then ordered Udaya, lord of Kampana and Rilhaṇa to fight with Chatuṣhka, and with a composed mind, he entered the capital. As some

severe, incurable illness is checked by medicine, so Pāṃktihari was checked by the two armies, but could not be destroyed. Rilhaṇa either waited for a suitable opportunity or leaned to the evil council of his own party, his prowess failed at this time.

But Viḍḍasiṃha learnt the accounts about Bhoja and sent many messengers to Uttarapatha in order to bring the [mlechchha] kings. There the plains stretch from the Himālaya mountains, and the breeze from the peaks is tempered by heat of the desert and favor the secret loves of Yakṣha wives. The caves of mountains resound with the songs of men from cities, and cool breezes make the land of Uttarakuru delightful ; and the kings of the Mlechchhas wander about, covering all sides with their cavalry. Thence they came to the camp of the lord of Darad.* The kings and their feudatory chiefs from various quarters came to Bhoja. He was delighted to see them coming down from the mountains, like monkies, though he could not understand their words ; and he contracted their friendship without understanding their speech.

Sent by Rājavadana, Jayachandra and others, the Kiras and the Kāshmīrians also arrived by the side of the Rājavījī. The son of Salhaṇa who was possessed of immense riches, satisfied Balahara and other soldiers who were far

* It is worthy of note that this is the first instance on record when the people of Kashmíra sought the aid of the Mahomedans from the plains of India.

or near, with gold. Rājavadana, an irrepressible conspirator, fearlessly joined Bhoja because he was greatly injured. They two became friends with each other, and their previous distrust was soon forgotten. Bhoja did not wish to begin hostility without the lord of Darad; but Rājavadana, out of pride, came to help him with a few soldiers and desired to engage in battle at once. "If our enemies in the camp give vent to their pride, it will be checked now, though we have borne it before, and a defeat will destroy their union. Therefore I wish for a battle with the whole of our strength, and after one day my victory or defeat will be known." Thus said Bhoja, but Rājavadana smiled in pride, disregarded the soldiers of Darad and led on the advancing army. After the followers of the Rājavījī had crossed over the Saṅkaṭā, he heard that the lord of Darad had arrived in his neighbourhood. With a view to join him, he returned to Koṭṭa. Balahara caused his soldiers to enter the village of Mātṛigrāma.

The son of Garga who was naturally of an equable disposition saw the horses on all sides wandering like deer against the wind, but he did not lose his composure. The Ḍāmaras who rode black horses and his own soldiers who leagued with the enemies, went to create a mutiny among the troops. Thus encompassed by danger and requested by his friends to leave the place, the son of Garga only replied with a sad face that he was unable to see his king. Suryyavarmmā

was not born in the Lunar family, for he did not go to confer benefit on those born in the family of Malla.*

After this, the king and Viḍḍasiṃha treated Bhoja who was attended by his soldiers with courtesy, and allowed him to win a victory. Leaving Viḍḍasiṃha and others in the rear, Bhoja led the army in which the Mlechchhas predominated. Followed by the army which disturbed the world, the son of Salhaṇa thought that he had already conquered the whole earth. With this powerful and proud force consisting of cavalry and Mlechchha kings, he encamped at a place called Samudradhāra. With this powerful and invincible force the beaming Rājavadana thought that Ṣhaṣhṭhachandra was doomed to death within a short time.

After this, the clouds of the rainy season accompanied by lightnings flooded the country, and land and water assumed one uniform appearance. Such became the state of the world. The earth was full of water, like a drinking cup with wine. The trees were drowned and their tops which were slightly visible appeared like blue lotuses. The king knew the danger to which Ṣhaṣhṭha was exposed, and with the remainder of the army sent Udaya, lord of Dvāra, and Dhanya. The way of their army was obstructed, but they pursued their road even as Yudhiṣhṭhira and Bhīma did after Arjjuna's death. In both instances the clouds hung down from

* The dynasty to which Siṃhadeva belonged.

the sky, and the world was full of water, and between them, the flashes of lightning were seen and the roar of thunder was heard. It seemed as if both the sky and the earth were stitched with lightnings. At this time the king, attended by a handsome retinue, remained without a division in his camp.

The Rājavījī disregarded Rājavadana, and Trillaka informed the men of Darad by messengers, that in the first instance neither force nor opposition should be employed in the affair. He strengthened Pāṃktihari who was in his hands, and wished to win over one of the forces [under Rājavijī or Rājavadana]. The king saw Balahara's force like a picture not painted on a wall [*i. e.* unsubstantial] and exposed to various dangers from the enemies. The king divided his innumerable force. Trillaka, whose evil intenti was known, and who was aware of the king's prowess and also knew that he was strengthening his weak points, behaved like a fattened porcupine. He openly deserted the haughty enemy [Chatuṣhka?] whom he had once before kept hidden in his own person.

In the darkness caused by the gathering of clouds and covered with a load of dust raised by high wind, Loṭhaka, son of Pṛithvīhara, suddenly arrived at Shūrapu , with many Ḍāmaras, and was re-enforced by [Trillaka,] Loṭhaka had learnt from informants of the efforts made by the two sections of his party. He had on various occasions and under great difficulties des-

troyed men of royal blood. He was the cause of tumultuous risings and was the encourager of evil things. He arrived there after a long time, and changes were perceptible in him, as in the full banks of the river in the rainy season when the embankment is broken. At the advent of the rains, his troops appeared, all collected together, like the world as it issued from the navel of Vishṇu when he slept contented at the time of the deluge. Piñjadeva, lord of Draṅga, attended by a handful of warriors, such as were not sufficient even to count the soldiers of Loṭhaka, sent the latter in the direction of death or in the river. A multitude of blazing pyres were reflected in the river, and it seemed, as if the last rites of those who were drowned were being performed. Thus one day, Loṭhaka, forgetful of death, and taking with him his faithful men, fought an arduous battle; and on the next day, he was beaten back with a broken force. He had thought that it would be easy to take within two or three days that lonely town in which he had collected an army from all sides.

The desire of Trillaka to attack Padmapura abated out of fear of Yashorāja and of the lord of Kampana who were at his back. During the civil war in Sussala's time, no such calamity happened to Sussala as befel his son. As one disregards the disease of the leg and attends to the inflammation of the throat, so the king disregarded Chatushka and sent Rilhaṇa to destroy Trillaka. When Rilhaṇa departed with this object, he

was followed by the people of Shamāla, as Aryyuna was followed by determined warriors when he went to kill the king of Prāgyotisha. He turned round, faced them bravely, killed them and ran about, as does an elephant, stung by bees on his back when he goes towards a tank. Weary of battle, he spent the night at Rāmasha where he was disturbed by the cries of the enemy's troops fallen into the roaring canal. In the morning [Rilhana] entered Kalyānapura, but [Trillaka] arrived there before him and filled all directions with troops and opposed him. He destroyed the spies and the infantry who were marching, as soon as he saw them, as a huge serpent devours the goats before it. When he arrived like a strong wind, the infantry of Rilhana deserted him, as the leaves desert the tree in the dewy season. Rilhana saw the wicked men disregarding him and fleeing, and they were not ashamed to do so. Who can perform his duty properly if he takes excessive care of his own person? When his trusty men came to his side and begged him to flee, he remembered the devotion due to his master whom he considered equal to Brahmā, and smiled and said. "Though shame exists equally in all, yet people allow a victor to gain ascendency over them. Fie to his life who being a servant performs not his duty. During my service at the king's feet, my black beard round the face has turned white with age, as the blue lotuses, beautifying a tank, close at the decline of the sun and white kumudas expand at

might. When the king dies, useless then is the enjoyment of fortune which is transcient as the movement of the brow. It is the custom of the wise not to take cowards into service; for their employers come to grief through their reluctance even to perform a slight task. One is afraid of cold when he puts off his clothes, but when he has bathed in the waters in a place of pilgrimage, he feels pleasure and the comfort, as if he becomes conscious of the presence of the great Brahmá. It is so in battle: those who leave their bodies there, feel a little afraid in the beginning, but afterwards obtain the repose which arises from great pleasure." Thus said he, and taking the arrows whose whizzling sound was like the breathing of a lion, he descended among the enemy's soldiers. The reflection of the golden hilt of the sword made the blade look yellow like arsenic, and the blade was as active in the battle as an actor is on the stage. His sword destroyed the swords of the enemies. Surely men were drawn on his weapon as if by magic, as a grass is drawn on the grass-jewel. He was followed by cowardly men who could only fight with the beasts that they saw and the grass which was the food of the animals. Somehow he came out from the mouth of death into which he had entered, as the water issues out of the ears of the whale when he shuts his mouth. Rilhaṇa who behaved proudly towards his foes came out from them to relieve his weariness. He had continually compelled the enemies to retreat, and his strength was exhausted

At this time Chatushka with a large army fell on his rear and Rilhana at first took him to be some one who had come to help him. As a peacock is not enraged, but dances with joy at the sight of a serpent, even in the same manner did he behave when he saw the enemies facing him on both sides. He then exposed his front and his rear by turns to the two enemies and reduced their armies in battle, even as the churning hill wore away the two shores of the sea, when the ocean was churned. Between the two armies fixed as pegs, he, fleet as a horse, constantly moved about, like a weaver with his warp and his woof. He shone in the midst of the battle. As waters rush over the side of an island in which there is a break, so he was attacked by the enemy's army on whichever side he was weak. He performed very rapid movements, as if in play, and caused the weapons and ear-rings of the enemy's soldiers tremble, and they were stupified and unable to behave like men. He made their faces, like so many water pots, pale through fear, and drenched with perspiration and it seemed as if he again anointed the king in the kingdom.

At night Rilhana and Pāñktadhari having arrayed themselves sought each other's weak points, as the magician and the evil spirit do towards each other. On the next day, Rilhana drove into the forests, the soldiers of the king who were sent to help him but who had hitherto behaved as witnesses. Sañjapāla who

thought that Trillaka was no longer innocent, came on the third day to Rilhaṇa. Trillaka had already been exhausted by the prowess of the king, he was now destroyed by these two, even as a tree in the forest is weakened by worms and is then quite dried up by the hot season and fire. Udaya gradually reduced the courage of Chatushka whose fire, like that of the funeral pyre, had not been quenched in useless battles. The proud soldiers of Darad, eager for battle, rode on horses, bore golden armours, and descended from the mountain caverns. The people feared that the countries attacked by the Turashkas would be subjected to them and believed that the whole world would be overspread by the Mlechchhas.* Dhanya, lord of Dvāra, marched out without any help, except his sword, on which rested his courage, and obstructed the enemy's troops who shone brightly in their golden armour, even as a hill with waterfalls arrests the course of the forest fire accompanied with cloud like flames. The soldiers of Darad, proud of their number, beat back Jayachandra and others who had been preventing their march to the front, and descended into the battle field. The son of Garga [Dhanya] with twenty [thousand] horse speedily went and opposed their thirty thousand cavalry and defeated them. His enemies saw his superhuman

* The army of Darad as stated before, consisted mostly of the Mahomedans. Their power had already speared all about Kāshmira, and the people of that country now began to fear of losing their independence.

prowess, for he appeared before each with his whole force. With their faces thrown over the reins of their horses, these cowardly men fled within a short time, and entered the hills like the Kimpurushas.

At night Rajāvadana, Jayachandra and others thus addressed the men of Darad who were ready to flee :— "It was owing to want of knowledge of the ground and owing to treachery that this defeat has happened. Tomorrow therefore take us to the front and restore victory." They falsely replied, "So will it be." The powerful Valahara wished to establish peace ; he caused Dhanya and the lord of Dvīra to proceed far, and then obstructed the road from behind. The Rājavīji [Bhoja?] who was with the camp at Tāramūlaka thought of coming into terms. When Valahara wished for peace, the villains became glad, and the son of Salhana [Bhoja] expected the conquest of the whole kingdom. Though he was accompanied by innumerable leaders of armies, he gained no victory , and yet he became proud, for he believed that his position was strong and his expectations would be realized. When the unfriendly tusk of the elephant destroyes the lotus, the body of the friend of the lotus [black bee] is also cut to pieces. When the moon rises, the beautiful and graceful sun-jewel parts with its heat. So at the time of danger good or evil may arrive, quite unexpected.

Nága was a Ḍāmara and had therefore always neglected Bhikṣhu at the time of trouble and headed the

rebels against the king on account of his kinship with Ṭikka and others. Rājavadana, on the other hand, was always trusted because he was not a Lavanya, and also because of his wonderful prosperity and his beneficial service in a time of difficulty. It is curious that both these men now turned unfriendly inorder to serve their own ends. Nága saw the rebellion commenced by others which he should have commenced and lamented, as does a poet when a brother poet obtains credit by explaining an easy passage. The king inorder to bring his enemies to his side, asked [Nága] with an assumed composure, to leave Rājavadana and to come under his protection. [Nága] who was like a milch cow addressed [the soldiers] saying,—"Here is [Rājavadana], the son of Tejas, a leader in the army, riding in the carriage in your presence. Why do you wait for him, as a sentinal waits for his time?" But they left him and laughed at him: for no work is done by the help of a goat. Men are engaged in pleasant or unpleasant work to serve their own ends, not alas! to do service to others. The two rows of teeth [of Rāhu] which the moon surpasses in luminocity still harass that luminary. The favorite places of the black bees are the elephants' temples because they long to taste the fluid issuing from them. The lotus loves not the moon because the moon is the sun's enemy; but it does not dislike the black bee who serves it though it serves the moon also.

[Nága] then published it among his own men that

Rājavadana who was not estranged from [the king] would destroy the men of Darad who were routed in battle, together with Bhoja. The celebrated Kshemavadana and Madhubhadra, two leaders of the lord of Kampana who were brought before the lord of Darad, and the terrified Ojas, lord of Kotta;—these three privately held a consultation. But Bhoja who knew the hearts of men laughed at them. Though the king was surrounded by the soldiers, as the sun is by a crystal, yet [Bhoja] fell on Viddasūryya, as on fuel, with a desire to burn the king. Viddasūryya labored under anxiety on account of the danger of the king, as if he labored under consumption, and he became like the waning moon in the nights of the dark fortnight.

Suffering from disease, but chief in war and the defender of the rear,—even such a leader as Valahara was, at the place of attack, overcome with fright. On the next day he was deserted by all while he was at his meals. He descended the hill on horse-back and fled. They said that they would come again on the morning, after visiting Bahumata. They then sought the son of Salhana (Bhoja) and took him with them. Bhoja had secured his wealth, and was compelled to follow them. But when his purpose was fraustrated, he became anxious, like a man sunk in a hollow. All his arteries were filled with blood and swelled his body, and it looked like the stone of a staircase over which dirty water had flowed. Though his fall had been anticipated, yet

he now repeatedly thought as if he had fallen from the sky, and owing to his shame none could look upon his eyes. "Fie to us," he thought, "that we who saw the prowess of the king did not know ourselves, though we knew the ways of mortals. Great poets who by their genius have made truth graceful do not mislead us in describing the power of kings. If the fire of royal power had not existed in the world, wherefore then at his approach have we become restless? The bodies of heroes often soaked in rains could not be dried up except by the heat produced by such a flame [as royal power]. What else but the line of smoke arising from the fire should, like darkness, mislead us, whose eyes are wide open, from knowing the right from the wrong path?" Leaving the men of Darad who were on the other side of the Madhumatī, he arrived on the banks of that river and remained hid behind the waves.

The difficulties which the men of Darad had given rise to gradually disappeared, and they who were so long agitated by a desire to rebel against the king, took Bhoja within their tent and wished for peace with the king. They wished to serve the king as guards, and the king who was well versed in policy gave away much wealth to them. They thus said to Rājavadana,—"The approach of the dewy season which is nigh is not the time for war. In the month of Chaitra we will again begin to make preparations for battle. If you can afford to wait for sometime, then for the present, we

will place you in the house of the powerful Trillaka, on the road leading to the kingdom of Bhuṭṭa." Thus they said to Rājavadana who was in the neighbourhood of the king, and according to the policy of their country (Darad) they wished to establish peace between him and the king. They surpassed even the people of Rājapurī in cunning, even as the length of a summer day is surpassed by the length of the day of separation.

Valahara sent messengers to Rājavadana reproaching him by saying that he had fallen into the well by the breaking of the rope. In the midst of the battle [Valahara] saw the son of Garga (Dhanya) coming in advance and the soldiers of the king approaching, yet he did not lose his composure. When he heard of the sudden flight of the lord of Darad and of Bhoja and others his composure was not destroyed, and this indicated that he possessed that virtue in an eminent degree. Though there was difference in his party yet his battles did not cease, and he fought eagerly. Who can behave like him except a superhuman being or one possessed of special merit?

According to the necessities of the time, Dhanya and the lord of Dvāra wished for peace. But [Valahara] expected the return of Bhoja and caused delay. Then came Alaṅkārachakra to take the son of Salhaṇa from the lord of Darad. The lord of Darad was his kindred and refused him nothing. He [the lord of Darad] suppressed the meeting of those who were determined to rebel and resolved against all persuation to die at the bridge

on the road. When his soldiers saw him, with servants mostly youths, about to die, they were afraid and became distressed. An offshoot of the river Balaharī had destroyed the road, and seemed to speak in disparagement of the soldiers of Darad by the noise of its dashing waves.

Viddasiṃha was put to shame by the ladies of his household, by the jealous Mlechchha kings and by the undaunted soldiers, and he deserted the [lord of Darad]. Then the advanced guards broke the bridge and drove the enemy's soldiers to the other side of the river. [Viddasiṃha] arrived among the latter with the sound of trumpet which pierced all sides. But when he and his soldiers were unable to cope with the antagonists, he sued for peace, and sent a messenger, whom he had brought with him, to the king. [The messenger thus said]:—"O! Master! Chief of the wise, of superhuman power! It is not possible to challange you, as if you were a petty neighbouring chief, I and Jayarāja will soon go to the realm of Death, and will easily be in heaven, the proclaimers of your prowess. The defeat I have sustained from your superhuman prowess is like a victory unto me,—even as the death of a pilgrim from the falling of a river bank in a holy place is a gain to him." He then resided for sometime in his town, and then set out and entered the house of Death, fittingly decorated by the garland of his evil deeds.

Not knowing that Bhoja was coming that day,

Rājavadana concluded peace with the lord of Dvāra and with Dhanya. He then returned and welcomed Shashṭha, the chief among the noble minded. Shashṭha came on horseback and entered the presence of the king, but when the Rājavījī Bhoja, who received no wounds, refused to come out either owing to vanity or ignorance or grief, the king became very anxious and repeatedly invited Rilhaṇa. But Rilhaṇa had not then destroyed all his enemies, so he did not return. He could by no means come before his master while his work yet remained undone, as a cook who longs to eat the remnant of the food partaken by his master cannot eat in his presence. During the war Rilhaṇa kept apart the two sons of Prithvīhara and made them useless for any work, even as Bhīma divided the body of the king of Magadha. As Aryyuna cut the serpent at Khaṇḍava, so did he sever Loshṭaka in battle, and Loshṭaka fell on the earth, as if on his own mother's lap. Chatushka, deprived of his courage and pride, entered the invulnerable house of Trillaka, even as a tortoise enters his shell. By his heroism, Rilhaṇa completed the work, and he then proceeded to the king; as if desiring to obtain the light reflected from the nails of the king's feet, as a turban on his head.

When by the prowess of the king, the rebellion was thus quelled, it again broke forth owing to the dullness of his minister's intellect. Since Rājavadana who deserved punishment was soothed by gifts, he became

bold and again welcomed Bhoja who had arrived there. In a place called Dinnagrāma inhabited by the Khāshas, [Bhoja] gave a large bribe to [Rājavadana]. He then told [Rājavadana] :—"If either you or your retainers do not come tomorrow, then the lord of Dvāra who is accompanied with a limited number of followers will come to me." When the stream of courage was reduced, Trillaka with a trembling heart, spread out the rope of policy and fixed the lord of Dvāra like a boat. [Tillaka] had expected that the king, in exulting over the difficulties overcome, would become negligent, and this cunning man was the first to create disorder again.

Though Alaṅkāra and other ministers kept the king at ease, yet they had no self command over themselves, and did not give up difficult and crooked ways. The king neglected Trillaka, as physicians neglect diseases not yet developed, and began to root out other enemies who were like boils fit to be opened. Alaṅkāra said to Bhoja :—"Come to our assistance when we are in fear," and he set out and commenced civil war. The villain named Jayānandavāra, son of Ānandavāra, and others of Kramarājya who were renowned for their valor followed him.

The king fell on Alaṅkāra who had advanced with a small force, even as the sea falls on an embankment made of sand. But Alaṅkāra fought alone against many enemies, and in the first part of the battle, he harassed the men. The field of battle was filled by the

Rākshasas excited by drinking [human blood,] and it was soon washed by blood, even as a tavern is washed by wine. What else need be said? Even as the wind blows away a heap of cotton, so did the king, drive away the dreadful army of the enemies. In the battle he killed the son of Ānandavāra with arrows and left him as food for flights of swooping birds, vultures and Kaṅkas.

Bhoja who was longing to rise, and the king who was longing to seize him, were like a partridge running in the mire and the fowler following. As the partridge, unable to fly, gets tired by running over the mire, and as the fowler, constantly following it, gets weary, so in this work of violence Bhoja became weakened, and the king too, wishing to capture him, was every moment bewildered even more than Bhoja.

When Bhoja was at Dinnagrāma, the king said to Rājavadana:—"What! Will the thieves and the Ḍāmaras again obtain the ascendency?" At this time the Ḍāmaras, whose party had been broken before, took over to their side, the powerful men from outside the town in larger numbers than before But when the lord of Dvāra arrived, these men were not only not able to withstand him, but were frightened out of their purpose, in an irresistible battle. For the relief of these men, Alaṅkārachakra gave money to the son of Salhana [Bhoja] and informed him of the defeat, and brought him near himself. On the next day when [Bhoja] intended

to go over to them, the lord of Dvāra, whose soldiers lay weary at Hāyāshrama, understood his purpose. But as if not knowing their secret union, the lord of Dvāra went on some pretence to Sannāramūlaka which was situated in a difficult position. When he was there, Bhoja heard a noise in the evening coming from some distant place, and he became uneasy and said something. Though his own men laughed at this causeless apprehension, he remained afraid but arranged the horses. At this time Alaṅkārachakra was also struck with fear, and he cried out:—"Where art thou O! Rājaputra," and swiftly fled from Dashagrāma. At night fall, the sound of trumpet bespoke an attack, and the noise of the soldiers rose from the village. Bhoja, invisible in darkness, fled; and Alaṅkārachakra busied himself in making preparations for the battle on the next day. The fire lighted by the lord of Dvāra, which showed the mountain way, became advantageous to those bewildered in the dark. The Ḍāmaras who had consented to the terms of peace of the lord of Dvāra, in the expectation of the arrival of Bhoja, disbanded themselves when they heard of this occurrence.

Bhoja remained with a composed mind and did not deprive himself of the delights arising from affection for his children, and enjoyed the pleasures of eating and drinking. In anger he began an inauspicious quarrel with Alaṅkārachakra, and as Alaṅkārachakra was strong, he did not put up with the quarrel. At the burning of

Tripura, the fire arose from the arrow; and at the churning of the ocean, the heat arose from the submarine fire; the friendship of the lord of the serpents with Mandāra was not productive of happiness. Similarly the friendship between Alaṅkārachakra and Bhoja did not prove happy in result.

In order to destroy the weariness caused by hunger and thirst, Bhoja came to his own possession, and the sons of Alaṅkāra wished to establish peace with him again. Their father intending to accomplish various results, concluded peace with Bhoja, either by his own will or according to their plan. Bhoja came out of his estates and went to others. The other [Alaṅkāra,] who understood business felt certain that the work could not be accomplished by the Valahara. So without depending on the Lavanyas, he again went to Dinnāgrāma. The lord of Dvāra who was an able man and was steady in bringing about the good of his friends was, in the meantime, suddenly checked in his career by an eye disease. The two girls whom the Ḍāmara had wished to give to Bhoja, were given by him to Parmmāḍi and Gulhaṇa, sons of the king, now that Bhoja was worsted.

At the time when punishment was inflicted on the rebels, the lord of Dvāra was suffering from serious illness; so when he came to the place of punishment he ordered a conciliation. At the time when the battle was raging, even Ṣhaṣhṭhachandra, son of Garga, weakened by piles, met his death. And at the time when he

was suffering from illness, his two younger brothers being under excitement, harassed the earth by inroads.

Trillaka who had greatly fixed his mind on war, made up his differences with the powerful enemies of the king and did not accept the proposal of the king.

When Ṣhaṣhtha died and the lord of Dvāra was laid up with illness, Dhanya, employed by the king, went to Tāramūlaka. Bhoja who was liked by others was driven out [from the place where he went] and was within the reach of the strong. But the king thought that whether Bhoja remained fixed in a place or was driven out of the country, he should be brought under the king's power by such means as conciliation, and he wished to get hold of him. He had mortally offended Bhoja who was acting as his enemy. This unwise policy, the result of which could not be foreseen, proved fatal to the king, like a serpent when pulled by the tail. For the people both within and without [the capital] believed that Rājavadana was strong and that the king was weak; and they gradually turned against the king. Alas! There are many hollows to be found in the ground, and a policy of inflicting punishments is similarly full of dangers. He who enters these hollows may either find spacious room therein, or not knowing the ground may fall. The Valahara said to Rājavadana :—"It is the king's desire that Bhoja should be sent away from us, and if Bhoja be in need of money, he will, of his own accord, depart from us." Thus saying he settled a maintenance

for Bhoja. Rájavadana saw that the king was about to succeed in his design, and bent on adopting some wily means, he agreed to the proposal.

At every step Dhanya made peace with the Valahara and held personal communication with him: and so he became the object of laughter of the people. The king's affair was constantly thrown backward, and like the rope of the wheel in a well, it found no end. His tactics, though clever did not prevail, and were unsuccessful, even as a sharp arrow cannot penetrate a wheel in motion. In the civil war during which two sovereigns were removed and which is now carried on by the remaining one, the king became confounded, as in chess play. The Valahara intended to win over Nága, but had neither infantry nor cavalry to execute his purpose: he nevertheless persisted in his aim without such assistance. He deceived his enemies by craft. The villains [party of the Valahara] were addicted to dice, and were waiting for the end of the winter season. The Valahara consequently apprehended the destruction of his own men by Nága who was strong and remained unslakened in his enmity and had commenced to commit unfriendly acts. Nága and Dhanya ran [after the Valahara] who trembled with fear. He then consulted Bhoja and sent a message to Dhanya to the following effect: — "Bring Nága bound to me, and I will give up Bhoja." Dhanya had in previous instances arrested many enemies, but he was now confounded by the danger, and did not understand the

policy of the enemy. The mind of kings becomes deprived of its intelligence when impelled by elf interest, and it is not surprising if they are led to bad acts. For the sake of his beloved, even the heroic descendant of Kakutstha, [Rāma] sided with Sūgrīva and blind with self interest, killed Vālī unfairly. The king of the Pāṇḍavas, [Yudhishṭhira] was virtuous, but his intellect was clouded by vanity and the desire for a kingdom; and thus he abandoned his truthfulness and caused the death of Droṇa. But the action of the king on the present occasion was not blamable. Since the time of Bhikṣhu, Nāga was always rebelling, and on account of his hostility, the king was waging war, for self interest, and had become indifferent towards him. The king arrested [Nāga] without taking any pledge for obtaining Bhoja. Sensible men became for this reason angry with him. This action of the king was finally productive of good results, but such results were not foreseen by him, and could not be foreseen except by superhuman intelligence. Bhoja, as if estranged [from the Valahara] sent information to Nāga that "the Valahara intends to give me up to the king after taking from the king a pledge for his surrendering you to the Valahara." Bhoja did not believe that he would be seized, but said this to Nāga in the hope that Nāga, out of fear of the king, might remain neutral.

When Ṣhaṣhṭhachandra died, the king caused Nāga to be brought to him, by means of Jayachandra whom

he had won over to his side. Fearing that [Jayachandra] whom the king had brought over to his side would kill him, the minister [Nāga] was preparing to depart, but Bhoja caused him to be obstructed. Even after knowing that he had been drawn there by these two men, Nāga lost his self control, and sent a message, through messengers, to Bhoja. When a man sinks in the womb of the stream of fate, his ears cannot hear the voice of one warning him, from the banks, of his condition. When Nāga was arrested, his terrified relatives came and took protection of the crafty Valahara who could with difficulty be seen. Dhanya took with him Nāga who was the price for buying Bhoja, ran together with Rilhana, and went to the Valahara. The Valahara who was deceiving them, laughed internally and misled them saying :— "Give up Nāga to me first, and I will give up Bhoja to you."

The Valahara, who was difficult of access, engaged himself in battle with Dhanya and Rilhana. The soldiers of the two had become united, and had come a long way, to fight. But they were weakened by the disadvantages of carrying on war during the rains. The Valahara told them that he would act according to their wish [*i. e.* would give up Bhoja] at the time when they would retire. One of them marched away, and they became detached from each other in the way, and being involved in battle they were confounded and they lost their senses. The Valahara's firmness and strength were

ample. In these wonderful times such merits are rare in heroes. Dhanya lost his way and boldly came up to the side of [the Valahara]; but [the Valahara] did not attack him, and out of greed, he did not act against Bhoja, but he thought that should the ministers give up Nāga to him, in their bewilderment, he would ask [the king] for his reinstatement in his post.

Loshtaka, son of [Nāga's] brother, was a determined man and had obtained property when Nāga was afar; and was secretly [Nāga's] enemy. He caused Nāga to be killed by Dhanya and others. When Nāga was destroyed by the ministers blinded by causeless enmity, [the king's] own men and others blamed the ill advised act. The Dāmaras, followers of Nāga, became angry at the murder of their own tribes-man, and set themselves up against [the king] and took refuge of the powerful Valahara. When a man gets confused at the approach of danger, and wanders from his object, and does evil deeds, Fate determines his work. Auspicious Fate puts an end to the miseries of the man who, having obtained money, finds it difficult to enjoy it, who first allows his mind to travel in evil ways, loses self control and then turns about hastily into a hollow, and who shows on his person the marks produced by the stroke of the scabbard of other men. Bhoja did not know the fate of Nāga, after whom none enquired, and who was thus murdered by the wise ministers. Bhoja entertained fears about him and entertained these suspicions :-

"It cannot be apprehended that the wise king who has not yet established peace will do this evil deed [murder of Nāga] to obtain his wished-for end. Rājavadana who is busy, and is glad because the war is to continue, has got me in his possession: but he will deceive the party headed by Dhanya by saying that I am in other hands and beyond his reach, and that he is at a loss to find out what to do. Perhaps Rājavadana may inform me if something else has happened [to Nāga.] Tempted, as Rājavadana is, by the frequent occurrence of continuous rebellion, owing to anarchy, since the time of Bhikṣhu, will he not take pity on the world?" In order to assuage his fears, the fearless Khāshakas protected the treasury. Bhoja gave expression to his fears and placed guards all around where he stayed. The Valahara who was difficult of access came to the side of Bhoja in order to gain his confidence.

On the other hand, the fearless king who understood his work was angry because, owing to the dullness of the ministers' intellect, his work was frustrated, and soon came to a close. The month of Chaitra does not wither the trees, nor does the approach of the rainy season dry up the rivers. Courteous reception does not take away from the glory of meritorious men, nor does distance diminish the desire to see the object of delight. The attempt after great things does not destroy wealth, nor does excessive grief lead to victory. Even so the king Simhadeva was not instrumental in causing the

failure of deeds that should have been accomplished. The work which failed on account of powerful opposition could not be accomplished by going against the power, just as a current cannot be crossed over by going against the stream. The wise king, therefore, whom his enemies erroneously considered to be a fool, displayed an outward appearance of folly to them, only to deceive them. By means of bribes he caused Bhoja to suspect the council that was held around him. The surface of rivers is perfumed by the smell issuing from the body of the musk deer, but those who remain within doors believe the smell to proceed from fire. As a bird fears to be in its nest if there be a hole in it, and also fears to fall into the net spread outside, by coming out of the nest, even so did Bhoja become confused and sorrowful. He mistrusted those inside, and his way outside was obstructed. He was afraid even to flee. He became uneasy, and could not for a moment see anything that could comfort his mind or which he could decide as the proper course for his benefit in this world or for the next.

The grief of others which is akin to one's own sorrow melts the heart and causes pain. The black bee, imprisoned in the cup of the lotus, is grieved the more on hearing the lamentation of the Chakravāka also suffering from the pangs of separation. Bhoja saw a Dvija who had received deep wounds in a strife; the blood had been a little dried up, his hair was

torn, and foam was issuing from his mouth and he was weeping. When questioned, the Brāhmaṇa said that the wicked Ḍāmaras had taken all he had, and had thus wounded him; and he blamed Bhoja for being unable to protect him. Oppressed with grief every day, Bhoja became like one who had been wounded, and bled anew. He consoled the Brāhmaṇa and said, "O! Brāhmaṇa! I am not to be blamed, I am in difficulty myself, and am therefore an object of your favor." Then said the other, "O! Son of a king! thou who knowest good from bad, thou who art a youth, and born in a good family and proud, say what is the use of your striving for the unattainable? What object have you in view in endangering your life, in bowing to the low-minded, and in oppressing men with hardships? The king appears to you as one who can be subdued, but do not you know that he is like gold, fire-proof, and can plunge into the fire of the enemy's valor? Even the points of the weapons have no effect on him, as the oval shaped petals of the blue lotus have none on the moon-jewel. Even the Avatāra Pṛithvīhara and others were subdued by him, and will not weaker people be ruined by fighting against him? Why do you vaunt even after you have understood the acts of those who live by the civil war, and who are like serpents wishing to sting him who feeds them, but caught by the serpent-catcher? Alas! it is in vain that the young ones of serpents, born to bear the world, take shelter in holes in villages where serpent catchers abide.

These serpent-catchers frighten people by making the serpents rise and sink in the road, not with a view to make the serpents known, but to earn their own livelihood by begging." When thus spoken to, Bhoja left the Brāhmaṇa after consoling him. Bhoja's good sense instantly returned to him at this time. Good behaviour leads to peace, otherwise the mildness of character would be cruelty. When the nectar is touched by the beams of the sun, it becomes solid, and the moon-jewel, although a solid stone, melts speedily when touched by the beams of the moon. Bhoja, born in a royal family, had not lost all sense of shame. He thought for a moment about the great difference between himself and the king. "In heroism, policy and gifts, in truth and goodness and other virtues, even the former kings dwindled in comparison with our master (king). What are we, little beings, that vie with him? Even in moments when his power blazes forth, he retains his coolness and patience. We fools, though made inert by being subdued, become fiery! The high sandal, tree, though thickly beset with serpents, with fire-like poison, remains cool; but the cavity of the deep well, becomes warm in the dewy season when we shiver to our ribs with cold. If in order to find relief, shelter should be sought of the king; his heart is strong, and he will not be angry because of the troubles planned against him. If a man sets fire to a vigorous sandal tree, in order to burn it, and if scorched by that fire, he comes near the tree

to relieve his burning, will not that sandal tree be beneficial to him? Dhanya, in order to relieve the wise king from all troubles, served him repeatedly, as if in atonement of some injury done.

Bhoja who was seeking means to appease the king saw messengers come to the Valahara, one by one. In order to learn the news beforehand, Bhoja called to his side one of them who was going to the country of Darad. As the messenger bowed to him, he smiled a little and said :—"What is the use of the king's making peace with others, let him make peace with me. Physicians give diet to the sick through sensible men." The messenger did not at first believe him and laughed in jest. But he afterwards understood him, and after some conversation on various subjects, was somewhat convinced. Bhoja's speech, which was without vanity, inspired confidence in the man, and when it ended, the messenger praised the king in the presence of Bhoja and said :—"Only the virtuous can obtain the shadow of the feet of the king who is born of a prince, is of a happy disposition, and is like the shadow of the golden mountain. His anger is assuaged by small persuation, as the heat of the autumn sun is removed from the water by the beams of the moon. Do you remember that when you were about to enter the Darad country, I was present before you, engaged as a spy? When I returned, I told the king about the principal events respecting you: and in order to cause delay, I engaged myself in a long conversa-

tion with him. In the midst of this coversation, I told him that weary with hunger, thirst and the toils of journey, your followers were blaming you, but that when you saw me, you rebuked them and said :—'The king is the ornament of his dynasty and is to us like a god, we are without virtues, that we cannot serve his feet. It is owing to him that we who are extremely worthless have become great; the wood that is scented with sandal is mistaken for the sandal wood' As soon as the king heard this, he felt pity for you, and asked as a father does of a child, 'what does that boy [Bhoja] say of me?'—and he looked as if he were your father." When Bhoja heard this, his heart melted, and with tears within him, he thought as if the king had come before him and had consoled him. Not accustomed to understand the clear expressions of the mind, the messenger could not know his heart as a philosopher would have known.

The purpose of Bhoja, who was safe from danger, was not believed by Dhanya, and he disbelieved the king's spy who was sent as a messenger to Bhoja. Bhoja privately told the Valahara that he was not in earnest, but was playing a part as in the case of Nāga, that he was acting as a hypocrite and trying to impose upon the king, so there need be no quarrel between them [Bhoja and the Valahara]. Thus pretending simplicity, he tried to establish his peace with the king. Bhoja without delay employed a boy, a native of the place, as messenger. He was fit to be a counsellor at that time,

and was skilful in conspiracy. As Bhoja was young, the Valahara did not suspect that he would act independently and engage himself in a conspiracy every day. The boy returned and told Bhoja that the king who was solicited [to establish peace with Bhoja] was waiting to receive a trustworthy messenger for the purpose. There being no trustworthy person about Bhoja, he sent to the king, his own nurse who was known by various names, even though she was a woman and did not possess a brilliant intellect. She was worthy of honor, and was the younger sister of Bhoja's father; and when his parents died and left him an orphan, she acted as his mother. In order to please her husband, she served without jealousy as a companion to her co-wives, removing disagreement between them and offering them ornaments. By the due fulfilment of her duties, she convinced her husband of her trustworthyness. She was a gentlewoman and a good Kshetriya woman on whom the king always looked with no small delight. When the king was crowned, it was she, the principal queen, who wore that desirable object, the tiara made by her father-in-law and the subjects. Her mind, though affected by the love of offspring, the desire of enjoyment, and the wish to please her husband, does not run after evil things. In the present treaty of peace, as on other treaties of peace, she did not differ in opinion from her husband. She was not vain at the time of the ascendency of her fortune, and her good purpose was

never defeated. From her young age she understood the purpose of her husband. She preserved her dignity and her family name; and in her acts there is no probability of her having recourse to cunning. Such was lady Kalhaṇikā whom Bhoja thought of making a mediator between him and the king. She journied on foot till she reached the frontier. For her protection, Bhoja gave much wealth, and the wealth was kept in the centre of the party. For her expenses on the road, he gave much money in which gold predominated; and he sent her with eight well-born Rajputs to serve her, and with every mark of royalty.

Dhanya took with him a messenger, and, together with the king, went to her and assured her of the fulfilment of her yet unaccomplished desire, since it was likely that the king would soon confide in her. But the mind of the king was vacilating, and he had not yet come to a decision. He was without animosity, and thought thus:— "Is it owing to the indifference of the world or through hypocrisy that her mind has been thus changed? She should be rescued from difficulty. The sun rising in the midst of an undispelled mass of clouds prevails at last; and even so the feeling of entire resignation at last prevails over all worldly attachments. Is it that Bhoja knows our opposition to the foolish and careless Nāga, and is he therefore acting with hypocrisy? This sort of indifference to worldly things is never seen in persons who have attained their objects, who are totally weak, who are

young, who have the support of their numerous adherents or who are engaged in the work of a Kshatriya. Or as the saffron flower grows without the plant, the fig fruit without the flower, is it that the feeling of indifference to worldly things in great minds does not wait for adverse circumstances? If this prince [Bhoja] be the receptacle of hypocrisy, he should not be left aside; but if he is really changed, what is the use of our sight without seeing him? This princess and these Rajputs bespeak the loss of dignity; and she is so simple that she cannot see through any object clearly. The river that flows circuitously is not clearly seen by all, even like the drops of water flowing through a woman's hair." Thus thought the king, and listening to the advice of Dhanya and Rilhaṇa, he dismissed others and performed the duty of a king according to true wisdom.

The messengers told Dhanya that Bhoja, inorder to serve his own interests, wished to have an interview with him, and took Dhanya with them. "Fear not the soldiers, Bhoja wants to make peace." Thus they told Dhanya. Dhanya, with a limited number of followers, stationed himself on an island in a river, expecting Bhoja. But when the snow from Charmma melted, the river became waist deep, and was formidable with waves that embraced the sky, and became unfordable by elephants, as if by reason of jealousy against these animals. Then blocked up in the river, Dhanya came within the power of the enemies who were seeking for an opportunity.

On both sides the water extended to the banks and in the midst, they, pressed together and dressed in pale colored clothes, looked like the foam of the water. When Bhoja's army arrived, many thousands of Khashakas belonging to that army planned the destruction of Dhanya who was in this critical situation. Anxious to avoid the perpetration of a crime, and also touched by pity at looking at Dhanya's timid and pitiable eyes, the son of Salhaṇa pacified his wicked followers and thus whispered into their ears. "If he who has come running, in humility and confidence for us, be doomed to death, surely our descent to hell will be unavoidable. If he be killed, the strength of the master who has many servants will not be reduced. The speed of Garuḍa is not destroyed by the loss of one feather. If we betray the confidence of king thus, we will get a bad name. Deal fairly with a foe in equal position; why murder deliberately? I am inclined to serve the same king, leaving other work aside, whom he serves for money." When he had said these words of reason, and even resolved on his own death [in case they did not hear him], they were dissuaded from their firm purpose. At night Bhoja boldly went to protect Dhanya in his disadvantageous position. The [Khashas] were made to drink, and the fact was intimated to Bhoja. The king was informed without reserve, by Bhoja, [of what was going on], but that wise sovereign whose senses were not bewildered, felt doubtful about the

conclusion of the peace and uncertain about the success of the negociation without making an impression on the heart of the enemy; and he sent queen Sāmānyā to Tāramūlaka. She consented to go according to her lord's request, but she feared some unavoidable cruelty, the outcome of the king's policy, and said :—"O! son of Ārya! How can the enemies trust us, having once seen the depravity of the great ministers; or how can human being fathom the superhuman depth of your intelligence? My life, I deem, is for your service, but the virtue of the chaste woman cares naught for the policy of king. This Bhoja will behave badly towards you, as may be expected in this Kaliyuga. 'O! lord! Bhoja has commenced to sell snow in the Himālaya. Now-a-days even an ordinary man admits none to be his equal, nor knows the difference between his mind and those of others, and is generally guilty of excessive pride. Even well behaved kings, lose their sense when angry with a son or annoyed at an advice, and fly against trustworthy men. Your orders are never given in vain, and there can be no delay in carrying them out; you are quaffing the drink of fame from three worlds, as from a vessel, in company with me. I disregard the destruction of my life, and am also earning that fame. But you should save my reputation from being exposed before such men as have different motives and are selfish." Thus said the chaste queen and remained silent; but the truth-abiding king, without soothing her fear, deputed a step-mother of his, of inferior caste, to accompany her.

"What is the king revolving in his mind?" Thus wondered all the people. The king employed various means, after sending the queen, and did not leave untried any means that might have been employed. Owing to the division in the king's own party, all the Ḍāmaras, both great and small, who were neutral, examined the strength and weakness of the king, and the chain of their friendly attachment became feeble, and they went over to those whom Bhoja had attracted to his side. "Even by our remaining neutral," said they, "Bhoja has in the civil war become powerful;" and they threw off their neutrality.

Trillaka sent his son to Bhoja without delay and caused Chatuṣhka with a large army to enter Shamālā. The Ḍāmaras of Nilāshva who had even at the time of Bhikṣhu's rebellion preserved their friendliness towards the king, now went over to the enemies. Of the Ḍāmaras from Lahara, Devasarasa and Holarāt, only three remained faithful and only one Ḍāmara woman of all the Ḍāmaras from Nilāshva remained so. The snow fell on the Lavanya force of the son of Salhaṇa, which became like roaring ocean waves maddened by the fall of rain.

But when the Valahara heard that Bhoja had gone to the queen with the fixed intention of establishing peace, he spoke thus in no ambiguous terms. "Man was misled by man during these days, but now that female relatives have become mediators, men belonging to their own family must come to terms. When Bhoja, the chief of the family, has acted thus out of love, how can men,

like myself whom no one reckons, behave rudely. This you say is hypocrisy, be it so. He begot my confidence and then I am deceived; I will not have a bad reputation. All men have united against us, be not therefore hopeful of victory. We have seen armies like ours destroyed before this." He spoke these reasonable words, and many other words after deliberation; but neither he nor others could turn Bhoja from his purpose. Two or three days before the battle, the king asked Bhoja why he acted contrary to previous arrangement, just at the eve of reaping the fruit of his good work.

At the time when the king stayed at Tāramūlaka, Dhanya and Rilhaṇa accompanied with armies and Rajputs went to Pāñchigrāma. When Bhoja learnt that the two had arrived on the southern bank of the river and were staying there, he too sat down in the woods on the opposite bank. When the king's army saw that the soldiers from various quarters incessantly enter the camp of the enemy, none of them believed that there would be peace. Dhanya and others had entered the place forcibly and were unable to come out, they had a small force with them; and Rājavadana constantly meditated the plan for their destruction. With a view to destroy the king's army, some people cut the bridge from Sūryyapura, and sat hid on the boats which were at the Mahāpadma lake. Others of the king's enemies who sought for bold adventure and were about to fall on the king's army stayed at various points on the road.

Bhangileya and other Ḍāmaras meditated an attack on the town of Shankaravarmmā from the Kṣhiptikā to the Samālā. Trillaka and thers calculated that they would reach the banks of the great river, and that the Ḍāmaras of Nīlāshva would commence hostility outside the town. What more should be said? It was planned that all should fall simultaneously on the followers of the king who were like ducks surrounded by water, and kill them. But this plan, which was not well directed, was stopped by the rains which fell at that time, as the planets for the drought were afar.

The Valahara wished to pursue the road taken by the royal army, but Bhoja busied himself in thwarting his desire at every step. At every moment Bhoja feared the breaking up of the peace, and removed the obstacles which arose to the execution of his scheme. He himself boldly and speedily removed all those difficulties which arose in the two camps.

Flatterers of the king who bragged about the duties of messengers and pretended to devise plans of operations became frightened and uneasy at this time of difficulty. Men of low position, who whisper in the king's ears old news which have been proclaimed to the world by the beating of drums, who repeat in a miserable tone what men are likely to be ashamed of, who praise the heart-rending deeds of the cruel enemies, and who are cunning and ignorant, become flatterers of the king. The villains who act as jesters in the dancing room, who are prone to use rude words, who are like a poet in an

assembly, like a dog in the courtyard of one's own house, and like a bawd in the hill and cavern;—enter the house of a king as heroes in eating. It is strange that in other places they go like tortoises drawn out of the lake.

When the power of the sun declined, the heat abated, and the day soon rested on the summit of the mountain, in the round earth, the sun gave up his post to his brother twilight, and having placed his rays on the mountain head, became a blood-red disk; and men with clasped hands adored that conjuction between day and night;—when the moon was about to rise, the tusks of the elephants glittered, the moon-jewel was dewed on the suface, the sea swelled, and the black bees rested on the meagre lotuses which seemed like the frontal bees on the heads of elephants;—the ministers being in danger, and not knowing how the thing would terminate, lamented by the banks of the river. As those who are carried off by the waves do not know what to take hold of, so their light and bewildered minds did not display intelligence. The Valahara who sat on the other side of the river and whose plan for the battle was matured, was constantly opposed by the [illegible] of Salhana. The ministers who arrived there too late for the work, and with a limited force, could have been easily destroyed by the Valahara whose army continued to swell, as men continue to pour in the place of pilgrimage, at the confluence of the Vitastā and the Indus, crowded like a town

In order to prevent the destruction of the Ḍāmaras, Bhoja sent letters with a small detachment of foreigners under Nāga, and a body of Rajputs. Neither by his own cunning followers nor by tumults could the patient Bhoja be moved from his cool determination and fixed purpose. Bhoja believed that when the feudatory chiefs would arrive and distrust the Valahara, he would be enraged by such distrust and do great harm; and if the Valahara once began the mischief, the Ḍāmaras would rise on all sides, as Brāhmaṇas do at the sound of Oṅkāra. He therefore pretended that he intended fighting against the king, and soothed the Valahara by saying that he would do some daring deed at the wane of night. When the feudatory chiefs who had come to do the work of Bhoja were in want of food, Bhoja, who was born of noble family, also abstained from food.

The mistrustful ministers did not know that Bhoja's intention was altered. They thought that he would not come over to the king. At the fluttering of the bird's wings, or at the movement of the small fish they apprehended that their enemies came running and were about to attack them. Satisfied with their own position on the other side of the river, they did not sympathise with the grief of separation of any but of the Chakravāka. The wind, the father of Hanumāna, Rama's messenger who crossed the sea, gave strength to their messengers to cross over the river. In this way they passed that night taking shelter of the enemies whose ears were

pained at the rustling sound of the trees on the banks and who remained sleepless.

When the night waned, when the rays of the rising sun had not yet dispelled the mistake that the tinged snow on the mountain crest was a golden lotus, when the nightdew had not yet trickled from the buds which were like the eyes of the sorrowing creepers shedding tears at seeing the separation of the Chakravāka from its mate ; it was then that the hero [Bhoja] with a few infantry issued from the woody bank of the river and roused the war horses kicking them on the head. He wished to obstruct the progress of the Ḍāmara warriors and resisted their prowess. The warriors of that people ran away on all sides at his sight. They saw him armed with an axe, well dressed, and of youthful appearance, come in the front riding in a vehicle and reaching the bank of the river. They had not seen him like that before. His curl was marked with sandal paste and his forehead was besmeared with saffron ; and when they saw him, they knew that it was Bhoja. Having spent the night and having deceived Rājavadana, he had in the morning taken a hasty adieu of him and had come out. When the carriage had entered the water, the delighted Dhanya and others came quickly to him from the other side, riding on horses, and surrounded him. Great noise then arose in the two camps, in the one for the departure, and in the other that of rejoicing. When the Ḍāmaras heard the noise they

believed that the battle had commenced, and they came running from all sides. But when they saw Bhoja joined with the enemies, they struck their heads [in despair].

After congratulations, Bhoja, remained true to his usual practice, and acquitted his promise to noble Dhanya and others. Dhanya restrained the overflowing joy of his heart and thus spoke in praise of Bhoja:—"O! son of a king! Patient and of magnanimous mind! The earth is hallowed by you as by the mountain Sumeru Your mother has humbled the pride of all mothers by her humility. You are like cream in the sea of cream. Who else, beside yourself, has come away from the company of the low and has joined his own kindred, like the kokila? It is not strange that the path of virtue, first trodden by you, should long afterwards be walked over by us?" Thus the conversation went on, and the mind of Bhoja was delighted. He rode a horse which had become ungovernable as with success, and was led by those who were praising him. The Lavanyas for many a krosha reproached Bhoja who was being led by his kindred, as the crows reproach the kokila when it is led by its tribe, and then they went away. Thus in the year 21, on the tenth day of Jyaishtha, the king drew to his side Bhoja who was aged 33 years.

The queen welcomed Bhoja who came like a beloved son and bowed to her. His servants were weary; and the queen arranged for his meal. He was possessed of

qualifications not unworthy of the family of Indra. and the queen thought that the eyes which did not see him were useless. Bhoja too, on account of her unassumed virtues of honesty, compassion and mildness, thought the king to be of pure character.' The color of the face is the door to the working of the mind, a bright door indicates prosperity within, and the behaviour of women is indicative of the character of the husband. When the day declined, he felt the weariness of travelling, and he was anxious to go to the king; but none asked him, out of kindness, to enter the room. The ministers overcame their coldness and ill feeling with difficulty and said that "the king orders the turbulent to behave well." These words spoken as a sort of a preface, entered Bhoja's ears as he was entering the presence of the king, and hurt them as with a stick. He was wounded, as it were, at a vital point, but he consoled himself, and thought with a feeling of contempt that the bravery of these low men was only lip deep. The ruffled state of the mind of Bhoja who did not care for his life was soothed by those rude speakers when they bowed their heads in humility. The conduct of the just and fluent Bhoja could not be influenced by such things, though his mind might be ruffled. Dhanya, who was ever obedient to his master, the king, thus spoke courteously to Bhoja, while the rays of his teeth issued like a fountain. "You know the rules of kingly decorum, and have always behaved in a proper manner,

do not then get impatient if things happen in their due course. That treaty is imperfect, in which one goes away without seeing the party with whom the treaty is made. Why did you not calculate this before? The king knows you to be radient with goodness, and attentive to the duty towards your kindred. It is not often that kings obtain such adherents as yourself, in modern times. The king will not behave towards you with vanity or pride, indifference or coldness through the advice of cunning men. The breath of men cannot soil the mirror like purity of his courtesy. The grace of his life is not equalled by the grace which appears in his kingdom. The light which is reflected from the sun does not issue from a burning lamp. There is a holiness in pious conversation which exists only in the cottages of Ṛishi; and a similar holiness exists in this Ṛishi-king and draws to his side those who oppose him. What more can a wealthy king do for you whose house will soon be graced by prosperity? The man who forsakes the water in the tank in the summer time is considered a greater fool than the serpent which coils round the cool sandal tree in summer, and in the month of Māgha enters its old warm hole. The queen and the princes are a portion of the king, and even if they commit something wrong, it is right in their estimation, provided it be done for the king's good. Your work is now like water cooled after being once boiled if you heat it again, it will be, like water, tasteless."

Unable to put any construction to these words and unwilling to disregard them, Bhoja behaved in a more open manner, and delayed his departure. On his way he saw on all sides, the inhabitants who had composed pieces in his praise, and this confirmed him in his determination to persevere in his good work. The dust raised by the feet of the infantry seemed like a delusion, as if the earth had established peace with the sky. The wise Bhoja meditated whether he should go to the king, or if his visit to the king would be prevented by the deceitful courtiers. Who can, thought Bhoja, by simply remaining at home and there serving his master, make his worth known to him? Deceitful men oppose him in the way. The current of water descending from the Himālaya flows to the sea with a view to cool the ocean which is heated by the submarine fire, and thus to find favour with the sea. But as soon as it falls into the sea, it is swallowed up by whales and is destroyed. He remained still with these and other thoughts, and consequently did not notice the noise of the city. But when the horses of the soldiers were stopped, he knew that the palace was nigh.

The king saw him at last. He was of middle stature and not very thin, his face was darkened by the rays of the sun and was fair like the pericarp of the lotus, his body was languid and relaxed with toil, his shoulders were high like the hump of an ox, his breast was expanded, and his beard which was not long disclosed his

high cheeks and ample neck. His nose was high and his lips were like the ripe bimba. His limbs were ample but not disproportionately so, and his head was bent. He was calm and moved slowly ; the turban on his head was made of clothes collected together, and kissed the parting of the hairs, and the lines on his forehead were fair as the moon, and seemed to extend the marks of the sandal paste. The king saw him descend from the horse and approach him like the god of love, with the royal ministers around him.

The eyes of the king expanded with delight, and Bhoja at the king's request ascended the assembly. The way was obstructed by men who stretched out their necks out of curiosity. Bhoja touched the feet of the king with his hand, and sat before him, and placed before the king's seat, the dagger which he held in his hand. The king placed his hand, like the hood of a serpent, with two fingers projecting, on Bhoja's chin, and said :—"You are not captured in battle, and will not be imprisoned now, why shall I then accept this weapon placed by you?" Bhoja replied to the king. "O! king! To take up arm for the defence of one's master is the means of securing his own salvation. You protect the seven seas by your own valour, and we rarely find an opportunity for doing you service by our weapon. The shelter of my lord's feet will be my protection in the next world; what is the use then of any other means of salvation in this world?" The king then

spoke like a wise man. "By your good qualities my present work has been accomplished, we have now other work to do." Bhoja said :—"All that I am stating now is only feigned in order to beget my master's confidence What is the use then in repeating such statements? What unfriendly deeds were not thought of or tried or what not done? Know that those which were not successful were not known to the public. We who have eyes of skin [not of reason,] believed you before to be our enemy. But were you not born of the family of Malla for some great purpose? O! king! Whenever we wished to do some unfriendly act towards you, then always occurred great earthquakes. When, O! king! we heard of your great prowess described by the bright genius of poets, I felt a feverish impulse, on hearing of your valour, which never forsook me, neither in the crest of mountains nor in clefts, nor in the caverns, nor in the snows, nor in the groves of mountains. Since that time I felt a desire O! king! to take your shelter, and, though owing to the distance between us, the establishment of peace was not possible, yet I wished to humble myself before you. After I had wished for reconciliation, all my deeds undertaken through an impious zeal for war were insignificant and obscure. It is for our kinship with you that chiefs respect us and wait upon us. In this world, a glass vessel is respected when filled with the water of the Ganges. Even to this day, there are innumerable Kshatriyas on all sides of us

connected with you by blood and called Shāheva." With adulations like these, Bhoja called his master, the arbiter of his fate, and again touched the king's feet with his head. He then rose, and in his hurry to bow down, his turban fell down, but the king covered Bhoja's head with the cloth from his own head. The king, with unabated gravity, took the dagger which was kept by Bhoja, and which was lying untouched, soothed him and placed it on his lap; and when Bhoja declined to take it, the king spoke thus:—"I give you this, and you should accept it and revere it; I desire that you should not decline to accept it." Bhoja knew the proper time and import of every act and he understood that the order of the proud king should not be disobeyed. He obeyed, bowed and took that weapon. Then, as if he had been an old servant of the king, he behaved freely with the king; he was reconciled with him, and became a boon companion. This fortunate man bowed to the king, praised him highly, and said:—"O! king! He is not fortunate who engages himself in any work other than that of listening to the account of your virtues. Neither life nor wealth is worth reckoning to day. Know therefore O! king! that the homage which is paid to you is without dissimulation." He again said:—"We think we can adequately express our loyalty to the king, but when we attempt to do so in words, we fail."

The king then for a short time made enquiries on

subjects both of great and little importance, and then went to the inner appartments of queen Raḍḍā, with Bhoja. Bhoja saw her beaming with courtesy, and he bowed to her and acknowledged that the king was the Pārijāta tree attended by Kalpalatā. Then the king said to the queen :—"O! Queen! This courteous kinsman has come to you." The queen replied :—"He should be honored and treated with respect among our sons." The king who was full of courtesy took Bhoja with him and went to the house of the queen who had accomplished the work of reconciliation, in order to do her honor. The clever queen smiled and spoke thus to Bhoja who had come with the king :—"Have you become a confidant of the sovereign within so short a time?" She smiled out of bashfulness as she bowed to her husband, the king, and welcomed his kinsman Bhoja, and spoke thus to the king about Bhoja. "O! Son of Ārya! he (Bhoja) neglected the council of his own men and followed honor. His endeavour to satisfy his kindred should not be forgotten. Lotuses grow in the water, but when grown, they rise above the water and are taken in company by other lotuses. Do thou also, lotus of the family! now accept Bhoja. We were tired with our task, and could not, without his help, have accomplished the work of supporting our dignity or even returning to our capital. When the tree which protects the sea shore falls, the creeper which clings to it falls also. The life of a woman is said to follow the course of her husband's

life. Means should be adopted for the protection of your life, so that there may not be any mishap to it." The king said to her:—"O Queen! You are a witness to all my deeds; do you not think that Bhoja's purpose honest? I have suppressed the wicked Sujji and Mallārjuna, but my heart which labored under sorrow has not even to this day been relieved of grief."

The king then asked Bhoja to stay in the most magnificient house, and Bhoja and his followers did not think it safe to stay anywhere else in the capital. He thought that those who remained at a distance became helpless, and were not able to see the king frequently, and consequently, could not serve the king. The king understood his purpose and was glad, and Bhoja lived in the house given to him by the king, within the capital, and furnished with all necessary furniture. The king also was served by his kindred and others, whose pleasure was heightened through affection; and his affection was drawn towards Bhoja, as to an old dependant. At the time of enjoyment, when there were many strange sights to see, the king used to remember him, like a beloved son, and used to call him, by messengers, to his side. As he was a kindred, the king, when at meal, used to place him on his right side and give him delicious food before he parted with him. The king bore towards him an unfeigned affection, like a father, and along with the sons of his own blood, he favored his relative. Though attended by many attendants, the king reposed his full

confidence on him. He too behaved befittingly. He pointed out to the king those who were intimate with him during the civil war, and thereby removed his displeasure and reduced the number of his enemies. He did not appear in the court as a meaningless show or like an impudent man or with the assumed virtue of a heron. When through carelessness, the king proceeded too far or too short in any act, he passed them unheeded, as the minor poems of a great poet are passed unnoticed. He did not narrate with pride the deeds of his valor or his gifts given in religious ceremonies and when questioned, he did not speak of past events with exaggeration. With a bold look the wise Bhoja silenced those who flattered him, as equal to the king, or as born of the same family, and thus compared him with the king. Even when asked about his intentions, he would so lower his ambition, that the wicked, the cunning, and those who could see through a joke, could not fathom him. At times when the lights were extinguished, and all had retired on account of the darkness, he would go to the house of the king without betraying any fear. Even when the king slackened his vigilance, owing to his confidence in Bhoja, Bhoja acted like a tame horse, and did not run away. Always forward in other places, Bhoja felt himself embarrassed in going to the inner appartments or to the council room, although not forbidden. The king sent away even the lord of Darat who had petitioned for some concessions, for the

king felt his expectations could not be realized by depending on any one other than Bhoja. Guards were not set on Bhoja's way even in times of distrust, and Bhoja did not fail to disclose to the king even what he saw in dreams. He gave no account to the king of the mutual censure which the ministers and the ladies of the inner appartments indulged in, but forgot them like evil dreams. In assemblies where ill-natured jokes were indulged in, the intelligent Bhoja simply echoed the words of the bad men whose lightness was apparent in their words; but he spoke otherwise in his own mind. Thus endued with purity of intention, he became, by his deeds, the beloved of the king who understood business and who entertained a greater affection for him than for his own sons. King Siṃharāja attained what can with difficulty be attained by the kings of the Kali age; he constructed a new bridge, as it were, for saving his kindred.

When the tumults raised by Trillaka were quelled, he thought that even burning in fire would be a relief to his body. He delayed to escape in time by the mountain road which was devoid of snow, thinking that such escape was impossible, and that he would be caught in attempting it. Therefore while the sensible Trillaka waited for an opportunity to depart, Sañjapāla commenced to pursue him, without further deliberation. That great hero Trillaka who rested but little, stopped at Mārtāṇḍa with many good warriors of Devasarasa.

That country was easily accessible to the opponents, nor was he so vain as to think that the hostile soldiers who were beyond Mārtāṇḍa were weak. The followers of Trillaka who had not their arrows near at hand, fought with their enemies; nor did they display cowardice. The Lavanya, with his unlimited soldiers and with the Ḍāmaras of several places, and with the whole strength, fought there in anger with those who were running. The men of Devasarasa fled, full of plundered riches. They felt the power of Sañjapāla. When the whole place was covered by rain and by enemies, the soldiers looked like the Kula mountains.* They who had been exposed to the powerful rays of the sun, had long withstood the rage of the foes and had destroyed several of the enemy's soldiers, were slain in these battles. The other party, when they had slain all the heroes in battle, reached Maṇḍala. The people of Mārttāṇḍa were also thickly wounded.

Gayāpāla, son of Sañjapāla, became distinguished in this battle. When three horses were killed under him, he fought on foot for want of a fourth, and was unobserved. His younger brother, the boy Jarjja, who fought for the first time in this battle, astonished the heroes who had witnessed innumerable great battles. He cut down the handsome right hand of the lord of Kampana. The sun torments large elephants and the hyppopotamus

* The seven great mountains that are believed to have kept their heads above the water at the deluge.

breaks their tusks. The lord of Kampana ran on horseback, displayed his weapon in one hand and looked like a forest fire with a column of smoke on a winged mountain.* In this fierce battle with the enemies, the horse, put to flight by a wound inflicted by an arrow, ran backwards and threw him down from its back. Owing to the weight of his armour and to the heavy fall on the surface of the ground, he became senseless, and was carried away by his two sons from among the enemies. When the army was completely destroyed, his men cast him in the courtyard of the temple of Mārttaṇḍa, out of the sight of the enemies, and fled. The lord of Kampana departed with the whole of the large army and found the Ḍāmara who was there, and crushed him.

When the king came to Vijayakṣhetra, Sañjapāla completely burnt the broken house of the Lavanya. The king frowned in anger, and the Lavanya, though reduced to that plight, was not reduced to poverty. He had plenty of food in the rows of villages in the mountains. He had no friends, and was sent away out of his family, and was rebuked by servants whose wisdom becomes cheap at the time of distress. His hand was cut, and owing to the helplessness of his condition, he gave up his head as an offering to the anger of the king, as one gives a fruit to Vishṇu.

* It is believed that, in ancient times, mountains were furnished with wings.

The king then anointed Gulhaṇa, the eldest of the sons of Raḍḍādevī, as king of the prosperous kingdom of Lohara. That prince was aged six or seven years, and he surpassed older kings, as a young mango tree surpasses worn out trees. As the queen [Raḍḍā] went to anoint her son, the feudatory kings bowed to her, and reddened her feet by the rays of the rubies on their heads, as if by red paint. When the prince was anointed, the clouds, as if in compliance with the wishes of the queen, drenched the earth which had been dried up by a fearful drought.

Rājavadana who was anxious to create a revolution again vigorously attacked Jayachandra, in obedience to the orders of the king. Accompanied by the son of Nāga's brother, he destroyed the rear of the army which followed the son of Garga, as he was entering a narrow defile. The son of Garga, whose face became dejected on account of the discomfiture, captured Loshṭaka, the eldest of the sons of Nāga's brother, in battle, after a few days. Owing to the difficulty of access, Dinnāgrāma was not attacked by the enemies, but the son of Garga entered it with dexterous valor, burnt it, and came out of it. Even then Rājavadana's power was not reduced. He did not establish peace, nor was he angry with him who had gone out of Dinnāgrāma and with whom he was quite able to cope.

Jayachandra and others whose army decreased day by day, and who always disregarded discomforts, fell on the

king. The king placed the Tikshṇas who had long arms and long fingers in an ambuscade and caused Jayachandra to be killed in the midst of the battle. Jayachandra who was engaged in the unfortunate battle was soon cut down, and his life departed from his body ; his head and face rolled on the ground, and his body was cut to pieces. Seeking a pretext for the extermination of the family of Prithvīhara, the king killed even Loṭhana after he had bestowed on him the royal umbrella and staff. He had once been saved by Trillaka when surrounded by foes, but now he again fell in the meshes of the king's policy. Mallakoshṭa, Kṣharajayya, Maḍḍa-chandra and others were harassed by poverty and disturbances, and were like dead though living, and they remained quiet.

Simharāja, the chief of his dynasty, as if believing that the soul of king Uchchala was imperishable, gave an endowment to a maṭha which had obtained the protection of many kings, but which had been thrown into disorder through vanity proceeding from the possession of wealth. The king completed the ancestral Sullā vihāra, and the three temples commenced by his father, as well as the half-finished palace. He was of immovable purpose, and gathered faultless courtiers and friends around him by the gift of villages, articles and markets. In memory of the deceased Chandralā, an inmate of the female appartments, whose face was as beautiful as the moon, he established at Dvāra, a maṭha of exceeding beauty, in

which guests were never refused shelter. The king, who had no vanity, built Sûryyamatîmaṭha with greater magnificence than before; and people talked with wonder about the structure.

Then, when Sañjapâla departed from this world, his son Gayâpâla was set up in Kampana by the king. People forgot the fame of the mighty and unbearable Sañjapâla when his gentle son succeeded, as they forget the autumn sun on seeing the gentle moon. When at the rising of a cloud, a sudden lightning strikes down a tree which had stood on the bank of a river, unaffected by the heat of the summer, the stream does not show the destruction of the tree, but displays the beauty of its own waters.

It was Dhanya who was the main stay of the king's party from the time of Bhikṣhu's destruction to the time when Bhoja was won over, that is, during the period of the king's trouble. He took an unusual interest in the performance of the king's work, and by treacherous murders, reduced and anihilated the enemies. He also devoted, like a son, his dear life to the service of that grateful king who should be saved at the sacrifice of the world's life, and who, though sunk in danger at every step, was steady in his purpose to protect his subjects. The king mixed with those who were near Dhanya wishing his welfare; and he remained sleepless and did not move from the side of Dhanya who was ill, in his last moments. The death of this dear subject and minis

ter, for a time, gave new life to the people. They had grieved at the death of Māndhātā and other kings, but they now rejoiced. At the time when the kingdom of the new king was harassed by civil wars, it was his ministry which overcame all reverses and became irresistible. At the time when Sujji was killed and he became the superintendent of the capital, he put down the disorders in the kingdom which were of long growth. The use of Dīnnāra, in the making of purchases, had been prohibited by law, but he repealed the law, and Dīnnāra has now a wide currency without any fall in its price. When the character of a married woman was lost, the master of the house used to inflict punishment; but this practice was prohibited by him after deliberation. Thus on obtaining the superintendentship of the capital, he had become useful to men. But even he oppressed the people in conducting his affairs. He inflicted violent punishments on many dissipated men who, it was reported, had been living in houses full of immured women and dancing girls. What will you gain by thinking about the leaders of soldiers who were ever ready to fly like husks? Yet there was none so devoid of rebellious feelings and of avarice as he was. Even when he heard of Bhikṣhu and Mallārjjuna, he did not forsake the good of his master according to the prevalent custom of the time. In the time of prosperity, he never forgot his disinterestedness, and at the time of his death, he had not acquired much wealth either

honestly or dishonestly. The king divided the whole of Dhanya's wealth among his dependants, even as he would have done if Dhanya had been alive. How could he have expressed his gratitude to Dhanya more adequately than by this conduct? Dhanya had commenced building a Vihāra named Vijja, after the name of his beloved wife Vijjā who had gone to the next world. But after Dhanya had gone to the other world, the king spent some money from the remnant of Dhanya's estate to finish the Vihāra.

Encouraged to do good works by the virtues of the king who began many sacred works, the Rājaviji Saṅgiya, younger brother of Kamaliya, built a temple after his own name. He was born in the family of those Kshetriyas whose only occupation was to engage themselves in battle after drink, and who, when the Turashkas entered the country, and there were numerous enemies, learned nothing but cruelty for the preservation of the native land. It was at the time when king Sussala was engaged in war that they took advantage of the discord to come into Kashmira, according to their custom. Men learn wisdom at the Vāṇaliṅga, set up by Saṅgiya, on the banks of the Vitastā, even like those who have obtained salvation on the banks of the Ganges. The sight of his maṭha graced with devotees satiates the curiosity to see the heaven of Mahādeva.

Having spent money to no purpose, the clear headed Loṭhana did not commence any other consecration.

Chintā, wife of Udaya, lord of Kampana, adorned the land on the banks of the Vitastā with a vihāra. There the five temples in the vihāra appeared like the five tall fingers of the hand of the god of virtue. Maṅkhaka, minister for war and peace, brother of Alaṅkāra, set up the Shrīkaṇṭha maṭha, and became great.

Sumanā, the younger sister [of Alaṅkāra] became equal to Rilhaṇa by pious acts such as constructing maṭha, giving villages to Brāhmaṇas, building temples of gods and repairing the worn out temples. [Rilhaṇa] raised a maṭha at Bhuteshvara, and he paid oblation to his ancestors with the waters of the gold bearing Vitastā, which flowed by Trigrāma. In the district named Kashyapāgāra, the river Nīlabhū flows eastward, as if emulating the Ganges. There he caused a bridge to be built for the crossing over of cows and other animals. He secured his salvation by this pious act. Even in the capital he built a house inscribed with his name, for Mahādeva, and constructed maṭhas for the shelter of images of Shiva which were deprived of their temples. He constructed an image named Mammeshvara of pure gold, and constructed Somatīrtha and a garden in a lake which was illuminated on its sides. Born in the dynasty of the king who was the master of life and property, and possessed of greatness and riches, he excited the jealousy of the ministers, even as king Māndhātā, when seated in his new seat in heaven, excited Indra's jealousy and anger and was cast out of heaven by him. The king

who was steady of purpose saw his servants improving in their work day by day and thought of his own great intellect and was happy.

King Kalasha had strong common sense, and his servant Rilhaṇa set up gold umbrellas and became his favourite. At Sureshvari where the united images of Hara and Pārvati were kept, the gold umbrella, decorated with bells, won the affection of both the god and the goddess, on the "night of the lamps." The gold umbrella seemed like the mountain Meru which appeared to have travelled to the spot to breathe on the heads of Pārvatī and Hara who were the daughter and son-in-law of his friend the Himālaya mountain. The fire of Mahādeva's eye pondered thus:—"Mahādeva burnt Kāma, the beloved Umā therefore embraced Mahādeva in terror; she should therefore feel grateful to Kāma." Thus pondering, the fire darted upwards in the form of an umbrella. There was a large gold umbrella constructed by Rilhaṇa and fixed on the top of the temple of the beloved of Rukminī, (Krishṇa), and now it looks small and beautiful, as if the sun has come to see whether his master Nārāyaṇa has recovered his Chakra, beautiful as itself (the sun), and which Chakra had once gone mad with drinking blood and had fled away. At the shrine which has been deeply and everlastingly hallowed by the conqueror of Kāma (Mahādeva) and by him (Vishṇu) whose banner is marked with the image of a bird, there on an ornamental stick, Mahādeva's golden umbrella, the perfection

of workmanship, looked like the pollen of the lotus of the Ganges whirled round by the breath of the serpent on his head.* [The silver umbrella] of the other god [Vishṇu] seemed like a lightning on the skirts of his cloud-like hair. Within the rich, deep and golden dome of the temple, looking like the dome of the universe, the white and the sable beauty of Mahādeva and Vishṇu blends with the rays of the spreading umbrella. The beautiful gold umbrella spreads over them, as over two seas.

After the king of Lohara (Gulhaṇa), queen Roḍḍā's four sons, clever and eminent on account of their virtues, became kings. As Lakshmaṇa bore inseparable love towards Rāma, so Gulhaṇa is loved by Aparāditya, and lives in prosperity in Lohara. As Shatrughna was brought up by Bharata, even so Jayāpiḍa lives under the fostering care of Lalitāditya. King Ahaskara was renowned on account of humility and was the fifth virtuous king, and rose like the young sun. He was restless on account of his young age, graceful on account of his reverence and power, and although like the beautiful sun, he softened men. His fair face with eyes lined with collyrium, and his lower lip red as copper, appeared like a golden lotus on which the rays of the newly risen sun were reflected. Though

* It would appear that Mahādeva was here represented by an image with a serpent round its head and with the Ganges flowing through its hair.

young, his conversation was clear and full of magnanimity, and was as grateful to men as the source of the nectar, (the moon), churned out of the ocean. He is born of a great family, and the graceful dignity of his infancy indicates future expansion. Four daughters,—Menilā, Rājalakṣhmī, Padmashri and Kamalā,—all bent on good deeds, were born to the king of Kashmīrā Always surrounded by beautiful children in the pleasure garden made for enjoyment, the unblemished king and queen look graceful like two gardens in the rainy season. By the reduction of the expenditure of the kingdom, hallowed by holy temples, the riches of queen Roḍḍā were augmented. The queen was followed by the king and petty chiefs and ministers in her pilgrimage to shrines of gods, and she beamed like the goddess of Royal Fortune. When she bathed, her companions in pilgrimage touched the person of that chaste lady and instantly abandoned their desire to touch the image of Sati. When she marched, the rain clouds in the sky always followed her, in order to see her, as they follow the rainy season; no doubt, because, when she bathed in the shrines of this world, the shrines of heaven bathed her too, out of jealousy, in the guise of rain clouds. In her eagerness to go to shrines, the queen with her tender limbs does not think even the cloud-touching hills and the bank-breaking rivers in her way to be insurmountable. By setting up many images and repairing worn out temples, the wise and clever queen surpassed the

"Idle" (Nirjjitavarmmā) and Diddā. She set up a beautiful image of Rudra named Rudreshvara, made of white stone, grateful as the source of the nectar, (the moon), and beauteous as the melting sea of cream. It shines to this day and destroys hunger, thirst, poverty and all disturbances. Set with pure gold, it is the graceful ornament of Kāshmīra, the essence of all beautiful things in the world. She also repaired the building named Shāntāvasāda.

When the king is ruffled with anger, as the sea is by the sub-marine fire, the queen is the shelter of the servants, as the Ganges is of aquatic creatures. When the king is in even temper, punishments or favors on [subordinate] kings were awarded at her desire. She favored king Bhūpāla, son of Somapāla, by marriage with the honorable Meniladevī. The dignity inherited from noble birth is easily discerned, and is never completely lost. The fiery sun has the power to destroy darkness, and the disk (moon) receives the power from the sun, and so destroys darkness. This kingdom, wonderful among all kingdoms on earth, and purified and full of jewels, displays in a befitting manner the virtues of the king. After Menilādevī was married, her father sincerely forgot his former displeasure against the bridegroom and bestowed on him a kingdom.

The king had, by his vigour, killed king Prājidhara and other enemies in battle. The powerful Ghaṭotkacha, younger brother of Prājidhara now tried to heal up his enmity with the king. He took shelter of Roḍḍā and

obtained a beautiful kingdom, and enjoyed a kingly fortune. Pañchavaṭa, helped by the ministers of the king, caused the kingdom of Aṅgaḍa including Prajji to be taken away from its owner who behaved with hostility towards his brother. His [Pañchavaṭa's] prowess was as great as that of the Sphāradānā river, when full of water; but by crossing it, he [Ghatotkacha] eluded that river as well as Pañchavaṭa's black sword flashing before enemies. The latter [Pañchavaṭa] created a bad name for the king, and by the prowess of the gods, took possession of Atyugrapura full of combatants. Under the beams of the white umbrella, beautiful as the moon, many joyful leaders of armies thus attained fame.

In this year 25, twenty-two years have now passed since the king obtained the kingdom. Owing to the virtues of the subjects, the happiness attained by this king in the end was not equalled in any other place for many years and cycles. Water which naturally flows is, by a certain plant, consolidated, and it becomes like stone. Solid stone (sun-jewel) melts at the rising of the sun, and flows. Whose work can shine unchanged against the irrisistible power of time, as long as such irrisistible power endures? Such is the power of Fate!

When 653 years of Kali had elapsed, Gonarda became king in Kashmira by serving the Pāndavas. Then his son Dāmodara, then Dāmodara's wife Yashomati, then her son another Gonarda. Then thirty-five kings whose good deeds, family and names are unknown. Passing them over,

Lava became king. His son was Kusheshaya. His son and grandson named Khagendra and Surendra became kings. Then Godhara born of another family became king. Then his son named Suvarṇa. His son Janaka became king. Shachīnara son of Shachī [wife of Janaka], and then his cousin's son Ashoka became king. Then his son Jalouka. Then Dāmodara born in a family which is not well known. Then the three Hushka &c. of the Turushka family jointly became kings. Then Abhimanyu. Then the third Gonarda. Then Vibhīshaṇa. Then Indrajita and Rāvaṇa, father and son, successively became kings. Another Vibhīshaṇa,* and Sidha. Then his son Utpalāksha. After him Hiraṇyāksha. Then Hiraṇyakulaka. His son king Vasukula. Then Shrīmihirakula known as the destroyer of three koti [men]. After him Vaka. Then king Kshitinanda. Then his son Vasunanda. Another Nara. Then Aksha. Then Gopāditya and Gokarṇa successively. From him was Narendrāditya. His son the blind Yudhishṭhira; he was deposed by his servants. Pratāpāditya born of another family became king. His son Jalauka. His son Tuñjīna. Then Vijaya born of another family. His son Jayendra who had no children. Then was the minister Sandhimāna. Then Shrīmeghavāhana, grandson of Yudhishṭhira, son of Bhūpāditya. When through Meghavāhana the family of Gonarda had become prosperous, then in the kingdom of Kashmīra Pravarasena

* Nara has been left out.

became king. His son Hiraṇya governed the world. Then the kingdom was given to Mātṛigupta by the enemy of the Shakas [Vikramāditya of Ujjayanī.] Then another Pravarasena, son of Toramāṇa, Hiraṇya's brother's son, obtained the country. Then his son Yudhiṣhṭhira. Then Narendrāditya and Raṇāditya successively became kings. Then his [Raṇāditya's] son Vikramāditya. Then was Bālāditya son of Vikramāditya. Then Durlabhavarddhana son-in-law of Bālāditya. Then his son Durlabhaka. Then Chandrāpīḍa, his younger brother Tārāpiḍa, his younger brother Muktāpīḍa became kings. His step brother Kuvalayāpīḍa. Muktāpīḍa's son Vajrāditya. His sons Pṛithivyāpīḍa and Saṅgrāmāpīḍa, became kings. Then Jayāpīḍa and his minister Jajja, and then Lalitāpiḍa and Saṅgrāmāpīḍa two sons of Jayāpīḍa successively became kings. Then was Shrīchippaṭajayāpīḍa, son of the elder [Lalitāpīḍa], born of the daughter of Kalpapāla. His maternal uncles Utpala and others killed him by magic and without getting the kingdom themselves, set up by mutual consent, in Chippaṭajayāpīḍa's place, his brother's son Ajitāpīḍa. Then Anaṅgapīḍa son of Saṅgrāmapīḍa. He was deposed and succeeded by Utpalāpīḍa son of Ajitāpīḍa. The minister Shūra deposed him [and raised] Avantivarmmā. Utpala's grandson, Sukhavarmmā's son, the celebrated hero Shaṅkaravarmmā was established in the kingdom. His son Gopāla. Then his brother Saṅkaṭa who was picked up in the streets. Their mother Sugan-

dhā, who reigned after murdering Saṅkaṭa. The Tantri infantry made the cripple Nirjjitavarmmā, great grandson of Shūravarmmā, king, and then Pártha. Then Chakravarmmā and Shūravarmmā, sons of Nirjjitavarmmā.* After the death of Chakravarmmā, the sinful Unmattavanti, son of Pártha. After him his son Shūravarmmā. When he was dethroned, the Dvijas made the minister Yashaskara, king. His cousin's son Varṇaṭa. After him his son the crooked feeted Saṅgrāma got the kingdom. Dethroning him, the minister named Parvvagupta obtained the kingdom by rebellion. Then his son Kṣhemagupta. His son Abhimanyu. After his death, his son Nandagupta who was nursed by his mother, [*i. e.*, who was very young]. Then Tribhuvanagupta. And after his death Bhīmagupta. And after his death, the cruel Diddā who killed her son's son. And after her, she made her brother's son Saṅgrāmadeva, king. Then his two sons Harirāja and Anantadeva. Ananta's son Kalasha. His two sons successively Utkarṣha and Harṣha. Dethroning Harṣha, Uchchala of the same family got the kingdom. Uchchala was born of Malla, the grandson of Jassarāja who was Diddā's, brother's son. Uchchala was killed by a revolt of servants and in their presence. Raḍḍa alias Shaṅkharāja became king for a short time. He was killed by Gargga, and Salhaṇa step brother of [Raḍḍa] became king. King Uchchala's powerful brother named Sussala, son of Malla, killed Salhaṇa and possessed the

* Sambhubardhana has been left out.

kingdom. He was overthrown by the disaffected servants and for six months, king Harsha's grandson named Bhikshāchara was made king. Banishing him, Sussala again obtained the kingdom. The trusted Lavanyas in time killed the harassed king Sussala in a civil discord. But after destroying the whole of the Lavanyas as well as the king Bhikshāchara, king Sussala's son king Jayasimha of great forgiveness at present lives and delights the world.

Like the river Godāvari with its winding course, flowing rapidly through seven mouths, this wave of kings has entered for repose, the great sea like dynasty of king Shrīkānta.

This is the eighth Taranga of the Rājatarangini by the great poet Shrikalhana.

Here ends the Rājatarangini by the great poet Kalhana, son of the great and clever minister Champakaprabhu.

KINGS OF KASHMIRA

BEING

A TRANSLATION OF THE SAṄSKṚITA WORKS

OF

JONARĀJA, SHRĪVARA, AND OF PRĀJYA BHAṬṬA AND SHUKA

BY

JOGESH CHUNDER DUTT.

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PREFACE.

It is some satisfaction to the translator to be able to bring his self-imposed labours to an end. In volumes I. and II. of this work which were published in 1879 and 1887, respectively, he completed the translation of Kahlaṇa's work. Pandit Durgāprasāda of Jayapore has published an excellent edition of Kahlaṇa's work, and the translator regrets that he was unable to profit by it as the edition was published subsequent to his translation. The narration left by Kahlaṇa, who may be called the father of Indian history, was taken up by Jonarāja. He again was followed by his pupil Shrīvara: and Shrīvara's work was continued by Prājyabhaṭṭa. It is not generally known that Prājyabhaṭṭa left his work incomplete, and that it was taken up by Shuka who brought the account of Kashmīra to the time when the country was conquered by Akbar, and it ceased to be an independent kingdom. The works of all these authors have been translated in the volume now presented to the public. To judge from the imperfect texts of these works published by the General Committee of Public Instruction,

and the Asiatic Society of Bengal, it seems that the later authors have greatly improved Kahlaṇa's method of writing history. They are clear and perspicuous, and events are narrated consecutively, so that the whole narration runs in one continuous flow. The writers however could not forget that they were poets as well as historians, and consequently they interspersed their accounts with flowers of poesy and rhetorical flourishes !

It is to be regretted that the last of the works mentioned above has been very carelessly edited. Portions of the narrative have got inserted in wrong places so as to interrupt the flow of the narrative and to render the meaning in those places unintelligible. The translator has tried his best to put these intruding fragments into their proper places. He has however not been able to find the proper place of three unimportant and uninteresting stories which he has put in appendices.

It must be mentioned that valuable as the writings of these authors are from a historical point of view, in the absence of any other history of the country they relate to, we cannot unhasitatingly accept their estimation of persons and events when we remember that they were, what may be called, court pandits, and depended on the smiles of kings, whose accounts they wrote, for almost everything they had in the world. It is not unlikely that they often had to read out their writings in court. We almost always find that they begin the account of a king by extolling his virtues to the skies, and we may be sure that they never wrote their

censures on any king till he was dead or deposed. As court pandits they had in full measure the vice of such people,—fulsome adulation of their patrons.—They did not hesitate to raise Mahomedan princes not only above the ancient heroes of their country, whom as Hindus they must have revered, but even above the gods of the Hindus. A strict impartiality of opinion cannot be expected from such writers. A true history cannot be written when the writer has a purpose to serve other than writing a true history. There is however no reason to disbelieve the correctness of their accounts, irrespective of the writers' views regarding the events narrated.

No one can be more alive to the defects of the translation than the translator himself. He is however the first to translate these valuable records into English, and he hopes that the public will view his performance with the indulgence due to a first attempt of difficult work. He trusts it will form the ground work for translations which will no doubt be more scholarly than his, especially when undertaken by a European scholar like Dr. Stein of Lahore. A European commands much greater resources in this country than what a native of the country may hope to do.

In conclusion the translator begs to offer his best thanks to his teacher Pandit Ālokanāth Nyāyabhūṣhaṇa with whom he read the Rājataraṅgiṇī almost from the beginning to the end. He is also deeply obliged

to his brother Mr. Romesh C. Dutt, C. I. E. for very valuable help rendered in connection with this translation, as in many other things which the world will perhaps never know.

CALCUTTA,
1st July 1898.

J. C. DUTT.

KINGS OF KASHMIRA—SECOND SERIES, BY JONARĀJA.

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BOOK III.

Invocation ;—The author's preface ;—Coronation of king Hassana ;—Minister Ahmada and Tājibhaṭṭa ;—Rebellion of Vahrāmakhāna ;—His defeat and imprisonment ;—Imprisonment of Avatārasīha and others ;—Bad councellors of the king ;—Putting out the eyes of Vahrāmakhāna ;—His sufferings in prison and death ;—Fall and imprisonment of Avimanyu ;—Putting out of his eyes ;—His death ;—Imprisonment and death of Jāda and Pūrṇa ;—The Saidas ;—Marriages among the nobles ;—Erection of public buildings ;—A new coin ;—Death of the king's mother ;—Construction of a bridge of boats ;—Birth of a prince and festivity on that account ;—A conflagration ;—Effect of jealousy among ministers ;—Intrigue against Tājibhaṭṭa ;—His foreign expedition ;—Fall of Tājibhaṭṭa ;—Return of the Saidas ;—Their influence in court ;—Imprisonment of Tājibhaṭṭa ;—Fall of Ahmada ;—His imprisonment and confiscation of his property ;—Power of the Saidas ;—Oppressions practised by them ; —Saida Nāsira ;—Death of Ahmada ;—Decline of the king's influence ;—Meyā Hasana ;—Expedition into Bhuṭṭa ;—The Mārgapati's advice to the king ;—His flight ;—Influence of the women of the palace ;—The Mārgapati's further advice to the king ;—Its consequence ;—Difficulties with the Madras ;—The king's hunting party ;—The king's illness ;—Killing birds at Sarja ;—Increase of the king's illness ;—His death and funeral ;—The conclusion.

BOOK IV.

Ascent of Mahmadashāha to the throne ;—Power of the Saidas ;—Killing birds on the Satī lake ;—Suspicion of the Madras against the Saidas ;—Mera

Hassana maimed ;—Murder of the Saidas ;—Conflict between the Saidas and the Madras ;—Release of the son of Vahrāmakhāna from prison ;—His death ;—Preparation for battle between the Saidas, and the Madras and the Kashmīrians ;—Petty hostilities between them ; —The Madras and the Kashmīrians invite Jyahāṅgira the Māргesha ;—Proposal of peace ;—A victory of the Saidas ;—Their cruel acts ;—Preparations of the people's party for another battle ;—Arrival of the Turuṣhkas ;—Their defeat ;—Preparation at Sthāma for a battle between the Kashmīrians and the Saidas ;—Correspondence between the parties ;—Final defeat of the Saidas ;—Little skirmishes ;—New ministers and their acts ;—The division of estates ;—Oppressions of the ministers ;—Their mutual jealousy ;—Ill will against Jyahāṅgira the Māргesha ;—Oppressions of Jonarājānaka ;—His death and imprisonment of his partisans ;—Early life of Phatāhakhāna ;—His first invasion of Kashmīra ;—Anxiety of the king ;—Uneasiness of the Māргapati and the fear of the people ;—Correspondence between the Khāna's party and the Māргapati ;—Confusion before the battle ;—Victory of the Khāna ;—Murder of Subhāgasīha ;—Battle of Kalyāṇapura ;—Khāna's second invasion of Kashmīra ;—The author's opinion as to the cause of these calamities ;—Victory of the Kashmīrians ;—Anarchy in the kingdom ;—Khāna's third invasion of Kashmīra ;—Preparations for battle ;—Release of Saipha Ḍāmara from prison ;—His previous history ;—Proposals of peace ;—Various movements of the parties ;—Tumults in the country ;—Success of the Khāna ;—Murder of Jeraka ;—Distress of the people ;—Khāna's fourth invasion of Kashmīra ;—Battle of Gusikoḍḍāra ;—Distress of the Māргesha ;—Another defeat of the Māргesha ;—His flight ;—Plunder of the country by the Khashas ;—Capture of king Mahmadashāha ;—Plunder of the city ;—Saipha Ḍāmara ;—The conclusion.

KINGS OF KASHMĪRA, FOURTH SERIES, BY PRĀJYABHAṬṬA AND SHUKA.

The invocation ;—The author's account of himself ;—King Phataha ;—His ministers ;—Oppressions on the Hindus ;—Intrigue among the ministers ;—Burning of Jainakadala ;—Death of Somachandra ;—Distribution of estates ;—Influence of the Ḍāmaras ; —Murder of Gājakhāna and of Mallekadatta ;—Redistribution of estates ;—Fall of the Ḍāmaras ;—Redistribution of estates ;—Flight of the Mārgesha ;—Redistribution of estates ;—Return of the Ḍāmaras ;—Rebellion of Ebhrāhema Mārgesha ;—Defeat of the king's party ;—Flight of king Phataha ;—Mahmada Shāha became king (2nd time) ;—Seha Eskandara made heir-apparent ;—Death of Utsa Malleka ;—Phataha became king (2nd time) ;—New ministers ;—Kācha Chakra ;—Administration of the country ;—Bones of the Hindus carried to the Ganges ;—Fruitless invasion of the country by the Mārgeshas ;—An epidemic ;—Mahmada Shāha's invasion ;—Defeat and flight of Phataha Shāha ;—Mahmada Shāha became king (3rd time) ;—Panegyric on the king ; —Appointment of ministers and other acts ;—Rebellion of the Mārgapatis ;—Battle of Jāladraṃgaḍa ;—Imprisonment of some nobles and other acts ;—Oppressions on the Brāhmaṇas ;—Death of Phataha Shāha and others ;—Arrest of some nobles and advancement of others ;—Rebellion of the Mārgapatis;—Their defeat and retreat ;—Another fruitless rebellion of the Mārgapatis ; —Death of Habhebha Khāna ;—Alliance between the Mārgapatis and the Chakrīs ;—Baber ;—Quarrel between the Mārgapatis and the Chakrīs ;—Eskandara's eyes put out ;—Scuffle between the two clans continue ;—Prince Ebrāhima Khāna ;—Deposition of Mahmada ;—Salutation to Mahādeva ;—King Ebrāhima Shāha ;—Abdāla Mārgesha sought aid from Delhi ;—Arrival of a Mogul force ;—Defeat of the Chakrīs ;—Nājoka Shāha made

king ;—Division of the country ;—Peace in the country ; —Opposition of the Chakrīs ;—Release of Mahmada Shāha ;—He became king (4th time) ;—Nājoka made heir-apparent ;—Death of Baber ;—Opposition of the Chakrīs ;—A comet ;—Arrival of the Moguls ;—Peace between the Mārgapatis and the Chakrīs ;—Defeat of the Moguls ;—Coldness between the Mārgapatis and the Chakrīs ;—Invasion of the Kāskārians ;—Ravages committed by them ;—Defeat of the Kashmīrians ;—Peace with the Moguls ;—Meteors and comet ;—Famine ;—Movements of Kāñchana Chakra ;—Disease and death of the king ;—His burial ;—Shaṃsa Shāha became king ;—Rivalries between the Chakrīs and the Mārgapatis ;—Peace established between them ;—Panegyric on Kācha Chakra ;—His power ;—Conspiracy against him ;—His death ;—Confusion in the kingdom ; —Earthquake ;—Defeat and flight of the Moguls ;—Evil habits of the people ;—Ravages caused by earthquake ;—Fall of Dauluta Chakka ;—Ajahomāya ;—Habbebha became king ;—Usurpation Gāja Shāha ;—Panegyric on Gāja Shāha ;—Invasion of Kara Bahadur ; —His retreat ;—Parley with the Moguls ;—Defeat and retreat of the Moguls ;—Subjugation of the Pāṣhāṇḍas ;—Conflagration and earthquake ;—Evil prognostication ; —Second invasion of Kara Bahadur ;—His retreat ;—Rebellion of the Chakkas ;—Battle of Hāṭaka ;—Invasion of Abdolamālī ;—His retreat ;—The king's cruelties ; —His illness and death ;—His burial ;—Hosaina Khāna became king ;—His good government ;—Oppression by his minister ;—Mahmada Khāna's eyes put out ;—The spring and the Shrīpañchamī festivals ;—The king's illness and death ;—Ale Khāna became king ;—His good government ;—Earthquake ;—Famine ;—Storm ;—Fire ;—The king's death ;—Yosobha Shāha became king ;—Rebellion of Abdāla Khāna ;—Invasion of Momāra Khāna ;—His victory ;—Flight of Yosobha ;—His visit to Akbar ; —Imprisonment of Momāra ;—Lahvara Chakka became king ;—Depredation caused by lions ;—Return of Yosobha

Succeeded by Merja Laskara ;—His administration ;—Saffron harvest ;—Āsāha Khāna appointed governor ;—Succeeded by Āhlāda Khāna and Soltan Mahahmada Kuia Khāna ;—Their administration ;—Construction of the hill fort of Naganagarī ;—Removal of the emperor's soldiers to the new fort ;—Festivity of the people ;—Burning of the old town ; The end.

APPENDIX A.

Now by the direction of some holy men, Shri Malleka Rājāna Nujyaka, the celebrated lord of Siddha, related what the people of this country and of other countries suffered from oppression, poverty, and panic. This is what he said :—"When Jaina Shāha went to heaven, the weak came to be oppressed by the strong, and the foreigners were subjected to unjust penalties, and they left the country. Then Shrī Saiphadāmarendra, the king's minister, opposed bad laws and protected and cherished the subjects. Thus the people were sometimes nourished or sometimes drained according to the effects of their virtue or vice, or according to the ministers' good or evil disposition. Then Chakrapati Malleka Kānchana rose like the sun, at the order of the king, and graced the assembly of ministers. When this minister sat in the palace, and employed himself in dispensing justice, the weak, on account of his valour, displayed the vigour of the strong. But calamities from the Muggulas, and death, and famine occurred, when, owing to quarrel among the powerful men, and owing to the sin of the subjects, Chakrapati went out of the kingdom."

APPENDIX B.

As one forms from fancy the image of another whom he has not seen, so Fate created a person named Váràdama for the creation of the world. He had the skill of performing difficult work, and he built eighteen thousand houses. Then when this wide world had turned round thirty-six times, seven beautiful Pigambaras, like the seven Rishis, were born. The Pigambara Rasulohya, who was the chief and protector of them all, was kind to men ; and though a man, he had, by the will of Mahādeva, conquered the gods. The Himālaya mountain is the best of all the gods' creation in heaven and in earth, and the country of Kashmira, situated in it, is to the world what a necklace is to a woman. This is the holy world of the good, the home of the bowmen, the native place of the various trees and plants, and the place for the enjoyment of all kinds of wealth. Here all

the Pigambaras lived together in the Pigambara house, and prayed to their god to quench the fire of the city consumed by evil deeds, even as by a forest fire, with the water of their good acts.

APPENDIX C

The good country of Kashmira is adorned by the vedas with their six angas, and the vedántas, and the well arranged siddhántas, by logic and grammar, by the puránas, by the mantras, and by the six schools of philosophy; by the followers of Shiva and of Vishnu, by the worshippers of the sun, by the Buddhists with their paintings and viháras and mathas; by the vine, and the saffron, the grains, and the sháli rice, and by fragrant flowers; by the puránas, and the shrutis and the tarkashástras; by the Brahmaná worshippers of fire, and by the Bráhmanas devoted to contemplation, austerities, prayers, and anxious for ablution and worship; by kotis of nágas, by Hari and Hara; and by the Gandharvvas and the Vidyádharas. Here the water is cool like the amrita of heaven. In this country there are forty-five images of Mahádeva, sixty of Vishnu, three of Brahmá, and twenty-two of Shaktí which are well known; they have neither beginning nor end; and there are Níla and other serpents seven hundred in number, and fourteen kotis of good men who live in shrines.

The hero Arjjuna, brother of Yudhishthira, was the leader of eighteen armies at Hastinápura. After he had conquered the whole world he feared that his valour would rust, so he went to the nether world. There he soon conquered the cities of the Nágas and desisted from making further wars. He obtained the daughter of the Nága and there spent a year in enjoyment. Long time elapsed after his return from the nether world, and he again set out for the conquest of foreign countries; but was killed in a battle by his own son. When however his wife came to know of this, she soon brought him back to life; he was glad to see the prowess of his son, and he returned with him to Hastinápura. Now in the course of time Arjjuna was taken away from the world, and his two sons Parikshit and Vabruváhana divided the whole kingdom between themselves, and kept posses-

sion of it. After Vabruváhana had lived for one hundred and fifty years, he left, during the performance of a yajna, his eighty-four heroic sons and thousands of their sons, turned a devotee, and went back to the house of his mother's father. Those he left behind became almost mad with excess of strength, quarrelled among themselves, oppressed the people, and went to excesses. Proud on account of their strength, they were cursed by their father for disobedience, and for their own destruction they oppressed their subjects by means of soldiers.

Now some merciful saint was passing along the sky, he saw the oppression of the people, and soon brought it to the notice of the Great Being. Then the voice of a being without form was heard from the sky, saying:—"There is a person in the midst of the sea, he is like Yama and holds a sword." Then the saint brought that person who was brought up in Roma country. He rode upon a horse, and it was by his sword that the oppression was removed This personage, this great king, this conqueror of all living things was surrounded by his friends and companions, but was not seen by any. The Creator brings about the births and deaths of those whom he creates for some incomparable and extraordinary end, and in an extraordinary manner. For example, who knows whence the sun, which gives light to the three worlds, rises, or where it sets.

Pártha was born in the family of this person, but having incurred the anger of his father, he went to a distant place and built Gahvarapura in the Panchagahvara country. Kuru Sháha was born in the family of Pártha; he conquered the whole of the north and of the west, and built an auspicious temple named Dhanus. His son Táhirála was graced with three eyes, and had the peculiar virtue of getting whatever he wished for. He was devoid of avarice, and he knew the past, the present, and the future; and was under the influence of good fortune. He was very powerful, kind, and munificent; he always spent his time in devotion, and he knew all the shástras. Kashmira is the kingdom under the protection of this powerful being, though it is governed by others. Whenever therefore a foreign sovereign seeks to do mischief to the kings of Kashmira, Táhirála destroys him. Know that the country of Kashmira is Párvvatí. and its

king is born of a part of Hara, and Táhirála had three eyes, as if because this fact may be believed by the people. He had no enemy, and he was enemy to no one. By his religious austerities he removed the evils which proceeded from the gods. Any king who does not bestow a high post to one born in the family of Táhirála must sacrifice his own prosperity. Twice or thrice Táhirála heard a voice from the sky telling him to accept the sovereignty of Kashmira, and to give it to his very wise son Shâhamera, for it is said in the veda that a person's son is his soul.

This is the account of the dynasty of Táhirála.

List of kings of Kashmíra in the work of Jonarája.

Name.	Kali	Saka	Loukika.	A.D.	Period of reign.
					Y. M. D
Jayasiṃha (same as Siṃhadeva of Kahlaṇa)	4228	1049	XXXVII. 3	1127	26-11-27
Paramāṇuka	4255	1076	XXXVII. 30	1154	9-6-10
Varttideva	4265	1086	XXXVII. 40	1164	9-6-0
Vopyadeva	4272	1093	XXXVII. 47	1171	9-4-2
Jassaka	4281	1102	XXXVII. 56	1180	18-0-10
Jagadeva ...	4299	1120	XXXVII. 74	1198	14-6-3
Rājadeva	4314	1135	XXXVII. 89	1213	23-3-27
Saṅgrāmadeva ...	4337	1158	XXXVIII. 12	1236	16-0-10
Rāmadeva	4353	1174	XXXVIII. 28	1252	21-1-13
Lakṣhmaṇadeva ...	4374	1195	XXXVIII. 49	1273	13-3-12
Siṃhadeva	4387	1208	XXXVIII. 62	1286	14-5-27
Sūhadeva *alias* Rāmachandra ..	4402	1223	XXXVIII. 77	1301	19-3-25
Riñchana	4421	1242	XXXVIII. 96	1320	3-1-19
Udayanadeva	4424	1245	XXXVIII. 99	1323	
Koṭā	4439	1260	XXXIX. 14	1338	
Shahamera *alias* Shaṃshadena (Shams-ud-din)...	4440	1261	XXXIX. 15	1339	3-0-5
Jaṃsara (Jumseed) ...	4443	1264	XXXIX. 18	1342	1-10 (?)
Alāvadena (Alla-ud-din)	4444	1265	XXXIX. 19	1343	12-8-13(?)
Shāhāvādina (Sahab-ud-din)...	4455	1276	XXXIX. 30	1354	
Kumbhadīna (Kutub-ud-din)...	4474	1295	XXXIX. 49	1373	
Shekandhara (Sikunder)	4490	1311	XXXIX. 65	1389	
Ālishāha (Alli Shah) ...	4514	1335	XXXIX. 89	1413	

List of kings of Kashmira in the work of Shrīvara.

Name.	Kali	Saka	Loukika.	A.D.	Period of reign.
					Y. M. D.
Book I. Jainollābhadina (Zein-ul-abid-din) ...	4521	1342	XXXIX. 96	1420	52 0 0*
Book II. Haidara Shāhi (Haider Shah)	4571	1392	XL. 46	1470	1 10 0
Book III. Hassana (Hassan) ...	4573	1394	XL. 48	1472	12 0 5
Book IV. Mahmada Shāha (Mahomed Shah) ...	4585	1406	XL. 60	1484	2 7 0

* By calculation 50 years.

List of kings of Kashmira in the work of Prājyabhatta and Sukha.

Name.	Kali	Saka	Loukika.	A.D.	Period of reign. Y.	M.	D.
Phataha Sāha (Phate Shah)	4587	1408	XL. 62	1486	9	0	0*
Mahmada Shāha (2nd time)	4615	1436	XL. 90	1514	0	9	9
Phataha Shāha (2nd time)	4616	1437	XL. 91	1515	1	1	0
Mahmada Shāha (3rd time)	4617	1438	XL. 92	1516	11	10	10
Ebrāhima Shāha (Ibrahim)	4629	1450	XLI. 4	1528			
Nājoka Shāha (Nazuk)	4630	1451	XLI. 5	1529	1	0	0
Mahmada Shāha (4th time)	4631	1452	XLI. 6	1530	5	0	0†
Samsha Shāha... ...	4638	1459	XLI. 13	1537	23	0	0
Habbehba	4661	1482	XLI. 36	1560	0	1	0
Gāja Shāha (Ghazy Shah)	4661	1482	XLI. 36	1560	2	0	0
Hosaina Shāha ...	4663	1484	XLI. 38	1562	7	0	0
Ale Shāha	4670	1491	XLI. 45	1569	9	0	0
Yosobha Shāha (Yosoof)	4679	1500	XLI. 54	1578			
‡ Momāra Khāna ...	4679	1500	XLI. 54	1578	0	1	7

* The period of the reign of this king is stated to be 9 years. This appears to be a mistake, for we find him reigning till the year 89. (vide page 343). He must have reigned for 27 years.

† Or 7 years calculated by the date of his ascending the throne and that of his death as given in the text.

‡ Names marked thus (‡) are those of the governors of Akbar.

Name.	Kali	Saka	Loukika.	A.D.	Period of reign.	
					Y.	M.
Lahvara Chakka ...	4679	1500	XLI. 54	1578	0	11
Yosobha (2nd time) ...	4680	1501	XLI. 55	1579	8	0
Yākobha	4688	1509	XLI. 63	1587		
‡Saida Yosobha Khāna						
‡Kāji Āla						
‡Merja Yādgāra ...						
‡Yosobha Khāna (2nd time)						
‡Merja Laskara ...						
‡Āsāha Khāna ...						
‡Āhlāda Khāna and Soltan Mahahmada Kula Khāna						

XV

Succeeded by Merja Laskara ;—His administration ;—Saffron harvest ;—Āsāha Khāna appointed governor ;—Succeeded by Āhlāda Khāna and Soltan Mahahmada Kula Khāna ;—Their administration ;—Construction of the hill fort of Naganagarī ;—Removal of the emperor's soldiers to the new fort ;—Festivity of the people ;—Burning of the old town ; The end.

KINGS OF KASHMĪRA.

VOL. III.

SECOND SERIES.

One half of Hara's person was united with one half of Parvati's, as if they had become one through mutual affection. The other halves of their persons, adored in the three worlds, have disappeared as if in sorrow, because they could not unite. May the united figure be auspicious to you. May Gaṇesha with his ample form, dispensing joy and plenty every day to all around remove all difficulties from your path.

ShrīGonarda and other virtuous and meretorious kings ruled the kingdom of Kashmira from the beginning of the Kali Yuga. But for a long time they were under an evil influence which lasted, like the darkness of the winter night, and no one knew of the kingdom, as no sun of poesy arose to disperse the gloom. Then the Brāhmaṇa Kalhaṇa with lucid words imparted the freshness of youth to the old accounts of the kings down to the reign of Jayasiṃha. It is owing to the fault of the country or to the misfortune of the succeed-

ing kings that no one since then has revived the succeeding kings by the nectar like words of a poet. Now the spotless king ShrīJainollābhadena reigns, and Jonarāja is ready to describe the royal line. As a tree which promiseth fruits is planted to remove the wants of the traveller, so is this poem composed to remove the grief of kings lest their glory be forgotten. And as the tree is grown by water, and without any artificial heat, so should this poem be carefully cherished by the good with the cool nectar of mildness. These past kings were sunk in the sea of oblivion, and ShrīJainollābhadena wished, out of a tender regard, to rescue them. He employed for the purpose the noble hearted ShriShiryyabhaṭṭa, chief of all the courts of justice. I received orders from him, and I have now ventured to complete the story of the kingly line. My attempt is not dictated by a desire to obtain the fame of a poet; for, vast is the difference between my words, poor and meagre as water in dried ginger, and the flowing waves of poesy. Can a reed, imitating only the shadow of a lotus, equal the lotus? My poor sense is like a gourd, hollow and light, and relying on it, alas! I am attempting to cross the river of the story of kings. My feebleness in describing the merits of kings should not be blamed, for do not women, devoid of beauty, walk in pride when bedecked with jewellery? My subject, worthy of a poet, sustains and purifies me, even as the water of the Ganges, though it

seems but ordinary water, purifies him who drinks it. I have made only an outline of the history of kings : let the skilful and artistic poets adorn it : a wheel rubs down jewels, it is a finer instrument that can impart beauty to the gems. The good and the noble peruse the works of writers without solicitation : does the moon await solicitation before diffusing nectar on the earth? But the evil minded, even when propitiated, do not cease to find faults ; the charcoal, even when washed by nectar, never attains whiteness. The desire that others should see my work has long depar- 21 ted from my heart, for it is an unworthy desire to wish for the approbation of others. The beauty of a common song and that of the Sañskṛita language appear alike to the unskilful even as the monkey mistakes red seeds for sparks of fire in winter. The ignorant are not affected by listening to poetry ; it is those alone who have strength of teeth, that perceive the sweetness of the sugarcane in their mouth. Even the pure minded and the meritorious are filled with thoughts of envy when a composition embellished with sense and sweetness is placed before them. Fate is foremost among those who cannot bear to see the prosperity of others ; Fate has stained the moon with spots, and Fate has filled the learned with envy, as with a consuming disease. Fate is therefore an object of reproach. Let my work which is mingled with that of Kalhaṇa Paṇḍita be accepted, for even

the water of a reedy marsh is taken for drink when it has mingled with the water of a river.

There was a prosperous king, the son of Sussala, who delighted the world and respected the gods and the twice born. Though he was known to ride the elephant alone, yet, O! Wonderful! Prosperity always rested on Jayasiṃha. He was brought up by the goddess of learning, as by his mother, and he enjoyed the company of the goddess of fortune. They abided in him together, like a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law, and did not display hostility towards each other. Once upon a time he received into his court Malla born of the family of Susharmmā the king of Trigartta. Malla had been banished from his country by his enemies, and had come here with a view to obtain a livelihood. Medicinal herbs are every where regarded as mere grass, and jewels as mere stones; and men of merit too, who have travelled in foreign countries, are treated as ordinary men, until they excite the heart of the people by great deeds and distinguished achievements. When the king marched to subdue the kingdom of the Yavanas, Malla became the favourite of the soldiers on account of his great valor. Strong in his courage, Mallachandra went at night to the camp of his enemy inorder to ascertain the number of the king of the Turushkas's soldiers that had survived slaughter. There where even a breath of wind could not enter, where the place was guarded by powerful sol-

diers, Malla went in among the enemy's troops, no doubt by the force of incantations and charms. But afraid of committing a sin by any hostile act towards those who were sleeping, he did not kill the king of the Yavanas, but only placed a pair of shoes, marked with his own name, on the head of the king, as his turban. The enemy recognized the shoes, took them with him and went to the camp of the king of Kashmira and surrendered to him his fortune, as if he yielded to him his fame. In the year 30, in the month of Phālguṇa, on the twelfth day of the dark moon, the king died in the midst of his prosperity, and greatly gladdened the eyes of celestial damsels.

Then the indolent people annointed his son Paramāṇuka, even as the days of the month of Māgha which scatter the leaves of trees, annoint the Kunda tree. The king neglected the duty of protecting his subjects and also of making foreign conquests, and he began to accumulate wealth, such as would never be exhausted. But the wealth of the king was like that of a Brāhmaṇa who follows the injunctions of the Vedas; he could neither give it away to others nor enjoy it himself; and it was robbed by the two cheats Prayāga and Janaka. These men were devoid of truth, and they caused their servants to assume the form of Rākṣhasas, and night after night they used to frighten the king by strange performances. These evil minded ministers pretended affection for the king, and induced him to

spend his money to save his life from the Rākṣhasas. On one full moon night in the month of Chaitra, a dependant of theirs was stationed at Bhiṣhāyaka dressed as a Rākṣhasa chief, adorned with precious jewels but covered with grass. And as the signal was given, he stood forth in the presence of men, blessed the king, and took away his ornaments, and retired into the forest by night. Then these two men told the king that since the Rākṣhasa chief had accepted the king's offerings and had blessed him, his kingdom would be without danger. Thus the wily men frightened the worthless king like a child, and robbed him of all his wealth. The king, after reigning for nine years, six months, and ten days, died on the eighth bright lunar day of Bhādra, in the year 40.

Then his son named Varttideva reigned. He died on the tenth bright lunar day of Bhādra, in the year 47.

For want of a worthy successor the citizens elected one named Vopyadeva their king. He was like the Rākṣhasa chief covered with grass, and to him homage was paid. Once this foolish king felt happy at the sight of large blocks of stone, and he ordered his ministers to increase the size of the smaller ones by making them drink the milk of beasts! On one occasion this foolish prince heard of the greatness of the shrine of Sureshvarī, and, accompanied by his ministers, came there by boat. He made faces on the water, and was angry at seeing his face disfigured in the re-

flection; and he thereupon struck the water with his palm, so that his jewel ring fell into the water. When asked where the royal jewel seal was, he pointed to the ripple of the water and said that it was in the ripple. He was the very model of a dunce. He reigned for nine years, four months, and two and half days.

His younger brother Jassaka was also a great dunce; and though he did not wish to have on him the weight of the kingdom, he was annointed king by the Lavanyas who wished their own aggrandisement. The parrot which imitates the human voice is caught but not the crow; stony soil is not ploughed and dug like fertile land; and stones are not powdered to dust like rock-salt. The very faults of some persons are advantageous to them like merits. There were two Brâhmaṇa brothers named Kshukṣha and Bhima. By fraudulent means they earned the affection of the king, and then they became disobedient. They thought that as they were rich and powerful, the king would not be able to check them, and so they did not endeavour to strengthen their party by taking in other men. And it was only the power of the Lavanyas, and not any other apprehension, that kept them from attaining the regal state. Alas! That a sweet but unwholesome dish should ever be taken! Alas! That a young but false woman should ever inspire love in man by her embraces and her show of affection! For they both bring affliction, and if unchecked, cause death by their poison.

The wife of Kṣhukṣha became disgusted with him as he, owing to old age, had lost his vigour ; and she killed him by poison and received Bhīma to her embraces. Owing to her intimacy with her husband's brother, her body came to be marked with white patches ; but her sin was lightened by her gifts to Mādhava and other gods. The king after ruling the country for eighteen years, and ten days died on the tenth lunar day of dark moon, in the month of Māgha, in the year 74.

Then his son ShriJagadeva, who was powerful, yet humble, contributed, like the month of Chaitra, to the delight of the people. He looked with an equal eye on the servants of the state who had been contending with one another ; even as the evening finds the blue and the white lotus alike. He was well versed in science, and as a surgeon extracts a dart, he rooted out the evil laws of the country. He was a person of great merit, and penetrated like a dart in the mind of men ; but evil counsels prevailed, and he was expelled from the country by the ministers. As Rāma received his friend, the king of the monkeys, in the wilderness, so did he, in his exile, receive his discriminating minister, Guṇarāhula. In the hope of rising again to power, the king and the minister came back to Kashmira like the sun and the moon, and the people wondered at their deeds. Unwilling to relinquish the power they had so long enjoyed, the enemies of the king prepared to fight ; but they fell under the devices and the prowess

of the king and his minister, even as the insects fall into the fire. The king conquered the country and enjoyed the fortune that smiled on him and the royal umbrella and the Chāmara; and ShriGuṇākararāhula also enjoyed prosperity, without these royal insignia. The disinterested king built a temple at Rajjupura and adorned it with a silver umbrella. Then the wicked Padma, lord of Dvāra, pretending affection for the king, as if he were a friend, secretly gave him poison and killed him. After ruling the country for fourteen years, six months, and three days, the king died on the fourteenth day of the dark moon, in the month of Chaitra, in the year 89.

His son Rājadeva had gone to Kāshṭhavāṭa in fear, but he was brought back by the enemies of the lord of Dvāra. And when Rājadeva had entered a fort named Salhaṇa, Padma, of wicked design, surrounded him with troops, even as a serpent is surrounded by a magic line. The lord of Dvāra had in the meantime received a present of a curious pair of shoes, and in his curiosity to see it he was off his guard, and was killed by a Chaṇḍāla in a scuffle. Then the Bhaṭṭas annointed Rājadeva king, with the sound of kettle drum and conch shell, and innumerable feudatory chiefs bowed to him, and he bestowed favours on servants. The great king apportioned work among the chief men of the Lavanyas in the same manner as before, and they worked like relatives living together.

The powerful Balāḍhyachandra, lord of Lahara, with his soldiers usurped power over half of Shrinagara, and the king was unable to cope with him. This powerful man caused a maṭha to be built within the city, even like an embodyment of his virtues, and marked the maṭha with his name. In the meantime the Bhaṭṭas had been insulted by the king, and for a long time they held consultation to find some one with a mild temper among the Khasha tribe, whom they would elect king. It was then determined to plunder the Bhaṭṭas, and then was heard from among them the cry, "I am not a Bhaṭṭa," "I am not a Bhatta." At this time, namely in the year 950 of the Saka era. Vimalāchāryya corrected the mistake that every 976th month would be considered an unclean month.* The disinterested king Rājadeva who was like the moon, signalized his prosperity by building Rājapuri and Rājolaka. He died after reigning for twenty three years, three months, and twenty seven days.

His son Saṅgrāmadeva became the king, and he terrified his enemies as the lion does the elephants. He made his younger brother Sūryya his viceroy, out of affection, but this wicked conspirator, tempted by the lust of enjoyment, thought of rebellion. Afraid of the king who had heard of his intention, he entered

* This sentence appears here to be quite foreign to the text, and has probably been inserted by mistake from some other place.

the territory of Chandra, the lord of Lahara, with a view to rise against his brother. Strange! That at this time when the fierce Sūryya joined Chandra, this earthly sun, together with the moon, was eclipsed like the sun in the sky.

Tuṅga, the lord of Shamāla, proudly carried Sūryya by his side, but the king went against him and humbled him. Sūryya then went by a road devoid of the sun and the moon, and deserted by his dissolute attendants, was captured, and caused to be killed by the king. The sons of Kalhaṇa were evil men, they rose in power; and the king, who was anxions to save his royal state, feared them as serpents. And when the kinsmen of the sons of Kalhaṇa attained power, the king lost all hopes and took shelter with the peaceful lord of Rājapurī. When the king had thus retired to a distance, the Ḍāmaras began to suck the very life-blood of the people. Deserted by the wise king and by Brāhmaṇas, the kingdom was for a long time devoured by the Ḍomvas, even like food polluted by the touch of low people. The king was sheltered in the kingdom of another, his own country was in anarchy, and no one thought that his re-appearance was near at hand. He overcame his enemies however in battle near Rājapurī, but did not kill the sons of Kalhaṇa because they were Brāhmaṇas; and thus he gained his kingdom and attained virtue. At Vijayeshvara the king built a house named Shrivishāla, containing twenty one rooms for

the habitation of cows and Brāhmaṇas. But the king was hated by the secret agents of his enemies, the sons of Kalhaṇa who were intent on plunder, even as a lamp is hated by thieves intent on theft. Beneficent to poets, as the kalpa tree with its extended branches, the king was cut down by the evil minded and wicked sons of Kalhaṇa. Yḥshaka, a learned poet, made the king the hero of his composition, and it was like the necklace, an ornament for the learned. The king, who was a benefactor of his country, was slain on the fifth lunar day of Bhādra, in the year 28, after ruling the kingdom for sixteen years and ten days.

His son Rāmadeva then executed the murderers of his father and entrusted the duty of governing the people to Prithvīrāja. The king built a fort at Sallara on the right side of Ledarī. It was marked with his name, and was like a monument of his fame. When preparations were made for the subjugation of Shamālā, the temple of Vishṇu at Utpalapura had been broken through carelessness. This temple was now renewed. Alas! Vidhātā has not given a flower to the sandal tree, nor fruit to the champaka; and he gave no offspring to this king. The king adopted as his own, the son of a certain Brāhmana who inhabited Bhishāyakapura. The strong affection that existed between the king and his adopted child was like that of a father for his own son; even as a good painting is like the object painted.

The queen ShrīSamudrā was like the full blown daughter of the sea, and she built within the city a maṭha marked with her name, on the banks of the Vitastā. The king reigned for twenty one years, one month, and thirteen days, and died in the year 49.

His successor, Lakṣhmaṇadeva, filled with the lore of the six branches of learning, supported with difficulty, the weight of the kingdom. A Brāhmaṇa by birth, he did not part with the qualifications of his own caste, though he was made a Kṣhatriya. A painted stone does not take the beauty of a jewel. Mahilā, his stainless queen, built a new maṭha, marked with her name, on the banks of the Vitastā, by the side of her mother-in-law's maṭha. The Kajjala, a dark and fierce Turuṣhka came to Maṇḍala from outside, and destroyed the king who was the eye of his subjects. He reigned for thirteen years, three months, and twelve days, and died at the end of the month of Pauṣha of the year 62.

Owing to the commotion caused by Kajjala, Siṃhadeva became the king of Ladarī only. He was harassed by Saṃgrāmachandra, lord of Lahara. When Saṃgrāmachandra died, Siṃhadeva, a lion among men, ruled the kingdom reduced in size, and built a maṭha within the city. The virtuous Siṃhadeva, during the ascendency of the constellation Leo, associated himself with his religious preceptor and established an image of Nṛisiṃha at Dhyānoḍḍāra. The image set up, and the king who set it up, the preceptor who helped

him in the act, and the constellation under which the act was done, all bore the name of lion. One day the king caused the god Vijayeshvara to be bathed in milk purchased with one lakh pieces of gold (nişhka), and attained purification by his religious act. Shrī Saṅkarasvamī was the religious preceptor of the king, and the king gave him, as the fee of his tuition, the lordship over eighteen maṭhas. When the king rose from his bed he always chanted the following verse :— "I bow to Saṅkara the lord of Gaurī, whose eyes are pure as fire, whose feet are worshipped by the learned, and who is bedecked with the crescent of the moon." A verse, such as this, smoothed his path to the future world, and like an offering to the goddess of speech, instructed the soul. Once upon a time the king passed orders to punish a man for his daughter's evil character, but revoked those orders at the request of Iḍāgalī, a dancing girl.

By keeping company with bad men the king became devoid of his belief in God. His nurse had a daughter who was like the mirror of the god of love, and on this mirror the king's image was reflected! Her husband Darya, with the help of Kāmasūha, killed the haughty king with whom his subjects had now become annoyed. The king reigned for fourteen years, five months, and twenty seven days, and died in the summer of the year 77.

Then his brother Sūhadeva, though not of very active

habits, subjugated the whole of Kashmīra, with the help of Kāmasūha. Many people came from various quarters and resorted to the king for service, even as black bees resort to the flower tree. Like a second Arjjuna, the king established his authority on the borders of Pañchagahvara, and his son Vabhruvāhana built the town of Garbharapura.

Kurushāha was born of noble family, and the mark of the bow string on his arm, bright as fame, was beautious as sun rise on the summit of a hill. He had three eyes; it was as if to proclaim to the people that his children, the famed Enamukhī and others would rule in Kashmīra, and that the rulers of that country were a portion of the three eyed Hara. From him was born Tāharāja whose quivering bow string was often pulled to the ear. Then was born Shahamera, the ardour of whose prowess was like the summer sun, and the fire of whose volour was excited by the tears of his enemy's wives. Once on a time, Shahmera was wandering in a wood, and his eyes were at first intent on game, but was eventually closed in sleep. In his dream the great goddess told him in words of nectar that the kingdom of Kashmīra would come to his progeny. In the year 89, in the shaka year 1235, he slowly came into Kashmīra. He came with his relatives, and the king of Kashmīra greatly favoured him by giving him a salary, even as the mango tree favours the black bees.

At this time, Ḍalacha, commander of the army of the great king Karmmasena, came to Kashmīra, as comes a lion into the cave of the deer. He brought with him sixty thousand mounted force, as if intending to conquer and bestow as many villages to his army. The bad king intended to send back Ḍalcha by granting him a subsidy, and imposed a tax on the people of all castes. The Brāhmaṇas, as if to expiate, by the sacrifice of their lives, the sin of having received gifts before from such a king, determined to die by fasting.

At this time the Kālamānya Bhoṭṭas [Bhuteas], who had become the enemies of Vakatanya, deceitfully killed him with his friends and relatives. But one of Vakatanya's sons, named Riñchaṇa, respected for his great intellect, escaped the massacre by chance, and was to the Kālamānyas what the fire is to the forest. He joined Vyāla, Ṭakka, and others who had combined together in council, and determined to crush the poor witted Kālamānyas. Riñchaṇa sent word to the Kālamānyas through a messenger that he had been robbed of all his wealth, and asked to be enrolled as a servant of the Kālamānyas. Riñchaṇa, a lion among men, hid his arms in the sands of a river bank, and waited to drink the blood of the Kālamānyas, not to receive their wages. The Kālamānyas came unarmed, and Vyāla and others, with their fire like axes which had been hid in sand, destroyed them like grass. Thus having cleansed the treason

against his father in the blood of the enemies, Riñchana came to Kashmīra with his friends through fear of the many enemies that yet remained. In order to destroy the prosperity of Rāmachandra, who was like the sun on earth in his fullness, Riñcha, like a Rāhu, was suffered to rise in the blue sky. Ḍalacha, like a fire brand, harassed the country, and the people of Kashmīra became like insects in that fire. Ḍalcha and Riñcha blockaded the town in the east and in the north, and the people first fled towards the west and then in the direction of Yama [south]. Ḍalcha was like a billow in the water, and on the hill, Riñcha was like a tempest, while the chief men in the town, the prosperous and the rich, were struck with fear. As the kite swoops on the young ones of the birds thrown out of their nests, so the swift army of Riñchana seized the people of Kashmīra. Riñchana obtained wealth, plentiful as water, from the Bhoṭṭas, by selling the people of Kashmīra, and reared himself like a cloud, and covered all sides. At this time Ḍalcha destroyed innumerable gods, and afraid of the excessive cold of Kashmīra, went out by a good military road. When Ḍalcha had left the place, those people of Kashmīra who had escaped capture, issued out of their strongholds, as mice do out of their holes. When the violence caused by the Rākṣhasa Ḍalcha ceased, the son found not his father, nor the father his son, nor did brothers meet their brothers. Kashmīra became almost like a region

before the creation, a vast field with few men, without food, and full of grass. Ḍalcha took away the strong men from the country, and Riñchana established his supremacy there; when darkness covers the earth, unchaste women find it to their advantage.

The king was now completely freed from the Rāhu like Ḍalcha, but Riñchana like the lofty, high crested mountain of the setting sun sought to block his way. When the people saw the glowing Riñchana stationed on the mountain that touched the sky, no one doubted that the decline of the king's power was nigh. Riñchana intended to pounce upon the city like a royal hawk on a piece of meat, but Rāmachandra, the moon of his dynasty, opposed him at every step. Riñchana deceitfully sent a few Bhoṭṭas every day who came into the fort of Lahara under the pretence of selling clothes. And when the Bhoṭṭa people had thus entered Lahara, Riñchana caused their weapons to drink the honey like blood of Rāmachandra. The queen Koṭā was as the Kalpa creeper in the garden of Ramachandra's household; but now the strong armed Riñchana planted her on his own breast. The king left the city in fear of Shrī Riñchana. A Brāhmaṇa's curse destroys a race like fire, nor is there a spot where scions of that race can grow. Struck with fear, the king, like a jackal, entered a large cavern in Maṇḍala. How should a sinful man meet death in battle? The cloud like enemy poured the blood of the king's forces in battle, and dried up

the tears in the eyes of the Brāhmaṇas whom the king had fined! This Rākṣhasa of a king, under the pretence of protecting the country, devoured it for nineteen years, three months, and twenty five days.

The country was weary of trouble and disorder, and ShrīRiñchana Suratrāṇa gave it rest under the shelter of his arm. When the dark days disappeared, the people of Kashmīra witnessed again all the festivities which they had beheld under their former kings. In every place the Lavanyas remained quiet as lamps, but trembled at the power of the king, like lamps in the morning breeze. A division was made among them by the secret devices of the king, even as an arrow is sent into a reft. Strange that the unity among the Lavanyas was thus relaxed. Easily like the birds in the sky, the king roamed in that thorny wood where even the god of love had became bewildered. The king knew very well how to bestow his favours on all, but he never forgave the wicked, although he might be his son or minister or friend; it was thus that he served his people's weal. After having destroyed his prosperous and powerful enemies and having placed the royal umbrella over his head, Riñchana went to Āchchhoda lake.

Now Timi, brother of Ṭukka, feeling weary in the way, took some milk from a milk-woman in a village by force, and drank it. The milk-woman instantly informed the king of it; and when questioned by the king, Timi was struck with fear and denied what he

had done. The milk-woman, who was suspected of falsehood, did not lose her presence of mind. The king then caused Timi's stomach to be cut open in order to ascertain the truth, and from the severed stomach milk issued in a stream. The face of the milk-woman was gladdened at this act of the king. There were two men living at Vānabala, they had two mares which gave birth to two foals, similar in appearance, in a wood. One of the mares lost its young which was seized by a lion, but owing to the similarity in appearance, behaved towards the other as if it were its own offspring. Both the owners of the mares claimed the foal as their property, and unable to settle the dispute, went to the king. The king listened to their contention, and caused his own men to bring the two mares and the foal to him. The foal jumped about, playfully, owing to its young age, and went to some distance, while its mother and its nurse both signified their affection for it and neighed. The courtiers were unable to give any opinion, and the two owners accused each other. The king took the two mares and the young one in a boat to the middle of the Vitastā. Then the wise king threw the foal into the river from the boat; whereupon its mother instantly jumped into the river after it, while the other only neighed. Thus when the difficult suit was settled, the people thought that the golden age had returned.

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the mantras of Shiva, but as he was a Bhoṭṭa, Devasvāmī feared that the king was unworthy of such initiation, and did not favour him. Vyālarāja, in his regard for truth, became to the king as his younger brother, his son, kinsman, minister, companion, and friend. Vyāla was not influenced by the king's acts, but the king was influenced by those of Vyāla. The mind is not influenced by the actions of the body, but the body is influenced by the workings of the mind. The inclinations of the king, who was like the sun to the world, were reflected on Vyāla who was well versed in the Sāstras and was possessed of good taste, and destroyed the impenetrable darkness of the world; even as do the rays of the sun when reflected on the watery moon.

At this time ShrīUdyānadeva of Gandhāra, impelled by fear, and also intending to take advantage of the king's weakness, thus directed Ṭukka and others :—" While the king is yet alive, you should enter the city which he is ruling with prudence with a view to acquire fame. Vyāla is enjoying there the prosperity which you have earned even at the risk of your lives, even as the tongue enjoys what the hands acquire by their industry. As Mahādeva besmearing his body with ashes, and discarding golden ornaments induces snakes to coil round him, even so the king, who possesses plenty of riches, is raising Vyāla to power, and neglects you though belonging to a high caste. Afraid of your

valour, he killed Timi, simply for taking some milk, as one kills a *timi* (whale)." This message alianated Tukka and other Shukkalankitas from the king, and they conjointly attacked him at Vimshaprastha. Vyala struck them with his sword, and expelled out of them their pride begotten of wealth. The king fainted, and his enemies believed that he had been killed, and that they had obtained the victory. Their wrath was assuaged, and ambitious of seizing the kingdom, they entered the capital. The king, afraid of receiving another blow, had for a short time remained like one dead; but when he saw that the enemies had proceeded to some distance, he got up. By the time that these men of little sense had reached the capital, they saw the king who had recovered from his swoon, and was approaching them. Then these impudent and poor witted men became afflicted with sorrow, and asked one another whether the king had not been killed by one of them, and they quarreled among themselves. They robbed the palace and became angry with one another, and they accomplished their own destruction,—a work which the king should have done. The haughty king then impaled the survivors, thus he lifted them high, but down they went. The angry king ripped open by the sword the wombs of his enemies' wives in the fort, who were with child, as one tears open beans by the finger nail. The violence of the king's mind inflamed by the treason of his enemies was thus pacified by the destruction

of their descendants; but the wound caused by their sword on his head was not healed. As one, who has dreamt an evil dream, is relieved of his fear on awaking, so was the world was relieved of fear and obtained peace after witnessing for a while the deeds of Ṭukka.

The king was pleased with Shahamera who was not implicated in the treason, and he placed in his hands his son Haidara together with the child's mother Koṭā, for the purpose of bringing up the prince. Nourished by queen Koṭā and brought up under the care of Shahamera, the child grew in beauty, even as a tree brings forth new leaves when nourished by rains and protected by shade.

The king caused a town to be built after his own name, and it was surrounded by a moat, as if by the disgrace of his late mishap. As the sun shines for a time on the world, on a cloudy day in the month of Paushа, so did the king shine again for a few months. In the dewy season, the wound on the king's head became worse, in consequence of nervous disorder brought on by the inclemency of the cold. The king had relieved many people of their heads, but alas! his head became worse. On the eleventh lunar day of the month of Paushа, in the year 99, the physician Death relieved the king of his death pangs. King Riñchana went to heaven after having ruled the country for three years, one month, and nineteen days.

His son Haidara being young was not coronated

by Shahamera, and as Shahamera had not the necessary strength, he did not himself rule the kingdom. The Lavanyas, though they had risen against Riñchana, did not oppose the wise Sahamera, as he was the chief of his tribe; and Shahamera bestowed on Udayanadeva the country of Kashmīra, together with queen ShrīKoṭā who was like the goddess of victory incarnate. The exalted but fickle goddess of Royal Fortune, who is sought by men of worth, left Riñchana and went to the present king, as if she descended from a high station to a low one. The king then gratified Jyaṃshāra and Allesha, two sons of Shahmera, by bestowing on them the lordship of Kramarājya and other places. At this time queen Koṭā was all powerful; she was, as it were, the mind, and the king, the body, who carried out her orders. The Lavanyas, who had like stars been hidden by the rays of the sun like Riñchana, now shone out during the reign of the present king, as at nightfall. Why should it cause any regret that the Lavanyas attacked the possessions of the feeble king whose very house was in the power of Koṭā? The king did not molest the country of the Lavanyas or the abode of the Chaṇḍālas, but like one versed in the Vedas, he spent his time in bathing, in penance, and in prayer. How shall I describe his faith in God who dressed himself like a hermit, and who tied bells in the neck of his horses, through fear lest worms should be crushed to death. To god Vishṇu he gave all the golden ornaments in his trea-

sury, making them into a crown and necklace for the deity.

At this time the proud Achala, whom the lord of Mugdhapura had supplied with soldiers, forcibly entered Kashmīra, like another Ḍalcha. Achala attacked the country and filled all sides with his partisans, but the king did not deal with him as Indra dealt with the mountain (*achala*) which harassed the world with its wings. When the army of Achala reached Bhīmānaka, the king was humbled and speedily fled to the country of the Bhoṭṭas. Then ShrīKoṭā sent a letter to Achala through the ministers stating that, as the country was without a king, he might govern the kingdom as if he were the head of the dynasty, and asking him to send away the soldiers who were not his own, and not to harass the country needlessly. Achala was deceived, and he sent away the army of his ally. The foolish Achala who had sent away his army was then detained by the ministers on pretence of celebration of festivities in the way. In the meantime queen ShrīKoṭā set up one Riñchana, a Bhoṭṭa, as king, with a view to protect her subjects in the capital. All the friends of Achala sorrowed for a long time over his want of sense, as a widow sorrows over the death of her child born after her husband's death. The fear of king Udayanadeva now abated; he spent a day in the worship of Tuṣhāraliṅga and returned to his own country from the country of the Bhoṭṭas. The king destroyed Riñchana in the capital;

and Koṭā respectfully received him with her head bent down, even as the eastern hill receives the gloom-dispelling full moon on its head.

Shahamera had brought up the son of Riñchana, and owing to his affection for the boy he was an eye-sore to the king. But the queen was equally disposed towards both her sons, and the king, through fear of the queen, did not harm Shahmera though he was an object of animosity to him. During the dreadful time of the troubles caused by Achala, the people, in fear, had taken shelter of Shahmera, and Shahmera did not deem the king even as grass. He frightened the king day and night by holding up Heidara before him, even as one frightens a bird by holding up his hawk.

Strange that this believer in Alla became the saviour of the people. As a dried up river allows men to cross it, and gives them shelter on its banks ; even so this believer in Alla, calm and active, protected the terrified subjects. Shahmera had two grandsons of great merit, named Shirḥshāṭaka and Hiṃda, and they beautified all sides like the sun and the moon. Proud on account of his connection with the lord of Dvāra, and prepared even to disobey the orders of the king, Shahmera was like the gate of danger to those who served the king. He had bestowed the daughter of Alleshvara on Lusta the lord of Dvāra, and had conquered ShrīSaṅkarapura, and thus magnified the fear of the king. His son Jyṃsara was a man of business, and Bashailākashūra

married Jymsara's daughter and obtained the lordship of Bhāngila. Shahmera, who was as a lion among men, and who had achieved many victories and won the goddess of Fortune, kept the turbulent province of Shamālā under control, even as Nṛisiṃha, who could assume many forms, the lord of Lakṣhmī, controlled the Daityas. Deep as the sea wherein abides the goddess of Victory, and terrific in his power, Shahmera taxed the people of Karāla. ¶His fame smiled on him, and he thought of the conflagration of Vijayeshapura of king Kalasa. In order to secure his possessions, Shahmera fortified the Chakradhara hill, and showed to the people that his works were imperishable. Shahmera marked out the lord of Kampana, and gave him a large fortune, and obtained a spotless fame, even as one obtains a marriage present. Then Shahmera accepted the daughter of the lord of Koṭa whom he welcomed. The lord of Koṭa was as the first actor on the stage of kings. The irreligious Lavanyas were brought under his subjection, some by conciliation and others through disunion caused among themselves, some by gifts and others through fear. The Lavanya people bore his daughters like garlands, but they knew not that his daughters were like life destroying serpents of deadly poison. The Lavanyas were brought under the control of Rājavīji, and they were all brought under the power of the king, as elephants submit to the power of the lion.

As a tree in a marsh is overcome by lotus-covered

water, so was the king overcome by Shahamera. And as if overpowered by loss of authority everywhere out side his palace, the king relinquished his life along with his fame. On the Shivarātri night, on the thirteenth lunar day, in the year 14, that forbearing king left the world polluted with the touch of Shahmera.

Then ShrīKoṭā, out of fear of Shahmera, kept the death of the king a secret for four days, suppressing her own feelings. She discarded her eldest son lest Shahamera should rule the kingdom through him, and she discarded the other son also because he was only a boy. Grieved for her sons, bewildered by the infirmity of old age, and annoyed at being kept shut up, the queen ShrīKoṭā, supported by the Lavanyas, comforted [ruled] the country as if it was her co-widow. All the ministers,—Shahamera and others,—remembered the benefits they had previously received, and bowed to her as to the cresent of the moon. As the summer rain allays dust and heat, and nourishes plants, even so she brought back prosperity to the subjects.

The queen feared that Shahmera would destroy her prosperity, and with a view to check his rise she bestowed honors on BhaṭṭaBhikṣhaṇa. It was through his intelligence that the queen managed to perform her duties, as one crosses by a boat the dreadful ocean which is difficult to traverse. Shahmera could not in his heart tolerate the ascendency of Bhikṣhaṇa who was helped by Koṭā for the proud can scarcely bear

equality even of his shadow. Fire manifests itself by heat and smoke, but no sign of anger manifested itself in that wise man. The wise Shahamera pretended illness and caused it to be known that his end was near. Queen Koṭā then sent BhaṭṭaBhikṣhaṇa with Avatāra and others to see him. They found people at the door discussing whether perspiration was good for one who suffered from beliousness; and these people prevented the Bhaṭṭa's party from entering. Bhikṣhaṇa and Avatāra, however, went in to Shahmera, but their protecting deities did not enter with them, as if on account of the difficulty in getting admission. Shahmera at first complained to them in detail of his illness, and when the proper time arrived, he buried their own weapon in their bodies, and thus allayed the illness of his mind. Blood issued from their heads, and water came out of their eyes; their lives left their bodies, and the rancor which Shahmera had felt, left his mind. Shahmera was bathed in their blood as one bathes after recovery from illness; their two heads were like the two halves of a vessel, and their wounds were like the marks of the lamp. Queen Koṭā was determined to besiege Shahmera, and she was capable of doing so; but her evil minded ministers deterred her from doing it, and reminded her that Shahmera and Bhikṣhṇa had brought up her boys, and that it was Fate that had killed the one by making the other an instrument. That inorder to assuage the grief which had

arisen from the death of a Brāhmaṇa, the senseless Shahmera would sacrifice the lives of others in the blazing fire of his anger.

As the canal nourishes cultivated fields with water, so did the queen nourish the people by bestowing much wealth on them. She was to the kingdom what the moon is to the blue lotus; and to the enemy she was what that luminary is to the white lotus. On one occasion she marched against the lord of Kampana, with the intention to fight, because he had disobeyed her orders. But the lord of Kampana captured her in a mountain defile and put her in prison, even as one catches a bird in its nest and puts it in a cage. Her best minister named Kumārabhaṭṭa pretended to quarrel with her other ministers with a view to release her. He took with him a young student who carried in his hand a water vessel, and who resembled the queen in his appearance except that he was a man. The wise Kumārabhaṭṭa went over to the lord of Kampana, praised his intelligence, and admired his magnanimity and beautiful appearance. "O lord!" he said "by obeying the orders of a female we live with our heads humbled, but you have this day made our manhood triumph. With your permission I, your servant, will go to the prison, and by reproving and consoling her by turns, I will take out her money and give it to my lord. She has accumulated money, being a woman, and being unable to part with it

of her own inclination." The lord of Kampana was thus deceived and suffered Kumārabhaṭṭa to go to the prison. The evening, which paints the world so skilfully, now approached, as if to see queen Koṭā come out of her prison. Accompanied by the boy who carried water for his evening prayer, Kumārabhaṭṭa entered the prison, and the grief of the queen left it. He left the boy dressed in the queen's garments, and made Koṭā to follow him wearing the dress of the boy, and thus issued from the prison.

Shahmera, who had thus risen by art, was not devoid of circumspection; the wise, when they are in enmity with the powerful, never remain indifferent. Koṭā was neither favourable to, nor angry with the powerful Shahmera. Enmity attended with want of circumspection is the first germ of destruction. Once on a time when the queen had gone to Jayāpiḍapura on some business, the powerful Shahamera possessed himself of the capital. And when the Lavanya people were subdued by the strong Shahamera, the queen closed the gate of Koṭṭa, in the hope of thwarting her enemy. The strong and the wise Shahamera, a lion among men, closed the front of the cavern-like fort, and Koṭā like a she-jackal was struck with fear. The fascinating Shahamera sent word to the queen through his messengers, stating that she might sit with him on the throne, and on his breast, with the goddess of Royalty, and that she might live in his heart with the

virtue of forbearance. The queen was won by his assiduity, and he took possession of the Koṭṭa country and of queen Koṭā. He spent one night with her in the same bed, and when he rose in the morning, he caused her to be captured by the Tīkṣhṇas. Then on the tenth bright lunar day, in the month of Shrāvaṇa, in the year 15, the queen dropped from her kingdom like a star from the sky. Shahmera who was as the kalpa tree to his kinsmen and relatives, and wise in his actions, and chief among the warriors, imprisoned the two sons of the queen. The results of our acts manifest themselves in every direction, and generate wisdom or ignorance. The influence of *karma* is surging with the influences of time and of local circumstances and leads to results. I bow to the god of *karma*, be it Soul or Shiva or Hari or Brahmā or Buddha or Jina.

Shahamera then overawed the Lavanya people, spread his fame on all sides. He took the country into his hand, placed the goddess of Fortune on his breast, and put Koṭā in prison. The king then assuaged the troubles of Kashmīra and changed its condition, and called himself ShrīShaṃsadena. The scar of the bow string on his mighty arm was like the smoke, issuing from the flame of his power, which could have burnt all sides like a forest. The king removed the suspicions of his ministers, but the ministers could not remove his circumspection: as the diamond pierces

jewels, but the jewels pierce not the diamond. The king who had won fame worthy of praise, caused the Rajputs who were at Kāṣhṭhavāṭa to flee through fear. His fame increased, and he wisely placed on his two sons, who were not inferior to him, the burden of the kingdom. He reigned for five years, and three days, and died on the full moon day of Aṣhāḍha, in the year 18.

Then Jaṃsara protected the country at Satisara, undiminished in prosperity and obeyed by the principal feudatory princes. Like the two pillars that support a gate, the strength and the intellect of the king's younger brother supported the kingdom, and they became objects of apprehension. He was not inferior to the king in making gifts or in receiving presents, in awarding punishments or favours on the people, in undertaking pleasure trips or in the luxuries of the table. The king ceased to trust him as he had trusted before, and the mind of the young prince was inflamed by the people around him. When the Rajputs heard that the king's mind was alienated from his brother, they instantly communicated the fact to the young prince. And when hostility was inevitable, the rash young prince left the protection of the Rajputs and went excited to their chief town Avantinagara. The king accompanied by his soldiers efficient in war, took shelter in Utpalapura and sent the following message to his brother :—"If you have not under estimated my affec-

tion by the instigation of wicked men, why do you not tremble in fear of the censure of the people? The wishes of the king who has gone to heaven [our father] to protect each other should be obeyed. Think of this and turn your affection again towards me." After the king had sent a messenger with this intimation to his brother, he sent his son to kill the lord of Kampana. The king's messenger was detained on the pretence that the young prince had gone to hunt, while the prince, whose treason had by this time become known, went to kill his brother's son. Lakshmabhatta became anxious as the messenger did not return for a long time. He went to the king and said that, since the messenger was delaying he feared that the king's brother was bent on rebellion, and had gone to kill the king's son. He also said that, in order to fraustrate the king's design, the messenger was no doubt detained on some pretence or other, such as that the young prince was bathing or eating or sleeping. He proposed that as soon as the king's brother repaired to ShrīDevasarasa, they should destroy Avantipura which would then be left without any protector; the king's victory would then be complete. The powerful king agreed to the proposal. He went to Avantipura with his efficient soldiers, and besieged the town; so that the river Vitastā, the current of which was blocked up by dead bodies, flowed backward, as if to inform Alleshvara of the slaughter of his men. Meanwhile Allesh-

vara defeated his brother's son and returned. Jaṃsara, who was resting from the toils of battle, fled. The wise Alleshvara came to an agreement with the king that hostilities should cease between the brothers for two months. Allesha left his soldiers and Avantipura behind, and went to Ikṣhikā by the Kṣhīrī road. Jaṃsara, beaming in splendour, left the protection of the capital in the hands of his own minister Sayyarāja, and went to Kramarājya. But the young prince alienated Sayyarāja from the king by promises of gifts and honors, and got possession of the city by artifice. The king, now king only in name, died after having suffered troubles for one year and ten months in the kingdom of Kashmīra. Then Alāvadena [Allesha ?] knowing that the time was unsuited for further disputes, immediately bestowed the lordship of Dvāra on his [third] brother, inorder to smooth all difficulties. Jaṃsara had caused a bridge to be built to cross the river at Sujjapura, but did not devise means to cross over his dangers. He had excavated a tank and raised buildings by its side, close to the mountains, as resting places for travellers. For this beautiful act of improving his own country, Shrī-Shivasvāmika had obtained from him the lordship of Dvāra.

Once upon a time the prince was wandering for amusement in the forest of Vākpuṣhṭā when he saw a circle of the Yoginīs in the cavern of a mountain. His friends Udayashrī and Chandradāmara also saw them;

for what is not visible to those who follow great men? Small things like bells tremble and make a noise, but great things like the minds of valiant heroes remain unmoved. They wished that the Yoginis might not disappear, as they were anxious to see them and to speak to them. The heroes then alighted from their horses and were not afraid of the Yoginīs. Shining in their formidable strength, these valiant men proceeded slowly and silently, and approached the Yoginis. The leader of the Yoginis recognized the prince from a distance and sent him a cup of liquor with incantation and blessing. The king drank his fill; Chandra partook of what remained, and though pleased with it, he left a portion for the sake of Udayashri. Udayashrī was much gratified with the drink, and owing to some fatality, forgot the groom of the horses and left nothing. They were pleased with the strange sights they saw. The Yoginī, who understood omens, thus said to the prince with clasped hands: "your kingdom will remain entire, and Chandra will enjoy a part of your wealth, and Udayashri, as long he lives, will be blessed with undying prosperity; but the groom bereft of our favour will be soon left bereft of life." Thus she foretold the future, and vanished with the other Yoginīs, and then the life of the keeper of horses departed.

It is owing to the merit of the subjects that such kings are born, who raise the prosperity of the kingdom, and deliver the people sunk in the gloom of injustice.

The king abolished the evil custom under which a childless widow, though unchaste obtained a share of her husband's property from her father-in-law. The great and wise king made Jayāpiḍapura his capital, and built at SrīRiñchanapura, an edifice named Budhagira. In the year 19, a famine of unprecedented severity, the effect of the sins of men, harassed the suffering people. Having ruled the kingdom for twelve years, eight months, and thirteen days, the king died in the month of Chaitra, in the year 30.

The halting description of the reigns of bad kings now gives place to an account of the very powerful Shāhāvadīna [Sahab-ud-din]. When he became king, the country ceased to remember the prosperity and dangers, the pleasures and afflictions of the time of Lalitāditya. As the sky, after the departure of the different seasons, obtains the bright sun in summer, so the earth passed under the rule of many kings, and obtained this sovereign at last. The king did not repair to the city of the sinful Jayāpiḍa. Adorned with pearls and necklace, this king was the most prominent among all kings, past and future, as the central jewel is prominent in a necklace. Though he obtained victory at every step yet the fire of his valor was not satiated, even as the ocean receives rivers from all directions, and is not satiated. He counted as lost those brief periods of time in which he obtained no victory. The march with his army was as dear to him

as a young wife is to an old man. Deer-eyed women attracted not his mind, nor the pleasures of drinking, nor the light of moon. Only the march with his army occupied the king's attention. Neither heat nor cold, nor evening nor night, neither hunger nor thirst obstructed his march. When this proud king was on his march, he found no difficulty in crossing unfordable rivers, inaccessible mountains and barren deserts. In his conquering expeditions, the king first went to the north which had never been conquered by previous kings, and which was peopled by the Pārasikas. He took Chandra, Laulaka, and Shūra with him for help, even as the world conquering Kāma takes the spring, wine, and woman as his auxiliaries. This destroyer of the proud filled his soldiers with strength, his enemies with grief, and all sides with dust. Udabhāṇḍapura, ruled by Govindakhāna, was first entered by his arrows and then by his soldiers. When the army of the king reached the top of the mountain, his opponents, descended from the high peak in fear. The ruler of Sindhu unable to make presents befitting the king, presented his own daughter to him. The weight of the country of the Gāndhārās was added to the king's glory, but strange! that the weight of fear lowered the hearts of those people. The powerful king destroyed the pride of the country of the Shingas but did not destroy their swords. On hearing the lion-roar raised by the army of the lion like king, Gajinīpurī [the elephant city] fell

bereft of pride, and struck with fear. At Aṣhṭanagara the veda-readers and the Kṣhatriyas wept through fear, as if the smoke from the fire of their youth and valor, which was extinguished, affected their eyes. When the king had robbed the wealth and the fame of Puruṣhavīra, the name of that country lost its meaning. The women in the villages assigned to the Brāhmaṇas shed tears, as if they offered water to the dead and food to the living. When the leaders of the cavalry had gone away on the pretext of repairing to the banks ofthe Ghoṣhadhātu river, the king administered a severe chastisement to Udakpati.

Returning thence, he marched southward, and assuaged the toil of the journey in the waters of the Shatadrū. He harassed Udakpati who had arrived after plundering Ḍhillī. and blocked his way. He then bestowed horses and clothes on petty kings and sent them to their countries, and they looked as if they were the embodiment of the king's fame. The king of Susharmmapura apprehended danger from the king of Kashmīra, and he forsook the pride of his fort and sought the protection of the queen. It was owing to the humility, not to the pride of the Bhauṭṭas, that the king's horses, eager to ascend the mountains, were checked. The king arrived at the banks of the Sindhu which he found difficult to cross, but the gods smoothed the waves of the river. This strange fact has been heard from elderly men. Thus in his unceasing en-

deavour to conquer other countries, his own became to him as a foreign land, and foreign countries became his own. Thus having filled all sides with his valor, he entered Kashmīra and instituted festivities to delight the eyes of the citizens.

In the course of our narration, we are describing the superhuman abilities of this king, and shall perhaps be considered by future generations to be flatterers. Once, when the king was marching to a distant country, he heard of a woman beautiful like an Apsarā, with eyes like those of the deer, and became eager to enjoy her. He deceived his followers by some device, and alone entered the country where she lived, and like a second Kandarpa fascinated her by his wit. He drank the nectar from her lips and quenched the desire of his heart. When his soldiers missed him, they feared that he was killed by some enemy, and lost their reason in their anger. They searched for him, and when they saw his horse tethered in the courtyard of a house, they thought that he had been overcome by his enemies. Without any armour, the soldiers blockaded the house with a view to fight with Shauryyasvāmī and Anugā. But on hearing a voice like the roar of a lion from within the house, their hearts that knew no fear were softened with gladness, their faces were subdued with awe, and their heads were bent with good sense. The king caused many columns of victory to be raised, proclaiming his great deeds, in places where his enemies had been destroyed

like sacrificial beasts in the flame of his prowess. In the management of the affairs of his own country he depended on his two ministers Koṭabhaṭṭa and Udayashrī, and in battle he depended on Chandraḍāmara and Laula. Koṭasharmmā was like the moon in the sea like dynasty of Devasharmmā. Indifferent to worldly concerns, he left the wealth repeatedly bestowed on him by the king, and retired to a forest.

Surely it was to display the prowess of the king that on a certain occasion a calamity befell, troubling his subjects grievously. In the year 36, a cruel inundation distressed the subjects. What the sun is to the kumuda flower, or a hero to his enemies, so was the inundation to the city and the trees. The city was under water, but the mighty inundation still increased and reached the hills which shed tears in the shape of waterfalls. There was not a tree, not a boundary mark, not a bridge, not a house, that stood in the way of the inundation, which it did not destroy. The king, who never took shelter in a hill fort in fear of an enemy, now frequently resorted to such forts through fear of the inundation. It subsided within a few days, as if dried up by the prowess of the king; but the king wished to build a town on a hill in fear of another inundation. He consulted his queen named Lakshmī and built a celebrated town which equalled his own greatness; and the people saw before them, at the base of the Himālaya, the town of Shārikā, inhabited by virtuous men even like Alakā, at the

base of the Sumeru. At the junction of the Vitastā and the Sindhu, he built a town after his own name, and the town was reflected in the waters, as if it had hid itself in the river through modesty. Loladāmara, on whom fortune shone steadily, built a town after his own name, and the high edifices were like glory amassed. The ever restless world soared upwards [in the shape of hills] as if to reach the heavens, and thus [casting its shadow on the town] deprived it of the rays of the sun.

Lāsā was the daughter of queen Lakṣhmī's sister and was brought up by the queen. Her image was now reflected on the mirror of the king's heart. He was for a long time held by ties of respect to Lakṣhmī, but those ties were snapped by the passion inflamed by the beauty of Lāsā. The goddess of Fortune had, with the image of Kṛiṣhṇa, taken her seat in the bosom of the king, and the fortunate Lāsā was now allowed a place by her side. The shadow is not cast in the direction of the sun, for the sun enjoys the glory of the day, and the shadow brings darkness and destroys the beauty of the sun. It has been well said that women have four times the intellect of men, and none can frame crooked and penetrating devices better than they. The chaste Lakṣhmī, though she was the daughter of a common Bhalla named Avatāra, became displeased with the king who had become attached to Lāsā; and she went in anger to the king of Sindhu who was her countryman. But the king of Kashmīra, out of shame, though not out of deep affec-

tion, brought her back. The she-elephant of the wilderness, when her agony caused by heat is relieved by the water of a lotus-tank, nevertheless troubles the water, and rudely shakes the mosses and the lotuses in the tank. Even so Lāsā, the beloved of the king, behaved ungratefully towards Lakṣhmī, the sister of her mother, and who had nourished her like a mother ;—as the full moon which is nourished by the bright fortnight terminates and destroys that fortnight. The kumuda flower is destined to bloom by night ; otherwise the night, like a wicked woman could have destroyed it by the help of the moon which destroys the wakefulness of the world.

Once upon a time Lāsā, in the enjoyment of her prosperity, thus spoke to the king with the wile of a serpent : and the king listened with anxiety, and his breath dulled the splendour of his lips. "If the sun had not by its rays expanded the lotus, who would have cared to destroy it through jealousy ? Who cares to destroy the moss ? Unable to bear the favours bestowed on me, your queen is devising for my destruction. The queen watches me through her spies, and out of her enmity, has directed Udayashrī, who has become her favourite by his services, to employ magic against me." But the wise king replied to her that Udayashrī was inimical to the gods, and could not therefore perform magic. Lāsā repeated the charge ; and in order to convince her of her mistake, the king thus addressed Udayashrī : "O ! Udayashrī ! The

treasury has become empty by excessive expenditure, but the people ask the king for every thing, as if he was the kalpa tree. There is one way which is apparent to me, for making money. By cutting up the huge brass image of ShrīJayeshvarī and turning it into coin marked with my name, we may meet the required expenses, and deeds of deathless fame may be done." The mean minded minister thus replied to the king: "The idea is a good one, but the image is light, how much can we obtain from it? Rather let the image of the great Buddha be coined into money." On another day, after the necessary preparations had been made, and Lāṭā had been convinced [that Udayashrī was not a believer in the gods], the king thus said privately to that minister: "Past generations have set up images to obtain fame and earn merit, and you propose to demolish them! Some have obtained renown by setting up images of gods, others, by worshipping them, some, by duly maintaining them; and some, by demolishing them! How great is the enormity of such a deed! Sagara became famous by creating the sea and the rivers, and grieving for Sagara's sons, Bhagīratha obtained fame by bringing down the Ganges. Jealous of Indra's fame, Dushmanta acquired renown by conquering the world; and Rāma, by killing Rāvaṇa when the latter had purloined Sītā. King Shāhāvadīna, it will be said, plundered the image of a god; and this fact, dreadful as Yama, will make the men in future tremble. When the king had spoken thus, Udayashrī held down his head,

as if seeking for a hole in the ground, wishing to go down into the interior of the earth.

When the sun rises in the sky he causes harm to his sons, the Saturn and other planets. So when Lāsā reported against the sons of the king, the king, at her instigation and out of his affection for her, exiled the princes from their own country, as if they were his enemies. They went to the assistance of the lord of Yoginīpura, and displayed their prowess by superhuman acts.

As advised, the king killed the rebellious Hindukas,* and the rebellious Shekandhara and other mlechchhas, to whom he had assigned salaries out of his generosity. Alarmed by wicked men, the hero Madanalāvika prepared to rise against the king, but was prevented by his soldiers. Accustomed to hunting, the king made a quick march with his soldiers, and removed the beautiful bridge of boats over the Sindhu which was like a moat.

The heroic king, with the steady courage of a lion, wandered at Khaḍganagarī in pursuit of game, and he ran after a lion. Riding a horse, the king ran past the den, followed only by Madana who was much devoted to him. The lion, with its mane erect, threw down the brave and lion like king, who was alone, and who struggled for a long time. The hero Madanalāvika soon alighted

* This is the first instance where the term "Hindu" is used in this book.

from his horse, and killed the lion with his sword. The grateful king whose life was thus saved, rewarded him with wealth ; but apprehending the death of Madanalāvika at the hands of wicked men, he wisely sent him forthwith to the king of Ḍillī on pretence of marriage.

Once upon a time a man named Sharkarasūha saw in a dream a great city of gold which shone like champaka flowers blown in the sky. He dreamt that he entered into house after house, but he found them all empty. In a palace however he found a woman of radiant beauty. He asked her why she was living alone but fearless in that great city, like the crescent of the moon in the sky ; and he enquired whose city it was, why it was tenantless, and whose body was lying before her. She replied, that, like a beauteous woman whose husband was dead, or like the night without moon, that city belonged to the king of the Gandharbbas ; and the king, in order to govern the country of Kashmīra, had left his body there, and with all his ministers had descended on earth. He was known in the three worlds by the name of Shāhāvadīna, and that she alone was staying there to keep watch over the body. She said, that, after completing his work on earth, the king would return within three months to protect his own city. When Sharkarasūha awoke, he was sunk in excessive wonder and grief and meditation, and he narrated his dream to the king. The king thought to himself that there was no cause for fear if the dream turned out to

be false, and if it proved true, he would attain superhuman power; and so the king was not troubled with grief. The king then sent letters to his sons, who were at a distance, to come to him, but they did not come. This wise sovereign then placed the Hindukas in their own posts, and on the fourteenth lunar day of the bright moon of the month of Jaishṭha, in the year 49, he cheered celestial beauties by his embraces.

King Kumbhadīna succeeded; his orders were placed on the heads of kings, his bounty delighted their hearts, and his praise was on their lips. He captivated the hearts of all, even like the sun when he is in the equinox, and is neither too powerful nor too weak.

Those whom the late king had sent to reconnoitre Lohara had run away in fear of the lord of that country. All the luminous plants become dull when the moon sets, and the sun-jewel loses its brilliancy at the setting of the sun. With a view to attack Lohara, king Kumbhadīna sent the powerful Ḍāmara Lolaka from the city, and Lolaka surrounded the hill of Lohara on all sides. The lives of the great men who devote themselves to their master's work are like grass. The lord of the fort, unable to defend it, sent Brāhmaṇa messengers to the Ḍāmara chief, in order to deliver it up. But the Ḍāmara, who had kept his temper even in the heat of battle, believed the messengers to be spies in the garb of Brāhmaṇs, and he chastised them. Brāhmaṇas were as gods to the lord of Lohara, and when he heard that

punishment had been inflicted on Brāhmaṇas, he took courage, held out the fort, and did not despair of his life. And when he and his people found that death awaited them whether they fought or fled, they resolved on battle which is the avocation of Kshatriyas. Terrible in battle, they discharged their arrows and stones, and as they descended from the hill of Lohara, their fame ascended to the skies. Lola the Ḍāmara chief was struck by stones and perished with his deeds, for who can escape the decrees of fate? The stones discharged by the enemy covered the Ḍāmara Lolaka, so that he was not deprived of burial, the last rite of the Yavanas.

King Shāhāvadīna had exiled his own sons, but just before his death, he had invited them to return by letters written with his own hand. The eldest and the most meritorious among them, the prince named Hassana, came to Mahendramaṇḍala, and met with no opposition. Here he heard of the death of his father, and shed floods of tears, even as the pearl oyster sheds pearls, and as if he thereby offered water to the dead. The following letter of his father's brother, the king Kumbhadīna of Kashmīra, made this pure minded prince continue his march, and prevented him from retracing his steps: "King Shāhāvadīna has left us, his servants, out of his friendship for Indra, and has departed to heaven. He has left us to seek the company of the celestial Apsarās, and we have performed the funeral rites which you should have done;

and we have held the kingdom on our head according to the orders of the departed king, the wisest of men, in-order to protect these realms strung together, like a garland, by his policy. By going to exile under the orders of your father, and now returning by his desire, you have filled your country with fame, like Rāma. By your own merit you have obtained honor, and will earn yet more. Accept the post of the heir-apparent, and lighten the weight that is on me. Your fortitude, the company of courtiers and friends, and the duty of protecting the people will soon assuage your grief. As the dead derive no pleasure from fame, even so great men who live in foreign lands derive no pleasure from wealth. You are the image of him who has gone to heaven; show yourself to us, and relieve us of the sorrow we feel for him. Let the people of a foreign country no more point you out with their finger, as they do an ordinary person, and say 'this is the son of Shāhāvadīna'. Do not look up for favour to princes who are dependant on me and who receive my favours; do not slight the wealth of Kashmīra. As the serpent, which supports the world, places its weight on the Meru mountain, even so shall I place the weight of the kingdom on you and enjoy repose and wealth. So long as I rule the subjects, you will live in the same dignity which king Shāhāvadīna bestowed on me. Do not therefore decline our request and thereby disappoint [your mother] Lakshmī who acts according to the advice of Udayashrī and other ministers."

The prince did not know that kings are guided by other men as elephants are guided by their ears. He read the letter and descended along the road to Kashmîra. He was, as it were, forbidden to enter that country by the clouds which gathered before him, and thundered. He shed a lustre on the road to Kashmîra as he entered it, but the instigations of the wicked poisoned the ears of the king. Wicked ministers are to the world what the fire is to the forest. Some of them in their ambition to rise, agitate the mind of the king, as crocodiles agitate the sea. Some, in their pride, shake the king as the wind shakes the tops of plants. When prince Hassana had entered Kashmîra, the wicked thus said to king Kumbhadîna:—"The wisdom of the king is superior to that of others, the ministers may, nevertheless, be permitted to speak to enable him to decide what is beneficial and what is harmful. Even sovereigns, who comprised in them a portion of Indra and of the rulers of the four directions of the sky and the four corners of the universe, were injured by the members of their own family. A brother is like a black serpent which is known to live on air and whose course is tortuous ; such a brother's touch is destruction. Who can then be safe from danger ? The prince will not be satisfied with wealth or submit to you ; the fire does not become cool by coming in contact with cold objects. Do not think that he being alone can do no harm to thee who art a king. What is the king of

elephants with his herd in the presence of a lion? But it would not be wise by our advice to destroy his power, for the sensible Udayashrī, out of regard for his late master, guards the prince. O! Chief of kings! Hassana is not a fit object of your favour, nor is he to be cast off; he will become proud if you favour him, and will cause you harm if you cast him off; as a man of spirit he will never forgive a wrong. Does not the submarine fire always heat the sea? Imprison him therefore and remove the anxiety of the people,—those who are anxious for the king and also those who are not." As water becomes unsuitable for drink if it flows into a lake from a dirty pool, even so the king became estranged from Hassana by the words of the wicked.

The king noticed the strange and haughty conduct of the prince, he marked it, he heard of it, and he felt it, but as the prince was his brother's son, the king did not imprison him out of affection. Udayashrī noticed that the king was vexed with the prince, and thus said to the prince's nurse, the widow of Loladāmara. "Ḍāmara Lolaka died, out of his affection for his late master, and he did not tarnish his honor by serving a new and wicked master. There is no hope of obtaining wealth from the present evil minded king, and the life of Hassana who was brought up by you is in danger. Ask the king therefore to accept the wealth which you possess, so that this avaricious man may come

to your house. When he is once in your house we will
514 kill him or seize him by force, and then the prince will
prosper." It so happened that this plan was revealed
to the king; Udayashri became alarmed, and caused
Hassana to flee. Men like him are precious like the philosopher's stone, and are worthy of praise in this world, for he remained fixed in his resolution, and he caused another to flee. He was engaged in an undertaking than which nothing could be more desperate; and he was detected in it, but the forgiving king did not behead him. Udayashri's faults were concealed in his worth, and he passed his days, pure in appearance, like a lotus in the mud. Though the moon-jewel be at a distance from the moon, and concealed in water, does it not even then emit moisture when embraced by the rays of the moon? Thus thought Udayashrī to himself, and he felt a desire to go to the prince; but the king, who had heard of his treason, placed him in prison; and, as if instigated by the gods who seemed to
know his purpose and that of his instructor, slew him in
521 anger. The elephant which crushes the lotus, the wind that breaks the sandal tree, and the king who destroys good men deserve censure in the three worlds. This world is like a garden, and men are the flowers, and it is in their words that praise which is like perfume, is sought. As the blind man, who has lost his hands and feet, becomes excessively timid, even so prince Hassana became timid at the death of Udayashrī. The evil minded Khasha

chiefs were glad at the reward bestowed on them by their master, and even attempted to kill prince Hassana.

When the enemies were confounded and dispirited, and they melted away, the wisdom of the king became like a light to the people. Then on the banks of the Vitastā he built a town marked with his name, and the lofty golden umbrella placed upon it seemed, by its beauty, to mock the skies. The king saw that the people died of famine every year and he performed a Jajña in the month of Bhādra, and distributed large gifts.

In the old age of this king, the hair about his ears became white, as if by listening to the nectar like words of good men. But the king was not yet blessed with a boy who would have been an ornament to the family, a rock of support to the world, and a destroyer of the enemy's prosperity. At last there came a yogī named Brahmanātha from Kashmīra, and through his favour, the king obtained a son after a time. The queen gave birth to a son who was the ornament of the family and the delight of his father, who was like a feast after a fast, a subverter of darkness, and a destroyer of the eyes of enemies. The king of the world saw the child who was like the abode of love, and he named it Shriñgāra. In the festivities which were held on the occasion, the king, out of the gladness of his heart, ordered the imprisoned to be released, and it is strange that the boats in the bridge of boats were still kept chained. The queen gave birth to another boy, named Haivata, whose beauty rebuked the

moon. It was a spot in the character of the king, as there is a spot in the moon, that he took unto him as his wife the dame world, although she was of his family. On the second day of the dark moon, in the month of Bhādra, in the year 65, king Kumbhadina, the chief among kings, died. The queen was sunk in sorrow, and the two princes were infants, the subjects were therefore without a master and were struck with fear. The profuse tears of the queen were like the rains in the rainy season, and the ministers were like fish therein.

Uddaka and Sānka consoled the heroic queen. They said, that it was useless to indulge in grief, that one must have patience under such a misfortune, and that the evil minded people were rising in the kingdom which was without a strong ruler and without a king. They then crowned the elder Shekandhara [Sekender] as king of this great kingdom. By the order of the new king, Uddaka treacherously burnt Mahammada, son of Sāha, and his own daughter and son-in-law to death. The huge whale unwittingly devours its spawn, and the bee which is destined to perish when its hive will be robbed of honey, destroys its own mother. What wicked deed will not foolish men do under temptations,—their senses perplexed, and knowing that at the end they will be consumed by fire? The prosperity of the great queen Shrîshobhâ was worthy of admiration. She beautified the world with a golden linga, and the heaven with the mass of her own virtue.

Uddaka apprehended that as he had destroyed the king's friend, he would be killed, and he removed the king's brother by poison. He had sworn to Sāhaka that he would by his own sword cut his own throat before rising against Sāhaka. By such assurance, he obtained the confidence of Sāhaka and killed him. To the evil minded, whose destruction is near, their evil deed becomes the harbinger of their death. The king was apprehensive that he would be killed like his brother, but he had now grown up, and he made his party strong. But the proud Udda, who had returned after conquering the Bhauṭṭas, was unable to brook the advancement of others, and he killed Khuñjarāja, brother of Shrī Shobhā. Uddaka then ordered Mammaka, a dependant of his, to create a disturbance at Dvāra, and discarding the king's affection for him, he went in pride to Helara. He heard that Laddarāja and others were following the king, bow in hand, and were prepared for battle in some deserted place. They whose destruction is nigh think themselves to be sensible men, and generally mistake their own shadow for ghosts. The soldiers of Udda had come prepared for fight, but when they saw some she-buffaloes on the other side of the Vitastā, they mistook them for horses, and fled. The king pursued them, and at night captured Uddaka at Vitastāpura, but was afraid of a disturbance in the city and returned. Though Uddaka deserved to be killed, the king cast him into prison out of pity. But Uddaka

was stained with the sin of treachery against those who had confided in him, he feared death from the king who was mild on account of his kindness, and he cut his throat by his own sword. As the king of birds kills serpents, and the lion kills jackals, so the king of the world killed the guards placed on him. Kingdom and the safety of his body and mind and his personal freedom were preserved to the king even like the fruits of penance performed in the midst of five fires.

The king dispelled the gathering gloom of the pride of other kings, and commenced his march which alas! terrified Indra. His great prowess coloured the world red, but made colourless the nails of the sorrowing wives of hostile kings. At this time the king of the mlechchhas had plundered Ḍilli and made it like a widow deprived of ornaments and without a protector. When the king of the mlechchhas returned, he was afraid of the king of Kashmīra, and gave him two large elephants as presents. The elephants exuded moisture as they passed and the line marked by the moisture was the boundary of the kingdom of Kashmīra which the king of the mlechchhas himself seemed to demarkate. The two big elephants looked like peaks of the Himālaya, and Agastya became angry, apprehending that the Vindhya mountain was rising in dimension. When they crossed the Vitastā, they saw their own reflection in the water, and became angry, mistaking the shadows for rival elephants. They were proud of

their rounded foreheads which mocked the beauty of the bosoms of the king's wives. They were stabled in the elephant stable which was like a prison to them.

The bountiful king not only satisfied those who asked, with gift of gold, but even distributed it of his own accord. When he made gifts, his hands hung down and were contracted, for he felt abashed at the praises of those who asked, and obtained what they asked. Who can describe his gifts? He dipped his hand in water before making a gift, and his hand looked like a lotus under the water. The lines on his thumb were like barley grains, but they did not sprout by being constantly drenched in water; because, I imagine, of their constant contact with the handle of the sword.

It was perhaps owing to the sins of the subjects that the king had a fondness for the Yavanas, even as a boy has a fondness for mud. Many Yavanas left other sovereigns and took shelter under this king who was renowned for charity, even as bees leave the flowers and settle on elephants. As the bright moon is among the stars, so was Mahammada of Mera country among these Yavanas; and although he was a boy, he became their chief by learning. The king waited on him daily, humble as a servant, and like a student he daily took his lessons from him. He placed Mahammada before him, and was attentive to him like a slave. As the wind destroys the trees, and the locusts the shāli crop, so did the Yavanas destroy the usages of Kashmīra. Attracted by

the gifts and honors which the king bestowed, and by his kindness, the mlechchhas entered Kashmīra, even as locusts enter a good field of corn.

On a certain occasion the king subdued the king of Udabhāṇḍapura, and being pleased with his daughter Shrī Merā, obtained her as the goddess of victory incarnate. She was surely a goddess, born in the family of Shāhi, and her son was destined, on a future day, to consolidate Kashmīra destroyed by the mlechchhas. That boy named Shrī Jainollābhadīna was like virtue incarnate in the Kali Yuga and like the king of hermits, he became the king's favourite.

A certain wily alchemist named Mahādeva gave some drug to the king and spoke to him of alchemy, and said that the golden Meru was indebted to the king for having constantly borne the weight of the world, and had through Mahādeva, bestowed much gold on him. But his alchemy did not remove Mahādeva's poverty. He deluded the sight by deception, and exhibited gold in the crucible, and the delusion lasted for a long time. But the king by his strong sense detected the trick, and told Mahādeva of it. Alarmed at this discovery, Mahādeva committed suicide.

Laddarāja the physician Shaṅkara, and Bhaṭṭa Sūha were the councillors of the king and were intimate with him. Three sons were born to queen Merā, beautiful as Cupid, and like Virtue, Wealth, and Desire personified ; and they were adorned with the names of Mera-

khāna, Shāhikhāna, and Mahmadakhāna, as the three worlds are beautified by the waves of the Ganges. The sons of queen Shovā were adopted children, and were therefore banished. One of them, Piruja, was, however, not banished from the city by the king. On the side of Pradyumna hill, the king built a town, even like the town of Alakā reflected on the Mānasa lake, and inhabited by virtuous people. The Yavanas, who had accumulated wealth, were indifferent as to the king's treasure, whether it was large or small. The kingdom of Kashmīra was polluted by the evil practices of the mlechchhas, and the Brāhmaṇas, the mantras, and the gods relinquished their power. The gods who used to make the glory of their prowess manifest, even as fireflies manifest their light, now hid their glory on account of the country's sin. When the gods withdrew their glory, their images became mere stones, and the mantras, mere letters. Owing to the sin of the Kali yuga, the merits of those who did virtuous acts were lost, and the gods deserted the images, even as serpents cast off their skins. As a crystal becomes red or white or black by the reflection of the object that is near it, even so, the king became changed. Sūhabhaṭṭa who disregarded the acts enjoined by the Vedas, and was instructed by the mlechchhas, instigated the king to break down the images of gods. The good fortune of the subjects left them, and so the king forgot his kingly duties and took a delight, day and night, in breaking

images. Of the tree of misgovernment [which was now planted] Harṣhadeva the Turuṣhka was the seedling, sinfulness was the root and the terrible devastations caused by the Lavanyas were the leaves. Its flower was Ḍalacha the king of the mlechchhas; and its fruits were the daily troubles of the king who broke images at the instigations of the mlechchhas. He broke the images of Mārttaṇḍa, Viṣhaya, Īshāna, Chakrabhṛit, and Tripureshvara; but what can be said of the evil that came on him by the breaking of the Sheṣha? When Sureshvarī, Varāha, and others were broken, the world trembled, as if through fear, but not so the mind of the wicked king. There was no city, no town, no village, no wood, where Sūha the Turuṣhka left the temples of gods unbroken. Of the images which once had existed, the name alone was left, and Sūhabhaṭṭa then felt the satisfaction which one feels on recovering from illness. Sūhabhaṭṭa with the leaders of the army tried to destroy the caste of the people; it was like a boy eating the unwholesome food. The Brāhmaṇas declared that they would die if they lost their caste, and Sūhabhaṭṭa subjected them to a heavy fine because they held to their caste. At the time when his dependents who belonged to the Brāhmaṇa and other castes forsook their caste, ambitious to obtain the favour of the king, Shrī Siṃha and Bhaṭṭakasthūṭa, two merchants, became worthy of praise, and Shrī Nirmmalāchāryyavaryya deserved praise in the three worlds. Nirmmalāchāryya

varyya gave up all his property, as if it was worthless as grass, but did not by accepting the king's favour pollute his own caste. It is an established rule, that the master is responsible for the fault of his servant, and therefore for the fault of Sūhabhaṭṭa Death became angry with the king. Having coronated his eldest son, king Shekandhara died on the eighth lunar day of Jaiṣhṭha, in the year 89.

Ālishāha, then, like the moon, when his sun-like father was set, dispelled the world's darkness which came at nightfall. He was a boy and unfit for the joys of love, but the goddess of fortune, born in the family, bent herself down and embraced him again and again. The other kings bowed to this boy as they had done to the late king. He who is bitten by a serpent does not venture to assail a rope. Sūhabhaṭṭa had devoted all his energies to doing mischief to the gods, and he therefore became chief among the king's ministers. Ladda the Mārgapati had, suspecting nothing, left aside his arms but he was siezed with all his sons except Mahammada. When the powerful Mahammada, who know well about the roads of the country, heard about the capture of Ladda, he fled by the hill road of Bhāṅgila. Shaṅkara, the physician, was besieged, but he remained fearless, and the intellect of the armed men though sharp was fruitless against him, and did not afflict him. The lion which proudly overlooks danger may set his foot in a trap, but it is strange that the

bird which can see from a distance should also be entrapped.

When Mahammada heard of these events, he was anxious, and wished that he could come to Kashmīra in a day, and day and night he felt ill at ease as a poor man feels for his daughter. In order to give himself a little rest, Mahammada entered the house of Govinda, whom he trusted, in the country of Durddaṇḍa. The cloud which is born of smoke quenches the fire, the fire which is born of the friction of trees destroys the forest, the poison tree dries up the land on which it grows, and thus the people, overpowered with covetousness, behave with enmity even towards those who do them good. When Mahammada the Mārgapati, arrived at the house of Govinda the Khasha suspecting nothing, the latter thus communed within himself for a time :—The minister Sūhabhaṭṭa, with a view to prevent a tumult in the kingdom, had opposed the evil minded Mahammada who was getting up a faction in the country, and this sinful and powerless man who was trying to create a disturbance in the kingdom had that day, out of fear, entered his place ;—it did not appear therefore to the Khasha that Mahammada deserved protection. In the meantime, the shrewed men who had been sent by Sūhabhaṭṭa in search for Mahammada came to the house of Govinda the chief of the Khashas ; and that wicked minded man violated the ties of friendship, and the duty of protection to one who seeks shelter, and

betrayed his friend Mahammada. As a hunter binds a sleeping lion, so did the Khasha bind him, as if he had been an animal, and left him; and those who had come in search of him soon took him to Kashmīra. As the monkey strikes the serpent rendered powerless by incantations, and as the hunter scatters the mane of a lion that is dead, even so a strong man may insult one who is tied down, but what does he gain by it but censure? Fearing that the captive should run away, they placed the honorable, but insulted Mahammada in the great fort at Bahūrūpa. The new cloud at night raises the hopes of travellers bound for a distant country by the light of its lightning but finally overpowers them; the lion inspires confidence in his victims by looking backward before he springs on them. The Saturn moves in a curve when it overthrows the Ram and other constellations, so does Fate by a propicious look inspire confidence in the sinful, but overwhelms them in the end. Mahammada was consoled by Shāha, a female servant, and was romoved from his place of confinement by the sons of his nurse. Mahammada, when he was covered with perspiration, deceived his sentinels by pretending to go to bathe. He entered the bath, and thence he escaped. He then reached the place where an opening had been cut by the sons of his nurse, and he went out, as a swan does from one great island of this earth to another. There was a waterfall at Jampā deafening the ear as if in

anger, and Mahammada left the fort which looked like a precipice. The stones and the guard could not prevent his departure, while the noise of the waterfall drowned the clanking of the chain in his feet. The sons of his nurse then broke his chain, and they thought that they broke thereby the friendship between Sūhabhaṭṭa and his friends. Sūhabhaṭṭa feared that the old Mārgapati would escape as Mahammada had done, and though he had robbed the old man of his money, he killed him on the way. When the Mārgapati was killed by the evil minded Sūhabhaṭṭa, all the people blamed the latter, and wept as at the death of their father. Sūhabhaṭṭa, for fear of the people, went about every night under the guidance of skilful men, like a bird fallen from its nest. To this helpless man the day was as night and the night as day. Surely when fate becomes unpropitious every thing turns out wrong. As a fisherman becomes sorry when a large fish leaps out of his boat and escapes, so was Sūhabhaṭṭa at the escape of Mahammada from the prison; and he often thought of Mahammada.

The people had nursed and protected Piruja, and when they beheld him, they thought that he was Shikandhara who had gone to heaven. Though Piruja was the son of Shikandhara by his wife Shobhādevī, Shikandhara had exiled him from his own country, inorder to prevent a commotion. He was a prince and was welcomed by the king of the north; and he now

came back bringing with him Mahammada, inorder to conquer the people of Kashmīra. When Sūha heard that Piruja had come with the Turushka soldiers, he sent ShrīLadda and Gauraka to oppose him. The Turushka army was destroyed by the wisdom of Shrī Laddarāja and by the valor of Gauraka, even as disease is destroyed by gift and prayer. Relieved of fear, the minister Sūha made Laddarāja, lord of Kampana, and Gaurabhaṭṭa, lord of Kramarājya. As in the evening which darkens the mountains, neither the sun nor the moon is visible, so when Sūhabhaṭṭa, who had made himself felt by the king, became powerful, neither the king nor the heir-apparent could raise his head.

The hawk kills other birds, the lion destroys other animals, the Vajra-jewel pierces other jewels, and the brilliant sun throws about the planets like flowers, and thus destruction seems ever to be caused in this world by one's own people. Though the king ShrīShikandhara was often instigated by Sūha to persecute the twice-born, he, whose purpose was tempered by kindness, fixed with some difficulty, a limit to the advance of the great sea of the Yavanas. But Sūha passed the limit by levying fines on the twice-born. As the night prevents people from seeing any thing but darkness, so this evil minded man forbade ceremonies and processions during the new moon. He became envious, and apprehended that the twice-born who had become fearless would keep up their caste by going over to foreign countries ;

he therefore ordered all the guards on the roads not to allow passage to any one without a written passport. Then as the fisherman torments fish in an enclosed river, so this low born man tormented the twice-born in the country. The Brāhmaṇas burnt themselves in the flaming fire through fear of committing sin, and through fear of him who was like the heat of the fire; and thus they escaped. Struck by fear some Brāhmaṇas killed themselves by means of poison, some by the rope, others by drowning themselves in water, others again by falling from a precipice, and others burnt themselves. The country was contaminated by hatred, and the king's favourite (Sūha) could not prevent one man in a thousand from committing suicide. This wicked man disliked the weight of the kingdom which was hard to be borne, but he delighted in the cries of the twice-born, which gave him pleasure. A multitude of Brāhmaṇas who prided on their caste fled from the country through bye-roads, as the main roads were closed, even as men flee under ground when the doors of their houses are closed. Even as men depart from this world, so did the Brāhmaṇas flee to foreign countries, the son leaving his father behind, and the father leaving his son, to the Death like Sūha who sorrowed at the escape of the Brāhmaṇas. The difficult country through which they passed, the scanty food, painful illness, and the torments of hell during life time removed from the minds of the Brāhmaṇas the fear of hell.

Oppressed by various calamities, such as encounter with the enemy, fear of snakes, fierce heat, and scanty food, many Brāhmaṇas perished on the way, and thus obtained relief. Where was then their bath, their meditation, their austerity, and where was then their prayer? The Brāhmaṇas wandered about in villages begging, and thus spent their time. The wrong which was done to the Brāhmaṇas proved beneficial to them, since exiled by Sūha, the twice-born removed their sins by visiting holy places. Some twice born men who were anxious to save their wives, emaciated by want of food, did not depart to foreign countries, but wandered about in Kashmīra wearing the dress of the mlechchhas. Sūha withheld the allowances of the twice born with a view to extinguish learning, and they, in expectation of a mouthful of food, went from house to house, putting out their tongues like dogs. It was out of his devotion to the religion of the Turuṣhkas, not out of antipathy towards the twice-born, that he oppressed the Brāhmaṇas; and hence his victims did not much complain. This was what Sūhabhaṭṭa told them inorder to remove the impression which his actions created that he had antipathy towards the Brāhmaṇas.

The Brāhmaṇas, the supporters of the world, had taken refuge of Ratnākara inorder to preserve their party, and this little Brāhmaṇa became the favourite of Sūhabhaṭṭa. But Malānoddīna, the great guru of

the Yavanas, feared that Ratnākara would rise in rebellion, and caused him to be arrested. From the time that Malānoddīna arrived in the kingdom which was then without chāmara and umbrella, the desire of enjoyment did not leave Sūhabhaṭṭa even in dream. But enjoyments are the fruits of austerities, and the vain desire of enjoyments was painful to Sūhabhaṭṭa like the disease of the eye. The ministers attained or lost rank and honour according to the will of the powerful Sūhabhaṭṭa, even as the duration of the seasons laden with fruits is under the control of the sun. When Shāhikhāna saw that wisdom and power were centered in one person, he became alarmed and anxious, and did not sleep. When he saw the serpent like Sūha, with his poisonous appearance, he was surrounded by darkness which he could not illumine. Sūhabhaṭṭa spent three or four years oppressing the twice-born, reviling the Sāstras, thinking of rebellion, and undergoing medical treatment for his disease. As if sent by the virtues of the people, and gathering strength from the sins of Sūhabhaṭṭa, his consumption, which defied treatment, withered him up. What could not the sun-jewel have effected if its fire had not been quenched at the rising of the moon when the moisture of the moon-jewel allays the heat of the earth? Why did he not live for another three or four years and witness in this world the effect of his own sins at the time when Shāhikhāna rose to power.

When Sūhabhaṭṭa was living, Laddarāja had fled

through fear, and Hamsa and Gaura, captured him after allowing him a little respite. But when Sūha died they were incited by the lust of royal power to fight against each other, even as two bulls are attracted by a cow and engage themselves in breaking each other's horns. At the time when Laddarāja was released from prison by Hamsa, Gaurabhaṭṭa died in battle and gladdened the hearts of the celestial females. Fortune, ever moving as the elephant's ear, now abandoned her fickleness, and settled on Hamsa in the absence of a more deserving object, even as an unchaste woman clings to an old husband. But Shāhikhāna, though a boy, did not brook the pride of Hamsa, as the new moon does not brook the darkness increasing during the dark fortnight. The wise heir apparent (Shāhikhāna) held a council of the Ṭhakkuras, and killed in battle Hamsabhaṭṭa who had killed Laddarāja. The love of the people flowed towards Shāhikhāna, as the water flows downwards. As black bees disregard the Kunda flower and go to mango blossom, so the Royal Fortune felt a desire to embrace the heir apparent, now flushed with victory. But the time has not yet come for the prince to be a king, and Royal Fortune remained therefore in a state of suspense. Owing to the excessive love of the subjects which the prince enjoyed, and owing also to his cleverness, the king bestowed on him the management of the kingdom out of affection. Then Merakamsāra, the evil minded Turushka, guided the powers of the prince as

the iron rod guides an elephant blinded by madness. Men could not for a long time pollute the king's mind by dark and evil counsel, as the dark clouds cannot pollute the Mānasa lake. The king was affectionate towards his devoted and able younger brother (the heir apparent), and was also affectionate towards those who sought shelter with him; but urged by evil minded men he became uneasy.

The king at last wished to go on pilgrimage, and for the protection of the people, he thus addressed the heir apparent and his servants:—"Wealth cannot be had because those who ask for it will be glad to have it; our mind becdmes corrupt without meditation and without offerings to the dead, and our body becomes polluted without pilgrimages to holy places. I have placed the weight of the kingdom on you as on the world supporting elephants, and am, like a second Ananta Nāga, anxious to serve Nārāyaṇa." Agitated with affection, as the sea with the Mandāra hill, Shāhikhāna replied to the king with this speech, sweet as the new moon:—"Let thy untimely desire to go to pilgrimage, which is of doubtful good, abandon thee; rule thy subjects and thus win the sure gate to fame and virtue. If you, a warrior, cruelly leave this heriditory kingdom after having ruled it for a long time, it will be thought that you leave it for want of ability to rule. If you are anxious to go on pilgrimage, then what work shall be left to us, whose duty it is to serve you?"

When the heir apparent had thus expressed himself, the king of men made the following speech graced by his smile :—"The little virtue that is earned by merely ruling the subject people, is like a chemical compound, composed of many components. You are like my arm, though not joined to me in person ; wherefore then should the people think of my incapacity when they behold your prowess ? And if you do not carry out my order, my hopes which are placed on you will be at an end." The king said thus, and was resolved to go on 706
pilgrimage, and after a long time made the heir apparent accept the weight of the kingdom, and blessed him saying,—long may he reign under the name of 707
ShrīJainollābhadīna !

In the hope of visiting holy places, the king went out of his own country, but not from the prince's heart which was blessed with love which like a bolt held fast the king. The prince gave out valuable jewels from the treasury, and beautiful horses, and for two nights he followed his brother. Wicked people spoke to the king on the way, about the troubles of the journey, the difficulty of attaining virtue, and the small merit of visiting shrines, and thus removed from the king's mind his respect for holy places. The proud king of Madra thought of the reproach which his son-in-law [the king of Kashmīra] would incur, [by going on pilgrimage], and caused him to return from the holy place of Hāra. When the autumn season, like a season of good luck,

arrived, the king of Madra took the king with him and returned to Kashmīra. Glad at the return of his brother, but angry at the approach of the army of the ally the king of Madra, Shāhikhāna became sunk in joy and displeasure at the same time. But the noble minded prince cast aside his anger, and out of his affection for his brother, gave up the kingdom. When the day expires, the sun gives up his radiance to the fire, and in the morning the fire returns it to the sun and becomes an object of praise, and worshippers pour on it the offering of new ghee during the day and thus increase its power. As the breeze carries with it the scent of flowers, even so the prince was accompanied by all the Ṭhakkuras who were the lords of the country, and he went out of Kashmīra. Left by the Ṭhakkuras, the army of Madra descended into Kashmīra in peace, like a river without alligators.

The king Ālishāha now ascended his wide ancestral throne, but did not win the hearts of good men. If the bright sun does not set, how can the moon with its visible spots ascend? When a powerless and feeble man is thoughtlessly raised to power by a warrior, he thinks the victory due to his own valour, and considers the universe as a blade of straw. As monkeys disturb a shady garden by breaking the branches of trees, so did the Turushkas the servants of the king, disturb the kingdom. The Yavana Merakaṃsāra caused a commotion in the kingdom, uninvited by the king.

As the black bee pollutes the closing lotus, so did this barbarian pollute the wives of the citizens, who were taken to him for his enjoyment. As mountain elephants, with their long trunks, and blinded by madness, agitate and pollute a tank, so did the Turuṣhkas agitate the country and spread alarm. The people of Kashmira became possessed of Rakṣhasas who could not be prevented by the council of the ministers from doing evil, and who did not cease to oppress even in the day time. It is better for a kingdom to be without a king than with such a king. It is better for the ear to be without an ornament than with an iron pendant. Lofty houses, excellent horses, fine dresses, large gems,—all that adorned the king were now wrested by the Yavanas. This inert king reigned for five or six months more, not through his merit, but through the fullness of the sins of the subjects. The smoke continues to cause injury and annoyance until the fire glows brighter and spreads its flame;—the smoke withers flowers, obscures all sides, weakens the eyes, and intercepts the rays of the sun.

The king did not wish to repay the debt for the kingdom bestowed on him by Shrī Shikandhara, but was anxious to increase his fortune, and urged by envy towards Mahendra, the lord of the Khuḥkhuras sent messengers to Shāhikhāna and asked him to come away to his own country. If the alligator did not come out of the water, and the crow did not leave the lofty

tree, and the rat did not quit his hole in the forest, how could these be killed? The king, in his anger, marched against Jasratha for giving shelter to the heir-apparent who was hostile to the king. The king was eager to overcome Jasratha, the chief among the strong, and his eagerness was not checked by his ministers whose influence was overshadowed by that of the mlechchhas. The envoys and those who profited by dissensions informed the king by letters of the rising prosperity of the heir-apparent, and increased by their advice, his eagerness for battle. The monarch was flattered by the Yavanas who hoped to obtain his favour, but his soldiers lost courage at the triumph of the heir-apparent, and they became alarmed and blamed the king's attempt. As the king of Kashmîra marched, the sun shone against him, and the chiefs who were friendly to him did not join him. The mlechchha army, maddened with pride, saw darkness personified in the dust that was raised by them. The king became furious, and caused Rājapurî and other countries, which he should have taken under his protection, to be harassed by plunder, as if they had been his enemy's territories. When the king arrived at a place named Mudgaravyāla, the king of Madra who was very powerful, sent him the following message:—"Though in your camp there be infantry possessed of wealth, and swift horses, and warriors skilled in fight, yet be not confident in your war against the world renowned artifices of the Khuḥkhuras. We know their artifices in battle, for

serpents, not others, know the ways of serpents. So long as we do not come to your help, you should remain stationary in the mountain." But blinded by pride, the wicked chief of the Yavanas believed that the king of Madra had sent the message inorder to gain renown for himself. The foolish king then descended from the hill, as from his high dignity, and his banners waved in the air as if they trembled in fear of the army of the king of the Khuḥkhuras. By the charge of the cavalry, the earth was filled with dust, and Vāsuki was overwhelmed with fear. The sandy ground was dug up by the hoofs of horses and drenched in blood ; and the warriors sacrificed their lives in battle, in their valor. As
the waves in the sea break the force of the air, so in 749
this sea of battle the king was overpowered by misfortune.

Brahmā displays his mercy by bidding the sun rise when the world is merged in darkness, by causing the advent of the spring when the joys of earth are destroyed by the cold wind of winter, and by sending a perfect and blameless king when the world is disturbed with fear by a wicked king. The sinless Shrī Jainollābhadina, flushed with success, entered Kashmīra like propitious Fate. This king called forth words of praise from the lips of good people, and filled all sides with the sound of the kettledrum, and entered the capital, but not before he had entered into the hearts of the people. When the king bathed during his corona-

tion, the minds of his subjects were washed clean ; and when he displayed his royal umbrella, the power of his enemies became still. His wise policy was like the sugar in the juice of the sugarcane, and it removed the people's thirst for the good kings of old. The king revived the disregarded laws of previous kings, as the spring revives the plants destroyed by the winter. His prowess and his wise policy vied with each other in overcoming his enemies who were hard to subdue ; and sometimes his prowess and sometimes his policy prevailed. Beauty dwelt in his person, and the goddess of learning on his lips, Fortune rested in his breast, and Patience in his mind ; and when Fame saw this, she spread his reputation afar. The king's virtuous mode of government in the Kaliyuga became glorious like the very middle of the Satyayuga. The younger brother of the king of Kashmira named ShrIMahat Madakhāna became his partner in royalty, his councellor in matters of policy and a judge in the investigation of the Shāstras. What more need he said of ShrIMahat Madakhāna than that through the king's influence he became like the king, save only that he had not the royal umbrella and chāmara. What the spring is to Cupid, what the master's favourite is to other servants, that was the king of the Khuṇkhuras to the monarch,—the most beloved of all who served him.

As the fruit of his obtaining the kingdom, the king thought it proper to abolish evil practices from the

country ruined by the mlechchhas; whereupon his favourite officers awarded to the oppressors the punishment that was due to them fearlessly, openly, and without asking for the king's orders. The king sowed the seeds of fame on all sides, planted prosperity in good men and happiness in the people, and then uprooted his enemies. In this way he reversed the usual agricultural process [of uprooting wild plants first, and sowing and planting afterwards.] The sun is always powerful, and the moon is always mild, and as if to surpass them at once, the king combined both these qualifications in himself. How shall I describe all his innumerable virtues in this condensed narrative? Can the king of the elephants find room in the hole of the jackal? I therefore paint his virtues in this book, as the Himālaya or the three worlds are painted in a picture, or as the sun is reflected in a mirror. As the cold and the heat are of equal power in the early part of summer, or as the days and nights are equal when the sun is in the equinox, so the king looked with equal eyes on his own as on others. As the traders do not allow any inequality in their scales, so the king did not brook inequality [in his administration.] As the lion does not attack other animals in the peaceful hermitage of saints, so the Turuṣhkas, who were much alarmed, did not now oppress the Brāhmaṇas as they had done before. Brilliant as the sun, the king bestowed his favours on men of merit [Brāhmáṇas] whose very existence had been endangered

by the moon-like Sūha, the very source of evil. Possessed of merit and appreciating merit in others, the king encouraged learning; and the stream of learning which had run downward, like a canal which breaks through a gap, now began to flow smoothly once more. He was the destroyer of evils, and he preserved by various means the good usages of Kashmíra, even as a physician helps our digestive functions by medicines. As if to purify the earth polluted by the touch of Sūhabhaṭṭa, the king kindled the fire of his prowess which lighted up the great firmament. He pursued his policy in five different ways, and his enemies, as if to defeat his purpose, dissolved themselves into the five elements, (died.) To praise him for having conquered his external foes, would be to reproach a monarch who had conquered the ever present internal foes (the passions).

Though great in his strength, the king of the world undertook expeditions only when there was an enemy to overcome. The sun marches through the sky only to overcome the moon and stars. Powerful as he was, he did not wish to conquer others for the thirst of wealth: the lion does not kill elephants for the sake of meat. His enemies in the hilly regions were subjected, as if for their purification, to five fires, *viz.* :—the sun, the forest fire, the king's prowess, the fire of grief, and the fire of fatigue. Although a dweller of this earth the king never went astray, even as the moon when full never rises but when the night begins. The politic

king levied taxes from his poor subjects that they might not perish through their pride. The Fame of his enemies along with their Royal Fortune, sacrificed herself in the fire of the king's prowess at the extinction of their own.

Once on a time, Jasratha, oppressed by the king of Dhilli took shelter under the king, and he protected him as the mountain protects darkness in its caves from the sun.

During the time when this restrainer of the wicked ruled the country, there lived a Brāhmaṇa at Jayāpiḍapura. He had a cow which was the very embodyment of the hope of the gods. The cow once broke away from him and fled, either in quest of corn in villages, or by the will of fate. The Brāhmaṇa went to Maḍavarājya, to bathe in a shrine, and there recognised his cow, the marks of which animal he knew. He knew that the cow was his, and he followed the animal in the evening and quarrelled with the master of the house to which it went. The master of the house was urged by cupidity, and the Brāhmaṇa was certain that the animal was his, so their quarrel did not cease, and they took their dispute before the king's court. There they were unable to meet each other's arguments, and the king threw some water-nuts before the cow inorder to test their claims. The cow had been accustomed to eat the nuts in its younger days, it smelled them and ate them with alacrity like fruits; but its calves did not eat them for a long time. The

people who had not been able to determine the case, praised the skill of the king, and the king caused the pretender to be punished by the twice born, even as one deserving of punishment is punished.

Though the king was kind hearted, yet for the sake of his people he would not forgive even his son, or a minister, or a friend if he were guilty. Mereshāya the Yavana was once drunk and killed his wife without any fault, and though he was the king's favourite, yet the king caused him to be executed. He who was like Indra on earth humiliated his enemies and honored those who were saintly and wise. He was graced with power, kindness, and wisdom in a greater degree than any other king that had reigned before. Cupid causes *apachita* (suffering) to parted lovers, but the king who was graceful as Cupid paid *apachita* (honors) to the wise. Beauty and fierceness were blended in the king. Where except in the sea can be seen both poison and nectar, both water and fire together? Judges used to take money from the plaintiffs and the defendants since a long time, but the practice was disallowed by the good and virtuous king.

There was a Brāhmaṇa named Laularāja who for some reason sold a plot of level land out of ten pieces which he possessed, and the sale was effected in writing. Laularāja died in the year of sale, after telling his young son Nonarāja and others of the transaction. Nonarāja and the others were weak, and consequently the powerful purchasers took possession of the other nine plots though

they were not sold. They were powerful and for a long time kept possession of the ten plots, but inorder to secure them legally they forged entries in the document. Before the time of this king who was a careful judge, they had caused the words 'ten pieces of level land have been sold' to be written by Nonarâja's son. I was in the court, and was grieved that the land was thus forcibly taken possession of. Then by the king's orders the litigants brought the document, and the judicious king read it and threw it in water. [Half of a couplet appears to be wanting here.] The newly written letters were effaced and the old ones remained showing that one piece of level land had been sold. The king then caused it to be read by his courtiers. Thus the king's fame spread on all sides. I obtained some land,* the forgerer received severe punishment, the subjects were happy, and the wicked remained in fear.

The moon, when full, is sometimes afraid of Râhu ; the cloud which gives rain sometimes strikes us with terror and hurls thunderbolts on trees ; and even so the Creator, who creates good men for the delight of the world, sometimes causes apprehension by sending diseases. At one time a poisonous boil gave much pain to the king in his forearm, and to his subjects in their hearts. As flowers are not obtainable in the month of Mâgha on account of the mischief

* The wanting portion would perhaps have showed the share the author had in deciding the case for which he obtained land.

caused by snow, even so physicians who knew about poisons could not, at that time, be found in the country, owing to the oppression of the mlechchhas. The servants of the king at last found out Shivabhaṭṭa who knew the antidotes of poisons, and who performed religious sacrifices; even as travellers discover a well in a desert. He was well versed in the art of healing, but out of fear of the mlechchhas he, for a long time, delayed to come. When he arrived, the king gave him encouragement, and he completely cured the king of the poisonous boil, even as an elephant uproots a poisonous tree. When that boil was healed, the fame of the physician increased with the comfort of the king, and the gladness of the people. The king was pleased and gave him much wealth, but Shivabhaṭṭa did not look at wealth, even as a man who has conquered his passions does not look at beautiful women. [Here a part of a line is wanting, the probable meaning is that] He spent the gold and silver in payment of fines by which the twice-born preserved the purity of their caste.

The king caused rest-houses for travellers to be built at the out skirts of villages, and they were supported by the villages; and he caused shelters to be built within forests. The buildings which were raised for the deceased females of the twice-born stood at every place, as if in them the females of that caste laughed at Sūhabhaṭṭa. Thus the king, with unabated kindness, saved the world oppressed by the mlechchhas, even

as Nārāyaṇa saved the world oppressed by the Dānavās, The king humbled those who were high and raised up the lowly, and he thus levelled the world inorder to sow the seed of his fame. The king had vowed not to touch the wives of others, but he broke the vow when he embraced the goddess of Fortune who had belonged to others before.

Then the king, who had gone through all the circumstances of life, and who knew all things, placed Tilakāchāryya the Buddhist, in the highest position. Shivabhaṭṭa, Tilaka, and Siṃha the astrologer, became the steps by which Brāhmaṇas rose to appointments. As the kokila increases his passion by tasting the juice of fruits, even so the king developed his finer sentiments by serving the principal Brāhmaṇas. Shrīmāna Karpurabhaṭṭa, the preserver of lives, (physician) drew men of worth into the celebrated court of the king by his merit. Rupyabhaṭṭa could, without the labour of calculation, but by merely observing the course of the planets in the past year, know their position in the year to come. At times ShrīRāmānanda's explanation of steam in the country of Darada. * * * *

The kings of Gāndhāra, Sindhu, Madra, and Adri, of this king * * * * At this time the king of Khuḥkhura defeated and captured Māladeva the king of Madra, but the king caused him to be released. The

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**** Asterisks signify that a part is wanting in the original text.

king, the king of Rājapurī * * * * soon opposed the march of Raṇasūha and caused him to roll on the ground. The king of Udabhāṇḍapura, though supported by the king of Sindhu, was repeatedly overthrown by the king, like a pebble, and was then cast down. Once upon a time the king dyed his arrows in the hot blood of the people in the Gogga country in the land of the Bhauṭṭas; and he pleased his own people by his virtues. Having won the battle in the country of Shayā, the king saved the golden image of Buddha from the Yavanas by issuing severe orders. * * * * The power of the king was like a test stone for the power of the Bhauṭṭas. The king destroyed the beauty of the city of Lūta. The hearts of the Bhauṭṭas which were empty, were filled with the fear of the king, but their treasury where wealth had been accumulated since a long time remained empty. The kind hearted king, though engaged in endless wars, made due enquiries after his subjects, even as a cultivator does after the shālī crop. His bow was unable to brook equality with the bow of Nārāyaṇa or of Mahādeva, but it was not much used, as his work was accomplished from a distance.

Nosrata, son of Laddarāja had been favoured by the king but was now sent into exile, though his wealth was not confiscated, as the king considered him to be a rebel. A Yavana named Sadaula came from the country of Makka (Mecca) and arrived before the king bringing with him many books. The king loved men of

merit and he appeared before him, but the man was boasting of his own qualifications. * * * The judicious sovereign soon perceived that the man was as void of qualifications as a drum is empty within. But that sea of mercy, that lord of the life of the world, did not withdraw his favour from the mlechchha beggar, although void of merit, even as the father does not withdraw his affection from his son. Like the darkness of the night, and like nocturnal lightning, the many vices of this wicked man frightened the people. At this time, a great hermit who had conquered his passions seated himself on a high pillar inorder to obtain emancipation by the practice of yoga. For nine days he sat on the pillar with closed eyes and without food, and by his blessing the queen gave birth to a son. Thus he sat there at yoga, and on the ninth day, the great festivity on account of the birth of the prince took place. Sadaula became jealous at seeing the hermit constantly favoured, and having lost his senses by intoxication from wine, he killed the hermit by arrows with the help of mlechchhas. At the sight of the deed, the warm and sorrowful tears of the people fell on the ground, and their censure fell on the king. When the king heard of the act, he drowned himself, as if for purifying his person, in the sea of fear, shame, anger, and surprise, and in the thought of what he should do. On that day, when his first son was born, the king did not bathe, nor eat, nor speak, nor do anything. On the next day the king

consulted his religious guide and learned men versed in law, and he learnt that Sadaula deserved to be killed. Sadaula was not killed, owing to king's kindness, but the king ordered him to ride on an ass with his face towards the tail, and to be led about every market place, his beard drenched with human urine, his head shaved, every one spitting on him, and his hands tied with the entrails of the dead man. The punishment was like death to him though he was alive; and pure flowers from heaven which perfumed all sides fell on the king as well as the blessings of the citizens, for this act of justice.

Like Dasharatha, the king had four sons given unto him, and they were the delight of the people, and were born of the two daughters of the king of Madra. The eldest was named Ādāmakhāna, the second, Hejyākhāna, the younger ones were named Jassarathakhāna, and Baherāmakhāna.

The Mandara hill churned the sea of cream, and recovered the nectar and the precious stones, which were lying useless before, and brought them to use by bestowing them on proper persons. That Mandara hill, worthy of praise, is the king of the mountains. Even like him the king obtained wonderful fame by joining a waterfall to a stream, and the rivers which had been dry became filled with water. The king caused the canal which ran along the field to be extended to the lands at Utpalapura, and he thus made both the canal and the lands useful. He caused a canal to be carried down to the desert of

Nandashaila, and thus made the people think of the Chakradhara in the midst of the sea. This beneficent king held high his unsullied fame and made the country of Karāla a theme of praise by means of a canal. In Karāla, the king built Jainapurī where the Brāhmaṇas had their rent free villages, and where women had necklaces. The king, whose history is pleasant, caused a canal to be constructed in the lands of Avantipura, and the canal was rich in shāli crop. When the water of the Ganges was made to unite by a mountain channel with the Mānasa lake, was the water of the Ganges purified by that of the Mānasa, or the Mānasa lake purified by the water of the Ganges? The king embellished the Mānasa lake by building a town on its side, and its image was reflected on the lake and looked as if it were another town. This prosperous king connected Suyyapura with the bank of the Vitastā, and thus removed the great trouble which the land had experienced from heat. He built Jainanagarī, rich with maṭhas, provided with rent free lands for Brāhmaṇas, and with market places, extending from Pradyumna hill to Amareshapura. That town with its high stone built houses of the Nāgas, was reflected on the Jainagaṅgā, as if it rose from the water to conquer the heaven. The pious king of unsullied fame, forgot the joys of worshipping the feet of Hari in the favour of the god Raṇasvāmī and Jainagaṅgā. On the other side of Suyyapura, he built a town named Snānagiri, and adorned with houses, it became equal to Kailāsa hill.

The king whose fame had extended on all sides and was widely known, and who had subdued his enemies, built a royal city named Siddhipurī at Siddhakṣhetra, in Sureshvarī; and above the palace he built the two temples of Mārttaṇḍa and Amaranātha which illumined the distant sky. In former times Suyyarāja had sought to increase the prosperity of the country. Since then several kings had passed away, but owing to the poverty of the people's virtue, there was not the least increase; nor did plenty put forth twigs, or flowers, or fruits by the strength of religious penance. But owing to the purity of the religious penance of Shrī Jainollābhadīna, prosperity was sood attained; or how else could the prosperity be accounted for? When the virtues of the previous kings had worn off, they fell, but this king [so multiplied his acts of merit] by obtaining this kingdom, as to secure another in the next life. The land was previously dependent on the rain [for its crops], but the king made it dependent on the river; and he granted rent free lands to Brāhmaṇas. At Barāhakṣhetra, Vijaya [kṣhetra] and Īshānaka the great king opened houses of charity, and thereby caused even Indra to tremble. In places, where lands were sold, the king opened offices inorder to note the sale on Bhūrja bark, so that the sale might not be subsequently denied.

King Jayāpīḍa had, by the favour of the Nāgas, discovered a hill of copper, and the hill yielded him that metal as a tribute. During this reign, the earth gave

out from its mines, jewels such as are difficult to be found, and such as humble the pride of the ruby. These jewels are known by the name of Jainamaṇi. During this reign the people collected from the sandy banks of rivers, gold which humbled the pride of talc and which resembled termeric in color. Pressed by the people, the king caused an order to be inscribed on a copper plate, to the effect that future kings should take only a sixth part of the gold obtained from rivers. The Ḍāmara Kācha, superintendent of the capital, built in the city a stone bridge one krosha in length, on the road which was difficult to traverse. Thus the virtuous king not only raised himself from mire, but delivered all men within the city from mud by the construction of the bridge. Shivabhaṭṭa built large maṭhas in various localities, and the other ministers of the king also built many religious houses.

As two powerful elephants, elated with pride, are ever ready to agitate the water in a tank, and in their madness fight with their trunks, and perish within a short time; even so Sayedha and Shūra, born of the same family, sons of the king's nurse, were unable to brook each other's prosperity; and endeavoured to do harm to each other. The king, however, assuaged their anger, and they felt affection and kindness towards each other; but they killed a man, [as described below], and prepared themselves for a commotion. Masoda Ṭhakkura, was pierced, in presence of the king, by the taunts of

Shūra, which were sharp as arrows, and casting away his weapons went unarmed at night, attended by a limited number of followers; Shūra finding him in a defenceless condition killed him. His brother, Vinna Ṭhakkura, celebrated for his valour, demanded permission from the kind hearted king to kill Shūra. The Ṭhakkura then killed Shūra with his followers, and thus increased his fame and relieved his mind.

The king honored the saints to such an extent, that even the king of Madra and others attended on them like dogs. The king took his instructions about religious penances and about the pleasures of life from both superior and inferior hermits, and gave them ear-pendants, vessels of gold, and clothes. Indra, the conqueror of the three worlds, is not satisfied with the fame he acquired by cutting off the wings of mountains, by obscuring the sun in clouds, and by performing a hundred religious sacrifices, but he also displays in unsubstantial clouds, composed of smoke, air, and water, the lustre of his person in varied tints,—yellow, white, black, red, and green. Likewise, the king, who appreciated courage, desired, for the sake of obtaining fame, to perform what was beyond the power of the past sovereigns, and what will be beyond the ability of future kings. Time is endless, and great is the expanse of the world, so that some future kings in some distant country may believe it possible for them to perform such worthy and enterprising acts, and accomplish deeds which may almost rival his. The

king was not pleased to hear of the deeds of enterprise achieved by past kings in inaccessible mountains or lakes. And as the poet arranges words according to the sound, so did the king act according to the advice of merchants in pursuit of wealth. The king was anxious to make oblations to the fire, and leaving all other thoughts aside, he heard Nīlapurāṇa and other sāstras read by the paṇḍitas.

For a long time the king had conceived that this world was to the universe what the face is to the body; and that Kashmīra was the principal portion of this world as the eyes are of the face, and that the line of mountains around were like eyelashes. Inside, like the eyeball, was located the Mahāpadma lake where large lotuses grew, and like the * * * * If the lake could be filled up and gradually built upon by any means, the kingdom * * * * This prince of lakes, whose fathomless waters extended over twenty eight kroshas, like the great purposes of great men * * * * In order to accomplish his purpose the king went by a boat to the middle of the lake, even as a yogi attains the Supreme Soul by means of his own. * * * * Previous kings did not go to the great Mahāpadma lake constantly agitated by waves, through fear that the boat might be demolished. It was either by the power of penance, or by his patience, or on account of the greatness of his aim, that the king moved in the waters of the lake as easily as he would on land. What the mind can conceive can be

worked out after a time; but what the ordinary mind cannot conceive is possible to genius alone. The good king could not at first settle what to do, but he at last devised means to convert the lake into land. He thought of filling up that lake, by conveying stones in carts and throwing them into it one above another, even as a sea is filled up by peaks of mountains. The waggons, if built of pine planks with iron clasps, would not, he thought, break or wear off.

The eager king then returned and sought the help of old men, and they came to him. As the Sudarshana chakra encircles Dvārikā, even so was the peaceful capital of this king encircled by these men. The presiding god of his city ° ° ° ° the Mahāpadma lake. ° ° ° ° He protected the people of the four castes as if they were his sons ° ° ° ° It was owing to the influence of the Kaliyuga that the people of the country followed evil practices day by day and yet prospered. ° ° ° ° Then as the fruit of their evil practices, and owing to adverse fortune, the lord of the Nāgas became angry, even as a good man does on receiving an offence. In a dream he said to a potter who had not left off his good usages, that he would drown the citizens who had adopted evil practices. When the potter told the people in the morning that the Nāga would drown them for their evil practices he was laughed at by all the citizens, as if he was an irrational beast. Then the Nāga agitated the lake by his hundred hoods, and the roar of the water

seemed like that of an enemy who had surrounded the city. Then the Brāhmaṇas chanted their incantations and bowed to the Nāgas, and boys began to cry; but like the king of death the king of the Nāgas neither felt fear nor pity. The boys clasped the necks of their mothers in fear, and the mothers shed tears, as if they worshipped the lord of the Nāgas with pearls. [As the water rose], the children got up from the feet of their mothers to their lap, then to their shoulders, and then to their head, and finally departed from them even as life departs from the body; and the agitated water of the inundation clasped the trembling limbs of the women like a lover. It covered every thing, small and large, thin and thick, little and great, and spread itself over all like darkness. The lord of the Nāgas, unable to brook the touch of the wicked who were drowned in that fathomless water, stayed like a good man in the woods. Kāliya was the name of the lord of the Nāgas, and his head when pressed by the feet of Nārāyaṇa received the impression of the feet, and hence he obtained the name of Mahāpadma. The king heard some one telling him in a dream that he was an incarnation of Nārāyaṇa and that his purpose to reconstruct Kashmīra which lay in ruin would be fulfilled. For a short time he revolved in his mind as to how he could accomplish the work. The Nāga did not refrain from punishing the city for the evil practices of the people; why should a great being like him put up with a wrong

when even an inferior being does not. Thus informed by the lord of the Nāgas [in a dream] the king thought to himself that he would raise the land like an umbrella, and make it beautiful as a jewelled cup. * * * *

In that great land which would be raised in the midst of the billowy lake, in that holy and lonely spot, the hermits would attain emancipation. With stones carried in strong waggons the king filled up the centre of the billowy lake which was fathomless before. When the middle of the lake became land the king built on it * * * * Jainalaṅkā * * * * It was on one extremity of this very lake that king Jayāpīḍa had raised land by the help of the king of the Rākṣhasas. If in the dewy season the lotus plants, the water nuts, and the kavuka plants be uprooted, the foundation of Shrī Jayāpīḍakoṭa can be seen in the bottomless gulf. On the margin of the billowy lake were Suyyakuṇḍalaka and many other villages with traces of large houses. The king now built the rich town of Jainalaṅkā in a deep part of the lake where even hills would be drowned, and he appointed a superintendent of the town * * * * Rūpyabhāṇḍa, a man of beaming intelligence, decorated the palace gates * * * * At Kramarājya, he built Suratrāṇapura graced with houses that humbled the pride of the peaks of the Himālaya. The king, who had subdued his enemies, built Jainakoṭṭa with houses all around and adorned with silk banners above the buildings. It was through the king's orders and by the intelligence of

Rūpyabhāṇḍa that delapidated buildings were repaired and new ones constructed. On the margin of the Mahāpadma lake the king, whose epithet was Jaina, built two towns named Jainakuṇḍala and Jainapattana; and there were planted the creeping fennel which bore tender leaves and beautiful roots, and by which the towns were adorned. O! how mild were even the punishments which he inflicted tempered as they were with mercy; for without killing the Ḍomba thieves, or fastening their hands in chains, and subjecting them to constant beating ° ° ° ° The king forbade the killing of birds and fish in several tanks, and spread his fame on all sides.

Once on a time the king came to know that thieves had stolen a cow, and the owner lamented its loss. The king after questioning the man caused the thieves to be brought in; but the truthful Brāhmaṇa could not state the age of the animal or describe the marks on it, and he thus caused regret to the court. He only stated that the cow had bent horns. The thief addressed the king and said that as it was natural for the human body to have moles, so it was natural for a cow's horns to be bent. The king asked [the verdict of the court], but the court remained silent. The king then, with a view to examine [the animal], applied some contrivance on the horns by which he exposed the artifice of the thief and refuted his plea about the crookedness of the horns. The ministers who composed the court of justice were elated with joy by this fine judgment of the king. The

chief judge Gauraka the Gaṇanāpati pleased the people by his forgiveness, his good sense, and the dispensation of equitable punishments, and imposed upon himself the king's duty of ruling the subjects. Some men had bribed Malvāna Mallānāsāka and had received favours from him; but after a lapse of time they became ungrateful and disclosed in court the amount of gold they had paid as bribe. Upon this the king became angry, and caused Malvāna Mallānāsāka to restore the amount to them.

Daryyāvakhāna had first seated himself at the feet of the king, then went hand in hand with him, then placed himself before his eyes, and finally reached his head. The grateful king had purchased this man [as slave], and bore him even as Mahādeva bears on his forehead the crescent of the moon which sheds soft light. The sun does not dispel the darkness which settles on the world under the cover of the cloud like night; but it is dispelled by the moon which reflects the sun. Wearied with the weight of the kingdom and ever exposed to danger from the sword, the king felt a relief at the sight of the riches which he had himself bestowed on the learned Mahmadakhāna. Mahmadakhāna now died. Where do we see length of life in those who are agreeable to others? This truthful and prosperous Thakkura, who every year ministered through the Pratihāra and others to the wants of those who came to beg, now went to heaven. He was openly murdered by one of his own family whom the king had exiled from his own country and who

came on the pretence of delivering a message. Enfeebled by journeys to places of pilgrimage, Vinna returned to the town of Sou [dha ?] where the king's tolls were collected on articles brought from the Sindhu country, and there he died. At this time, the great Shrī Shivabhaṭṭa who superintended the king's courts of justice, also went to heaven [died]. Though these men died, the king's acts of virtue did not decrease. The elephants who prop the four sides are but as pageants to the serpent who really supports the world. In one day, the king distributed one koti of Dīnnāras to the boys through Jayyabhaṭṭa.

A collection of wonderful things was made in the kingdom during the reign of this king, otherwise how could he be the incarnation of Nārāyaṇa? He planted the country round Mārttaṇḍa with sugarcane, compared to the juice of which, the nectar that flows from the moon is poor as a beggar. On account of the greatness of his yoga, Shrī Jainallābhadīna escaped wrinkles and white hair incident to old age, and displayed the faculties of a god. He made * * * * the river which flows into Bhārosa, and which injured his power and wealth.

Here ends the Second Rājataraṅgiṇī by Jonarāja.

Kali L

Zainulaabdiin - 4521-71 3996 = 1420 CE
-4046 = 1470

THIRD SERIES.

BOOK I.

I bow to Shiva who is the sole lord of the three worlds, and who has attained eternal godhood and freedom from endless pain. May Shiva, one half of whom is female, give us faith in the unity of godhood. Witnessing one half of Shiva's person united with one half of Pārvvatī's, the moon also cut off one half of his body and united himself with night, sable as the locks of Pārvvatī.

The court-poets of celebrity who make their composition elegant by the proper arrangement of words, and who distinguish milk from water, [*i. e.* good from bad], are entitled to respect. In this world, which is without a master, and covered by the darkness of uncertainty, what is it that can make the things of the past known except the works of poets which are like lamps? Kings were perishing in this world, but the poet Jonarāja enabled them to live in their fame to the end of time. Fate however removed the poet Jonarāja from the world, as if in anger. The learned Jonarāja became merged in Shiva [*i.e.* died] in the year 35, while writing the Rājataraṅgiṇī. I am pupil of this Jonarāja, my name is ShrīvaraPaṇḍita, and I have undertaken to finish the remainder of the

4035 LE = 1459 CE

book of kings. What a difference between the production of my master and that of mine, I who am possessed of little sense! How can chalk do the work of camphor merely because it resembles it in color? The good hear me read, for the sake of the annals of kings, and not for the merits of my work, and they understand my composition by their intelligence. Let other poets compose works of beauty, my work has been undertaken to commemorate the accounts of kings. I have received various benefits, gift of wealth and of village, and the privilege of performing the Homa sacrifice; and I have been brought up by the king like his son. I will narrate his history therefore, partly to free myself from my endless obligations to him, and partly because I am attracted by his merits. How much of his merits can be described by one tongue? My words could have described them, if I had as many tongues as there are hairs on the body. Truly my words are not able to enumerate the merits of the king which are like the stars in the clear and boundless sky. Yet as the three worlds are represented within the limits of a picture, even so shall I delineate the merits of Shrī Jainolābhadīna. I will describe according to my understanding what has not been described by my guru. One can free himself from obligations for houses, gifts, and honours received, by describing the reign of this king and of his son. The Jainataraṅginī will recall to mind the prosperity and the adversity of men who are now dead, but whom many have seen; and

in whose mind will it not raise a feeling of indifference to worldly desires?

Shrî Jainollâbhadîna having destroyed his enemies in distant lands returned to his paternal kingdom, and obtained it even as Râma had done. The treasuries were drained, but he collected what remained, inorder to carry out his designs, even as a poet collects from the vocabulary his words and meanings, suited for his work. The reign of this king, after that of Âlishâha, who was ignorant of the art of ruling, was like the cooling sandal paste after the heat of summer in a desert had departed. The punishments which his enemies received from his hand were like those received from Yama after death, each getting it according to his merit. Though the king possessed great merits and executed good works, yet, strangely enough, he was always possessed of riches of various kinds. The goddess of Fortune certainly lived on his face, graced with his bright eyes, and dwelt in his house, bright with silk, rich with virtue, and adorned with women of lotus-like beauty; while his fame, like the notes of music, spread over Bangâla, Mâlava, Âbherî, Gauḍa and Karṇâṭa. Radiant as the sun but soft as the moon, learned as Budha, and wise as Vṛihaspati, the king obtained the names of the planets, and all the planets were in his favour. The king was like the jewel that fulfils every desire, and his merits attained great lustre, even as the Kumuda flowers do at night on seeing the moon. The six schools of philosophy which gladden

the learned, delighted his heart, as the six seasons, which gladden men by flowers, adorn the garden of Indra. The three great faculties [majesty, perseverance, and wisdom] found in the king the three amiable attributes [virtue, wealth, and desire], and like lovers they lived in harmony in the king. Like Pārtha, the king satisfied every day those who came for alms, and his fame spread on all sides, as if to invite the poor. Artists considered him as Vishvakarmmā descended on earth, yogis considered him as Gorakṣha, and chemists looked on him as Nāgārjuna. The king favoured those who showed their skill in arts or in letters, and they were thus encouraged to persevere in their callings. He spent his life in listening to poems and songs, in dance and in the music of the harp, and in shows, and was not anxious for work. He directed those who knew the shāstras to persevere in their duties, for they work justly who know the shāstras. Driven by the irresistible force of his arrows, his enemies always lived like insects in woods and remote places. His spies made daily enquiries about his enemies' affairs as well as about his own, and the king knew all about his subjects except their dreams. No one could exact even five gaṇḍās of cowries from a pious householder engaged in prayer. The king caused the feet of the chaṇḍāla thieves, who ought to have lived by agriculture, to be chained, and he compelled them to work on land. Knowing that low caste men take themselves o thieving when in want of means of livelihood, the king

gave them provisions. He knew Chakra and others of Kramarājya to be wicked men, and he therefore confiscated their land, made provision for their livelihood, and kept them in the Maḍava country. The annoyance from thieves being thus repressed by the prudence of the king, travellers slept at ease in the woods as in a house. The king lived in a simple way and in doing good works; his actions were free, all his state officials were prosperous, and he gave himself up to enjoyments in various towns. Who does not praise the eternal sun who rises on the eastern mountain and drives away the mischievous darkness, the lover of the lotus, who sheds his beams on it and is adored by it, and who withers the kumuda flowers, and displays his power to men?

The Ṭhakkuras, sons of the king's nurse, were elated with pride, made ill use of their wealth and fortune, and like unchecked elephants, became the destroyers of the king's joys. The eldest of them, Meraṭhakkura, though conspicuous on account of his position as judge, and an aged Musula [Musulman], became illustrious by his literary work. It was with difficulty that he reached Kāṣhṭhavāṭā from Vaṭapatha; there he found himself in the midst of snow with which his feet were affected. He stayed for sometime before the shrine of god Māṇikya on the shores of the lake, and having obtained a few attendants, he arrived at Cinka country after a long time. He reached there, worried by hundreds of difficulties, and his feet were washed by a saida as by a servant, and in-

order to allay the pain of the sore, physicians bandaged one of his feet with thongs, for life. In this place he lived five years with difficulty, and made various attempts to reach his own country and to take possession of his wealth. [Here it is said that a portion of the MS. from which the text has been printed is destroyed by time.]

The king, after he had conquered Sindhu, Hinduvāṭ, and other countries outside his dominion, went with his army to conquer the Bhuṭṭa country. As soon as the army had entered a forest, they saw with wonder, a black skeleton of a man by the light of a lamp placed on a wall. The wise men who had appreciated the king's worth used to assert, that, by performing penances extending over a long period the king had attained emancipation, and had cast off his [former] body, as a serpent casts off his skin. Their words were now proved; or how could the king know of hidden things if he had not been a saint?

CHAPTER I.

The description of the kingdom.

The king begat three sons, the eldest Ādamakhāna, the second Hājyakhāna, and the youngest Vahrāmakhāna. The eldest was handsome, and he pleased his father by the natural grace of his person and by his appearance, even as the moon pleases the sea. Hājyakhāna dis-

played his greatness in his daily boyish pastimes, even as the camphor indicates its nature by its sweet scent. The two boys were beloved of their parents, and the happy king left them in charge of two Ṭhakkuras, the sons of his nurse, inorder to be brought up. The two Ṭhakkuras, sons of the nurse, knew how to serve their own interests and to damage their opponents; and they became to each other like the two disputants in logic. They cut the stem of the tree of brotherly affection, and, owing to their mutual envy, became envious of the princes; and the three worthy sons of the king grew up in mutual enmity caused by the Ṭhakkuras. The country was like a body of which the king was the soul, when the king felt happy all others felt happy, and when he felt miserable all others felt miserable. It was owing to the wicked policy of the ministers that the princes felt angry with each other, and the elder and the younger did not perform their mutual duties.

Once on a time the king heard of the enmity which his sons bore against one another, and he ordered Ādamakhāna to prepare himself for departure without delay to a foreign country. "O! bad son" he said "if you do not act according to my reasonable command, difficulties will arise which will destroy your dignity, life, and wealth." When he had heard these words of his father, the prince said to his servants that he would go to Parṇotsa where they would always live in happiness. They replied that his brother was of magnanimous mind,

and liberal[1], and could bestow wealth on his servants; and they asked him if he could do so. "We would rather die in his service and before his eyes," they said, "than serve you who are so weak and devoid of powers." As an arbitrator stands between the two who are engaged in making a partition, so Fate stood between the elder and the younger brother inorder to equalize their happiness and misery by reversing the scales. The king was afraid that the life of Ādamakhāna was in danger, and he sent him out of the country within a few days on the pretence of sending him to Bhuṭṭa.

Mechanics showed to the king different kinds of thunder-weapons [cannon] which make men tremble with the deep sound they make. The king brought out these weapons made of different metals, new, and hard; and at his command I composed the following lines in praise of the weapons:—"In the year 41, in the Saka year 1586, the king Shrī Jainollābhadīna, renowned like the lord of heaven [Indra], the victorious, the ruler of Kashmīra, constructed this weapon which is well known to the world and is spoken of in the mausula language. It destroys forts, pierces the hearts of men, strikes horses with terror, throws arrows [balls] of stone from a distance, and remains unseen by the soldiers from encampments, strong, well regulated, of deep sound, and of great value; – such was the engine constructed by the mechanics. The engine will be useful to the king like a new town. May it be useful by the large quantity of the different metals

of which it is composed, and by its frame, by its sound, and by its power of expansion." The engines, vying with the thunder in their roar and their fire, were inscribed with these lines, and they looked graceful.

In a short time Ādamakhāna returned after the conquest of Bhuṭṭa and Hājyakhāna went to the mountains of Lohara under the orders of the king. The king knew that two swords do not find room in the same scabbard, and so he caused one of his two sons to go out and the other to come into the country. Ādamakhāna bathed and drank and played and engaged himself in amusements every day before his father. The swan that lives at ease in the Satī lake does not leave it in the rainy season till he is struck dead by the fowler.

In the year 28 Hājyakhāna wished to return Kashmīra, when Rāvatralavala thus spoke to him :— "O ! master ! the friends of your elder brother are enjoying the delights of Kashmīra, we alone have left our home and are pining in a foreign land. The powerful Rājānaka the Pratīhāra, Kulaja the Mārgapati, and others who are proud of their prowess are awaiting us in Kashmīra. Even if you be disobedient to your father, will the merciful king kill us all in his anger? Should Ādamakhāna come out with his forces to fight, he will have to fly before you, even like young birds before a hawk. The people of Rājapurī wish us good, let us therefore go by the way of Rājapurī. What can we not win through courage? Now that Agira the Pratīhāra is dead there

lives no hero in the country ; you should therefore proceed and snatch the throne of your father. We warriors, your subordinates and followers, will fight with your father's men ; and you should see what heroism is." "Be it so" said the Khāna, and he asked the opinion of two ministers, SaphiryyaḌāmara and Tajatantresha, and they thus replied :—"O ! master ! your servants are anxious for their homes, and are speaking without due consideration of circumstances, and their advice will lead to mischief. How can we get into the country so long the powerful king is alive ? Who can with a cocoanut shell cover the radiant sun in the sky ? No one will be able to oppose the king so long he lives, hence for the present, you should do what is pleasing to him. What prosperity may we not attain if your father be favourably inclined towards you ? The virtuous have reverence for their king and senior ; and even when angry, he is more propitious to you than others even when they are favourably inclined. The light which emanates from the sun even on a cloudy day, is more than what emanates from a burning lamp. The king always renders justice, and the purity of his mirror-like heart is not destroyed by the foul breath of the wicked. He is attached to the doctrine of nirvvāna, and is equally versed in all the shāstras ; he is kind and does not inflict any pain. Though he had risen against his father's party, he did not discard his affection for his father, and his father's last moments were hallowed like those of king Jaina. His officers are wise, friendly,

humane, and worthy of him, and it is on account of this happy circumstance that his sons are prospering. He is your father and you his son, and we all are your servants. If you go and fight against him how can we gain a victory? The king has many servants, and if some of them perish, his loss will be little, if the Gaḍura bird loses a plume, is his speed impeded? There is no auspicious omen in our favour; the country of Kashmīra is mountainous and difficult of access; and the king is your father; for these reasons we should avoid a war now. Let the king rule over the interior of the country, and let us rule over the outer country; what blessings have you not got here by his favour except the royal umbrella? If they come to fight us here, they will not be able to conquer us, and if we go into the interior we shall never be able to overcome them." The Khāna however, instigated by the wicked, and in his own pride, set out by the Sūrapura road, in spite of this advice, and keeping Rājapurī before him, came to Kashmīra. The king in the meantime had heard of the sudden arrival of his son, and had taken his army with him, and he soon issued out of the capital. While marching with the army, the king felt certain that he would die, and caused this verse to be read:—"The thought of war and peace always creates alarm; and when such alarm is caused by ones own son, his happiness is at an end." As the king marched, he heard blessings of men in villages, and people said that the son was under the control of the

ignorant and had caused pain to his father, not to speak of the sin committed in rising against his father. While the king was yet reigning, his son, forgetting the affection due to his father, had come to bring affliction to the country ; that the prince might with his army speedily fall like an insect in the fire of the king's valor, and the virtuous king might reign without opposition, and his enemies, defeated in battle, turn back. The king heard this and more, and arrived with his army at a place named Suprashamana.

Then when the armies of the father and son met at Pallashilā, the king sent a Brāhmaṇa as messenger to his son. But the messenger was for sometime surrounded by the angry people who were anxious to know his message, and they shouted and asked what the Brāhmaṇa had to say. The messenger thus fearlessly delivered the message of the king, "O prince! O mighty armed! O! Sea of amṛita! Attend to what your father orders which I speak unto you. 'The son is to the family as the fruit is to the tree, he is the benefactor in this as well as in the next world, and always delights the eyes of the parents; by whom can such a son be discarded? All people endeavour to provide for their sons, since in old age an obedient son brings comfort and ease. You, who are born my son, are my stay n this world and in the next; but now all my hopes of ease have fled, and my anxiety has increased. The protection which you are giving to the wicked men

obscures my reign, even as a breath obscures a mirror. The unruly Khashas, ever ready to destroy, will not remain long with you, even as swans do not remain long in tanks. Why have you of your own accord, and without my orders, come into the country? Who can obtain the kingdom by force except when propitious fortune favours him? You were ruling over all the outer countries, wherefore were you not satisfied with them, and wherefore have you come to take away the rest of my kingdom by force? O son! Cease to entertain vain and vicious thoughts; the sin of the destruction of the two armies will rest on thee.' This have I told you in the words of your father; but I tell you truly, that, like a sparrow before a hawk, your warriors will fly away from the king." When the soldiers heard these unpleasant words of the Brāhmaṇa, they cut off his ears, and with the blood they marked the foreheads of their friends. When Hājyakhāna saw this he felt ashamed, and came to Abhimanyu the Pratīhāra, and asked permission to leave his soldiers and to bow at the feet of his father. "Be the king pleased or angry," said he "he will deal with me as he likes. I shall always serve the feet of the king, and he surely will protect us. In my judgment, this battle should not be begun. I do not, even in dream, think of mischief to the king; he who bestows on me happiness both in this world and in the next is greater to me than a god. My elder is approaching in the front, and my father is preparing

for battle, I have not come prepared to kill my father." When Tājatantripati and other ministers heard this, they held the bridle of the prince's horse keeping it in front and told him these cruel words :– "When we told you that it was not the time for battle, and advised you to return, you slighted our words. You must now therefore complete the wcrk you have begun. If you two, father and son, be reconciled with each other, the enemy will be pleased with your conduct, but we, who have suffered in the hope of serving you, shall be ruined. Heated oil remains on the pan, but whatever is thrown between them is instantly burnt. You are our master, we your servants, witness our heroism now. If we win, you gain the kingdom, and if we lose, you return as you came. Wait as long as we fight, when we are killed, do whatever be your duty. If deceived by your father, you reject our advice, we will do violence to your person, and then go away hence." The prince felt frightened at these words of reproach, and sank into a sea of anxiety, and was induced to give battle.

In the meantime when the king saw the Brāhmaṇa in that plight, he became angry like Kṛiṣhṇa, and prepared himself for battle. The king, who could observe the stars, and whose name was derived from the position of the planet Venus in a lunar mason, placed himself in a position so as to have the sun behind him, and made arrangements for the protection of his men. The sun shone on his sword from behind as if to assure him of

victory, and then descended from the sky. While the king was trying to guess the number of the troops led by his son, those troops appeared before him glittering in the rays of the sun, and illumining the earth with their splendour. And he saw his own troops also, and the armoured and spirited horses moving swiftly in companies. Whom could not the king or his eldest son with the help of his army overthrow, were he Hājyakhāna or any other hero? There at Mallashilā the soldiers met and displayed their various quick manœuvres, even as dancers show off their different steps on a stage. The army of the king was like a cloud, furnished with weapons like lightnings, and it showered forth arrows with deep and prolonged roar. The men who met one another got mixed; they produced sounds like those of brazen gongs, and they bore mutual blows making a loud noise. The drums of Hājyakhāna sounded loudly as if to say—"the soldiers are compelling me to battle, do not press me hard." I [the author] saw the Pratīhāra and others, men of great and of little prowess, but all powerless in this battle, as clouds are powerless to arrest the course of the sun. Then the two Ṭhakkuras, Hassana and Hossana, sons of the nurse and well wishers of the king, came out in their wrath from among the king's forces. The Rajputs Suvarṇa and Sīhanagra were struck with many weapons, and they sacrificed their handsome persons even as Shrī fruits are sacrificed in the smoke of a Yajña. Warriors moved to and fro in the presence of

their master in that field of battle, ambitious of obtaining fame, even as black-bees roam about in a garden in the presence of spring, seeking for flowers. Soldiers whose heads were lopped off lay in the battle field, like morsels of food in a vessel for the hungry Yama. What with the sound of the war trumpet, what with the uproar of men, and what with the lion like shouts of heroes, there was a noise, the like of which was never heard. The king's servants, who had received the king's favours as a debt, now repaid it by casting aside all hopes of their life; and they earned merit and praise by saving the lives of many bewildered people. The sharp arrows of the royal troops fell on the party of the Khāna, as if in fear, and seemed to convey to him a friendly hint to save himself. His banner also trembled in the breeze and flew backward, as if seeking shelter behind in fear of the battle. The field of the battle where slaughter took place was like a lotus plant; the severed heads of warriors beaming like lotuses, and the chariots moving like leaves on the water.. The king beheld the extraordinary heroism of his son and his army, and when at last the battle was over, he thought that he had obtained a new life. All through the day, while the battle lasted, Hājyakhāna was held by force by his servants, and now he turned back from the combat, surrounded by the guards. When the timid elder brother saw his younger yield, he pursued him and killed the soldiers who were overcome by their fear and felt ashamed at their defeat. What need

be said of the cruelty of the elder brother who in his folly even killed some travellers who were going to a marriage party, in Sūrapura. The king marched in the midst of all his troops to that distant part of the country in the south where the sun shines mildly. They who entrust the duty of ruling the earth to wicked warriors, who depend on their heavy lances, and are fond of horses, who listen to the advice that leads to the mischief of others, and who are not anxious to preserve their religion and caste, like the sons of Kuru, do not win in battle.

On the following day Hājyakhāna collected the remnant of his force, repented of what he had done, and decided to live in the Chitra country. He consoled some of the men who were in distress, supported others who were broken down, nourished those who were hungry, and spent the night on the summit of a hill. The kind hearted king returned from battle after passing orders that none of his men should harass his son. He had thought to himself that by placing the burden of the kingdom on his son he would obtain rest, and with this view he had entrusted the administration of the country to his kindreds, to the lords of the kingdom who had surrounded themselves with horsemen, and to his principal servants whom he had favoured. But they had all sided with his son, and had come to fight with him to usurp his kingdom. He blamed himself for having cast aside prudence in his kindness,

and accused himself as the cause of the mischief. Thus he reflected, and blamed the servants who by the work of Fate had become his enemies, and he returned to his own city in grief. The king caused the heads of the great warriors who had fallen in battle to be brought, and over them he built a beautiful edifice in the town. In this way many warriors lost their lives in battle that year, in the quarrel between the father and the son, owing to the wickedness of the servants. Dissensions among kindred are like a curse, and are as little conducive to the king's happiness as the fall of snow is to the full blown lotuses, or as the dreadful comet, the destroyer of wicked men, is to an ill fated kingdom. O king Shrī Mānasiṃha* ! the letters of your name are as potent as the five arrows of Kandarpa towards women, or like the five vital fires to friends, or like the five sons of Pāṇḍu to the enemies, or like the five celestial trees to the poets and the learned.

Here ends the first chapter named the account of the battle of Mallashilā of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī composed by Paṇḍita Shrīvara.

CHAPTER II.

Owing to the wickedness of the younger son, the strong and pure stream of the king's affection now flowed

* This name and the concluding lines are inexplicable here, probably inserted by mistake in the text from some other place.

towards the elder. He now won the affection of the king, enjoyed good fortune, and had his councillors, and shone owing to the absence of the heroic prince from whom much was expected. After a long time the king returned to the capital, and made over to Ādamakhāna a few of the adherents of his younger brother who were at Kramarājya. Ādamakhāna appropriated all the wealth of Hājyehaidharakhāna which was in the house, or in villages, or in the temples of gods, even as the sub-marine fire consumes the water. From that time the elder brother remained at ease in Kashmīra, in the presence of the king, as heir-apparent, and spent five years, enjoying the dignity of kings.

Fate augments the happiness of men by increasing the crops, and Fate also brings calamity to them in the shape of famine. The clouds that make the grass grow by rain, also destroy it by the weight of snow. The country was rich in crops, when in the year 36, in the month of Chaitra, the sky suddenly rained dust.* It is well known from the Mahābhārata that the year 36 [of a preceding century] had become terrible to all on account of the destruction of the race of Yadu. The leaves and the flowers hung down, grey with dust, as if sorrowing for the people threatened with famine. The chief of the soothsayers was consulted by the king, and

* The translator witnessed a dust-rain at Jammu, during the winter of 1885-86.

he said, that owing to the dust-rain there would be a famine in such a year. The year 36 of the last century was the harbinger of a severe famine, and men feared that the present year 36 would become like the one that was past. The country was beautified with the shāli rice, when snow fell in the month of Agrahāyaṇa and caused distress. The earth covered her face with snow, as with a white mantle, as if unable to bear the sight of the people's distress. The ripe shāli crop which had gladdened the hearts of men was covered with snow, even as men of learning and merit are covered with sandal paste in an assembly of the wicked and the ignorant. The monster famine soon stamped its mark on the country; there were emaciated men distressed for want of food, oppressed with hunger, and with eyes inflamed. A hungry man, distressed with the thought of what he should eat, entered a house at night, and leaving aside gold and other riches, stole rice from a pot. All day, and even at night, the beggars entered the house where there was rice, one after another, even as arrows enter a body. Some took shells (coin) with them, went to houses where there was grain, and obtained dry cakes with which they sustained their lives; and some died by eating after too long or too short an interval. Feeble, emaciated men in villages longed to obtain rice which was like nectar to them, but lived on edible leaves, roots, and fruits, as if they had taken some religious vow. Some again supported themselves by cook-

ing rice after a long interval, and by edible leaves. The high price of ghee, salt, and oil was reduced on account of the dearness of rice, as the greatness of good men is detracted by the pride of the low. Those citizens who had been garrulous before about many things now began to talk a great deal about rice only. The Bandhujīva flower, which is like the life of a friend, was neglected even like the ākanda, for without rice the people were blind with hunger, and the sight of flower inflicted pain. Formerly one khā a of paddy could be had for 300 dīnnāras, but owing to the famine, the same khāra of paddy could not then be obtained even for 1500. What more need be said? In some parts of the kingdom the poor people were denied even the gruel of rice. Before this the people had thought little of the lucious brīhi and the shāli rice, and it was for this, I think, that they now suffered from this calamity.

Being of a kind disposition, the king became anxious for his people, and after he had fed his distressed subjects for a few months, like his children, with his own rice, a plentiful crop grew, as if on account of the greatness of his heart. A truthful king has not to grieve for a long time. It was the sea, I think, [by not supplying the clouds with water.] that troubled the earth with the calamity of the famine, inorder that the king's humanity might be displayed. Thieves delight at the time of anarchy, unchaste women in the hours of darkness, and those who sell grain delight in

the time of famine. As the people were oppressed by hunger, precious things were received in exchange for grain ; but after the famine the king caused them to be paid for at their proper price. During famine men had eaten up walnuts ; so the intelligent king, observing the condition of the people caused oil to be extracted from the pine. Out of humanity he cancelled the deeds on bhūrja leaves drawn up between the creditors and the debtors. The sixty-four branches of learning, art, science, and progress, all remained dormant in the distress caused by the famine. For new books exhibiting the play of words and sentences, the arts of singing, music, and dance, and women skilful in the arts of love delight not the hungry.

Here ends the second chapter named the account of the famine of the year 36* of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī composed by Paṇḍita Shrīvara.

CHAPTER III.

Fate, like a mad sovereign, can in a moment bestow unusual favour on his subjects when propitious, and inflict untold miseries when unpropitious. Who can understand the caprices of Fate? While the people had not yet forgotten the miseries of the famine of the year 36, they witnessed in the year 38 a dust-rain descending on the

* The year 26 in the text is a misprint for 36.

earth from the sky, and indicating a famine in the future from the failure of shāli rice. Not long after, heavy clouds with the rainbow, and peals of loud thunder, terrified the people, even like enemies with their arrows. Bubbles appeared on the water, beaten by the rain, and seemed like the heads of snakes intent on destroying the crops; and the clouds which raised the bubbles threatened to destroy all that would grow. Everywhere the rain fell on the leaves of trees, and the sound seemed like the wailing of the trees at the calamity which was about to overtake the people. The Vitastā, the Ledarī, the Sindhu, the Kṣhiptikā, and other rivers, seemed to vie with one another, and drowned the villages on their banks in their fury. The waves of those rivers, ran like coursers, swift and tumultuous, and the roar of the whirlpools rose above the waves. The waters then became ungovernable and caused mischief, lowering objects which were high, and lifting up things that were low. Who taught them then to lift the earth from the foot of the hills and to fell trees? They swept away beasts and kine and living beings, as well as houses, grain, and other things, and became terrible as a host of the Mlechchhas. The river Vishokā caused misery in Maḍavarājya, and entered Vijayeshvara as if seeking to walk round the shrine, and a line of houses soon fell into the water as if to bathe in the river which flowed eastward, to have their sins removed. The river Vishokā is celebrated in the Purāṇa as the destroyer of afflictions, but owing

to the misfortunes of the people it belied its name. The buildings in the city drowned themselves in the water, as if to avoid the sight of the distress of those who had raised them. The king had built a flaghouse on the Vitastā made of stone and wood, and consisting of four towers, and it served as a bridge to the people who came to visit him from the villages of Darad, even as the four steps of virtue serve to ferry men over hell. But owing to the rush of water over the bank of the river, the portion of the building which was on the side of the town was destroyed, and only the columns remained and the two towers like two legs, as if to call on future kings to complete the other two. In Kramarājya, the Mahānap lake caused sufferings to people by its waves, and its water rushed within Durgapura. The edifices in the town witnessed this from a distance, and apprehended that some other lake had come on a joyous visit to the Padmanāga lake; and they threw themselves into the water, fearing to be beaten down like trees by the waves. The Vitastā, far away from her lord the ocean, was alarmed at this intrusion, turned in her course, and flowed in an opposite direction. Landmarks were submerged, roads were destroyed, and the land was full of water and polluted with mud, even as Kaliyuga is polluted with apprehensions. At the time when Indra thus poured torrents of rain, the king was filled with anxiety, on account of excessive water, and set out in a boat. His soul was full of kindness towards men; and he wandered

about and saw the cultivated fields merged under water; and his sorrow made him weak. Embarked on a boat, he saw the place where the milkmen had their quarters, and which was not visible before, so densely was it wooded. Within a few days the ruthless flood subsided, and was dried up as if by the fire of the king's prowess. The people were then soon delighted with the sight of the wealth of ripe shāli crop that grew that year, as if through the virtue of their king's charity. And the kind heart of the king of Kashmíra became full at the prosperity of the people, even as the sea becomes full at the increase of the moon's crescent. The virtuous king is like the soul, and the subjects are dear to him as the body. By the increase of the king's happiness the subjects become happy, and by his afflictions they become afflicted.

The king apprehended the recurrence of a similar calamity, and wandered about with a view to build a city on the high banks of the Vitastā near Joyāpidapura. On an elevated site on the banks of the river he built a town called Jainatilaka, which was like an ornament to the earth, and humbled the pride of Alakā. The moon-light rested on the walls of this whitewashed city, as if the goddess of the capital lingered there to see the king. The houses in the city looked like Kailāsa, as if it had come there in sorrow, for the favour shown by Mahādeva towards Rāvana who had uprooted that mountain. The city with its white washed houses seemed

to laugh at Jayāpīḍapura where the houses and fields were mouldering in decay. The wise who saw the new city remarked that the king in his search for the way into the nether world must have come across the city of Maya the Asura. The beautiful water from the river surrounded the city and flowed by its gate, white as lime, and seemed to laugh at the city of Dvārikā in the pride of its beauty. It was here that the king, on the anniversary of his birth day, marked Jayasiṃha of Rājapurī, with the symbol of royalty. The king who loved the Brāhmaṇas was pleased with the services rendered by Jayasiṃha, and as he sat here, he gave Jayasiṃha the charge of the beautiful kingdom of Rājapurī. In this same year the king showered gold in the court-yard of the palace where all the songs of Kashmīra and of the Kāshya countries were chanted. In the neighbourhood of this city, a servant of the king named Helāla killed a mad elephant, and the king built a small town called Helālapura, inorder to commemorate the deed.

Within Jayāpīḍapura, the king erected a high seat of stone, and he built a beautiful palace by the side of a tank, and having drained off water from the tank which had been submerged by the inundation, the wise king built rows of houses for royal offices, befitting his palace. Every year, on the day of Nāgayātrā, and during the festivity of Gaṇachakra, the king fed the devotees here for five days. He made tanks here which

were filled with wine, cream, and curries, and fed every body. Here also was heard frequently the sound of horns of thousand devotees, which made even the serpents of the Mānasa lake shut their eyes. There was no kind of rice or meat or vegetable or fruit or food with which the king did not feed the people at the time of this feast. Out of his reverence for the devotees the king put up with their indecorous behavior arising from intoxication which even ordinary men would not have borne. He dressed Mera the chief of the devotees in valuable robes and gave him presents, and marks of honor, and made him like himself in splendour. On the twelfth day of the moon the king dismissed the devotees after having laden them with quilts, attendants, money, and walking stalves.

On the thirteenth day of the moon the king wished to see the display of lamps made on the occasion of the worship held on account of the birth of the Vitastā: and he embarked on a boat and went to the capital. While on the water he listened to well composed songs, and at the time of embarking and disembarking he accepted the blessings of the citizens. The display of lamps offered by the citizens to the river looked graceful as if the spirits of numberless holy places had [illegible] to the Vitastā for adoration. The rows of lamps [illegible] at the ferry on both banks looked beautiful, as if the gods had scattered golden flowers for the worship of the Vitastā. The moon was reflected on the river, but trembled

on the water as if overcome by superior beauty, and humbled by the lovely faces of the citizens' wives who came to make offerings to the Vitastā and to worship. The king who had curbed the pride of his enemies spent the whole night in the pleasure of listening to songs, even as Gaḍura spent in feasting on the Gandharbhas.

Where is the place where the rising of the sun is not seen? All men are pleased at the sight of the adorable sun who dwells in the zodiac and is the friend of the virtuous. But his two sons Yama and Shani, unlike their father, bring trouble to men, and are cursed by the people; they have obtained the title of death, and are wicked planets. At this time the wicked Ādamakhāna impelled by envy towards his younger brother, caused much trouble to the whole country. The wicked ministers and leaders of men had become independent of the king and indifferent about the welfare of the kingdom; and Ādamakhāna who was hard hearted like stone, was puffed up by pride but was afraid of his brother. He was fond of women and not of learning; he was addicted to hunting, and amused himself with dogs; and the night was like day to him. What need be said of the meanness of him whose servants, like pedlars, sold in towns, the plumes of birds killed by hawks.

The prince was vain, as being the heir-apparent, and once on a time went to Kramarājya attended by a numerous retinue, inorder to secure possession of the country. The oppressed country resounded with the cries

of villagers wherever that sinful man passed through, like a dire calamity. Like the course of a dreadful planet, his course was marked by the confiscation of lands which had been previously given away as marks of favour, although the title deeds were clear. The covetous Ādamakhāna plundered the people of their riches in some places by the usual methods, in other places by threat, or craft, or by deceiving them with false hopes, and in some places by force. Like a common man he pretended friendship with the several Lavanyas, came to their houses, and out of covetousness, robbed them of their wealth. His servants oppressed timid women, made insulting proposals to them ; and as the women refused compliance, they cruelly treated the villagers, and took care to avoid courts of justice. Ādamakhāna was invincible to the people of the kingdom, even like a clever logician, and his shameless servants forcibly entered into houses where there were handsome women ; – wives, daughters, or daughters-in-law of citizens, and ravished them. In wine shops, these servants drank in fishpots, and when they became intoxicated, they began to blow the earthen pots like jesters. In their violence, they consumed rice from the barns, got drunk with wine from the casks, and exacted enhanced rents. What more need I tell of their unlawful acts ? At night these wicked men besmered the villagers with ghee, and made lamps of them at the junctions of roads by placing them in vessels full of oil

and setting fire to them ; and the flame rose as if in laughter.

The king became distressed on being informed of these heinous acts, and could not leave his house in his sorrow. When the king's messenger's asked the servants of Ādamakhāna not to oppress the people, they replied, —"Let the king cry in his illness." When a man oppresses the good and nourishes the wicked, when he hoards riches instead of spending them in gifts and on his own comforts, and when he tyrannises over defenceless villagers without cause,—then surely his end is near, and his wealth becomes a curse and a misfortune. Ādamakhāna collected his army at Kuddadenapura, and came to Jainanagara against the king. On that day the king had heard evil reports, and collected his army in fear of his son. The king had constructed a bridge on the Vitastā, named Jainakadali, with four towers made of stone and wood, and it was the tenth bridge on the way from the Darad villages to the city. This same bridge, constructed by himself, now caused alarm to the king, and he apprehended that [his foes might take advantage of it] and thus cause him harm. The king also apprehended commotion within the town and was struck down with fear. With great difficulty and through the council of his advisers, he succeeded in dislodging his son from the city.

The sun's passage towards the north brings heat to the world, and the sun, as if conscious of this, retreats

southwards, and thus causes cold. I bow to the sun who thus brings relief to men, and who again moves northward to remove their sufferings caused by cold. Ādamakhāna reached Kramarājya, and the king fearing that his state would be divided into factions wrote a letter with his own hand thus, and sent it to Hājyakhāna. "O son! Calamities have befallen me which I find it difficult to surmount; my life is in danger, and I have no other help but in you. As soon as you read my letter, sit up at once if you were sleeping, stand up if you were seated, run if you were standing. What more need be said in this matter? If you come without delay, and without minding the trouble which this bad news may cause, truly your desire will be realized in full. But if you do not arrive here speedily while I am yet alive though distracted, there will be no use in your coming to me after I am dead." Now prince Ādamakhāna had crossed over to Svayyapura, and [illegible] his force in a fierce encounter with the royal army. The contest between the two armies soon became a general confused battle, marked by great ferocity. The battle in this year, 35, like that in the year 28, was caused by wicked people; they created enmity between father and son, and caused harm to them both. The people of Darad and others drowned themselves in the water of the river through fear of Ādamakhāna, and the lake became full of corpses. The three hundred men of Ādamakhāna, fierce as death, slaughtered men in the field that day and then

tore up the bridge of boats, and crossed the river. As the king went out of the city he saw citizens in the streets with their feet burnt and suffering from the agony; and he heard them crying and lamenting thus:—"Fie to the cruel man who instead of subduing foreign countries oppressed his father's dominion which he should have protected. The vicious Shikhajāda and others who accepted pay from both father and son and harassed the king are now suffering the punishment of their treachery. The wicked planet saturn believed himself to be as great a benefactor to men as the matchless sun, and aspired to equal him; but then the peerless sun arose, brightening everything, and by his greatness destroyed those whose ways were tortuous. Ādamakhāna has been deserted by his wicked followers who have brought misery on their country and destruction on the people, and he has also been deserted by fortune and prosperity. The people survive other calamities like excessive rain or drought, or the destruction of crops by mice, locusts, or birds; or even a foreign invasion; but let not the king have sons bent on destruction or divided by mutual enmity; or if he has only one son, let it not be a wicked son who causes misery. The two sons of the king, cruel destroyers of the people, were to him even as the rising of the Saturn and Yama is to the sun. Where can such another king be found, lenient even to those who caused trouble, forgiving to fallen enemies.

and liberal in the appreciation of merit? It is owing to our misfortune that the king was put to trouble by his wicked son." When the king went to Svayyapura he heard villagers on the road censuring his son for the slaughter of men, saying:—"When the king saw the birth of his son, he felt happy, for he thought that his son would bear the burden of the kingdom; and the king raised him to prosperity out of his affection, even against the dictates of policy. But the king now knows his son to be as powerful as himself, and fears him, and though surrounded by joys, he can never sleep on account of his anxiety. There was a great slaughter of men owing to the animosity between brothers, and king Ālishāhi was bound and killed by the son of Mallika. Similarly what calamity has befallen king Jaina, ou of the jealousy of his sons? Let not many sons, the destroyers of the country, be born therefore in a king's house!"

The armies of the father and son were now encamped on either bank of the Vitastā; they were now near each other and each was eager to overcome the other. In the meantime Hājyakhāna who had reached Parṇotsa without delay, approached, like Gaḍura, the neighbourhood of the Sadvarṇa country. When the king heard of the arrival of the prince with his army at the outskirts of Varāhamūla, he sent Vahrāmakhāna to greet him. Hājyakhāna, who was expecting him, greeted and embraced his youngest brother, who was gratified with

the reception. On the following day, when Ādamakhāna found that his younger brother was welcomed by his father, he retired in fear, deserted by his guards; and he arrived with his army and distressed followers in the country of Sindhu by the way of Shāhibhaṅga after crossing the Sindhu river. Thus in the year 33,* the happy king expelled his eldest son by his wisdom and entered the capital, joined by Hājyakhāna.

The bee which has spent the long winter in a hollow in the ground overpowered with grief, comes out in the spring season with trembling wings to the garden bright with blooming creepers, and roams about in joy, fond of the young sprout. Even so after a long time, Hājyakhāna now obtained from his Janaka like father the rank of heir-apparent which he had once held. He obtained his father's love which was as a bright jewel, and in his affection towards him, he never cast it away, even as Kṛishṇa never cast away the Kaustuva gem. He was of fair complexion, spirited, and courteous to all, and he bent down in humility, sitting behind gods and elders. He was graceful as the letter Ha which bends itself, as if in humility, after the god-like letters which precede. It is a good alphabet of the Ushṇa group; even as he was of good and bright complexion; and the last of all the alphabets. There was not a shrine where the king went, not a journey which he undertook;

* There is some discrepancy in the dates. The year given here is 33, but just before it was said to be 35.

not a festive performance which he attended in which he was not accompanied by Hājyakhāna. What man does not admire Mahādeva, who is attended by his two sons, the benefactor of the universe, who is in the enjoyment of pleasures, and is surrounded by hundreds of spirits beaming in the excess of their devotion, who spends his time in listening to hymns accompanied with dances, and who is the object of adoration, the possessor of superhuman power, and the dweller of Kailāsa ?

Here ends the third chapter of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī, entitled the account of the banishment of Ādamakhāna and alliance with Hājyakhāna.

Chapter IV.

In the meantime, Spring, the friend of Cupid, passed away. What the moon is to lustful kumuda flowers, what the sun, the dispeller of darkness which is like woman's anger, is to blooming creepers, what the beauty of budding youth is to women, that is Spring to Cupid. At the Chaitra festival, the king embarked on a boat, accompanied by his son, and with a view to enjoy the sport of flowers he went to Maḍavarājya. The line of the king's boats on the Vitastā looked like the row of Indra's charriots on the milky way. He started from Avantipura, and stopped at royal palaces at Vijayesha and other places inorder to witness

dancing. The king was a part of Mahādeva, and his courtiers who attended on him were like Cupid who had multiplied into many persons inorder to overcome him. The spectators and the singers knew literature, rhetoric, and philosophy, and appreciated merit. Young women, proficient in music, possessed of sweet voice, and with a genuine ardour for song, graced the place. The men were learned and dignified, and fond of enjoyment; and they displayed their taste and their intelligence on the stage. The renowned Tārā and the actors sang various songs to the nārācha tune, and to every kind of music. And the songstress Utsavā who was even like Cupid's arrow, charming to the eye and proficient in dance, both swift and slow, entranced every body. The actresses, who displayed the forty nine different emotions seemed even like the ascending and descending notes of music personified. As they danced and sang, the eye and the ear of the audience seemed to contend for the kneenest enjoyment. The scene was indeed beautiful, the songs of the actresses were like the voice of the kokila, the stage was like a garden where the lamps on it looked like rows of the champaka flower, and around them were men intoxicated with wine, like bees around flowers. Rows of lamps surrounded the king, as if the gods pleased with his government had come to witness the dance, and had thrown a garland of golden lotuses round him. In some places, the rows of lamps were reflected on the water, as if Varuṇa had out of favour

towards the king illumined his court with lights from the Nāga world; and the lines of lamps shone like jewels on the heads of the Nāgas who had come to witness the dance. Those who were at a distance doubted if the lights were really lamps, or the spirits of former kings assembled to view the present sovereign, or stars and the moon descended from the sky to attend on the king, or the spirits of holy men who had attained emancipation, or if they were the great gods assembled there in their grace and beauty. The spectators seemed to view Indra himself in the king; the poets and paṇḍitas beside the king were like demigods, his servants were like the attendant gods, and the yogis around him were like holy men who had obtained salvation; the actresses were like apsarās whose charms were heightened by their emotions, the singers were the Gandharvas, and the stage was heaven itself.

Fireworks of various colors made by the mixture of charcoal powder, sulphur, and saltpetre pleased the men. Tubes were filled with saltpetre, and the thick sparks of fire which issued out of them looked like a creeper of gold; and the spectators were filled with fear and wonder on beholding a flame issuing out of water like a serpent. From the tubes rose balls of fire to the sky, beautiful as silver, and looked like the planets Jupiter and Venus. A tube filled with saltpetre was tied to a string; it went off to a distance like a flame, and when pulled, it returned in flames. Such flames shot

from the king and returned to him like bright shooting stars ; and the spectators fixed their eyes on them in wonder and joy. These flaming tubes of saltpetre were held by the actresses in their hands, and they shone like golden stars of beautiful colors, falling from heaven.

The king was skilful in manufacturing fireworks, and he instructed Habhebha to display them. It was difficult to obtain powder before, but the king showed how it could be manufactured, and so it became easily procurable. He gave his instructions to Habhebha in the Pārasī (Persian) language, in the form of questions and answers, and many others began to write books after this example. Where can now be found one like king Jaina in the greatness of intellect or in the art of invention, in fondness for song and music, or in capacity for rhetorical discussion, in writing books, in listening to holy shāstras, or in composing new works ?

Sujya, the pupil of Ābdolkādara, was possessed of all accomplishments and he pleased the heart of the king by his proficiency in music. One Mallājā laka came from Khurāsāna and received inestimable favours from the king by playing on a lute made of tortoise shell. Another named Mallājyamāla, a singer in the mlechchha language, pleased the king even as Nārada pleases Indra. I, who am versed in all kinds of song, and who hold a lute made of gourd, displayed my skill in exhibiting a part of a new song of infinite variety ; and Jāpharāṇa and others sang with me the difficult Turushka metres

before the king. We sang songs in twelve different modes, in the court, and as the sound arose from the string, the voices accorded with it harmoniously, as if in joy. Paṇḍita Utthasoma versed in vernacular and Saṃskṛita literature, composed a life of Jaina in the vernacular, and approached the king. Yodhabhaṭṭa, a poet in the vernacular language, composed a drama, pure like a mirror, called the Jainaprakāsha, in which he gave an account of the king. Bhaṭṭāvatāra who had perused the Shāhnāma, vast as the sea, composed a work named Jainavilāsa, as the counterpart of the king's "Instructions." The king was pleased, and caused the lute, the gourd instrument, the ravāva, and all other instruments of music to be set with gold, silver, and jewels, and they looked very handsome. When the people saw the stage effulgent with decorations and beheld the play distinguished by the excellence of sense, gestures, and feelings, they called the stage a four faced god. Thus it was that the king who was possessed of the three cardinal virtues, whose fame was spread over the three worlds, and who like the gods was subject only to three stages of life [not to old age], spent the three watches of the night in witnessing the three kinds of dance.

The king repaired to a house bedecked with jasmine flowers, and full of merriment and laughter, even as a full moon appears in the sky bedecked with stars; and he began to drink from stainless vessels, attended

by his son and friends. The respectful Hājyakhāna filled with the love of his father, as with amṛita, extolled him thus, under the pretence of describing the spring. " Like an expert actor, Spring the king of the seasons teaches the humming black bee the art to sing, and instructs the breeze the art to make the creepers dance. O ! king, who appreciates song, has the Spring come to serve thee? The beauty of the stars is destroyed by clouds covering the sky, and during the day they are invisible; and even moon waxes and wanes. Humbled by such mishaps, the stars have come to serve thee O ! Lord of men, in the shape of flowers in the garden. May the flood which fills the country with mud, annoys the people in the midst of their ease, and destroys roads, remain confined to the basins of the lakes and beautify thy country. The floods are disappearing through thy power at this pleasant time of spring, this season of pleasure, even like a city of snow at the rising of the sun." When the king heard this he was glad, and gave Hājyakhāna a matchless dagger of gold. The king bestowed lands in the Ghosa country on those who served the prince. These servants had once been repremanded, but now they received silken clothes the emblem of favour, even as men who falling into the waves of the Sindhu are ferried across in a boat. The king shed tears of joy for having got back his son; and showered gold on the learned, the singers, and the servants. He paid the travelling expenses of his subjects who came to witness

the performance, and they were made happy by being honored and clothed in silk. King Jaina saw the houses and gardens, beheld his boat filled with flowers, and after praising the inhabitants of Maḍavarājya, reached his own capital.

Here ends the fourth chapter entitled the account of the festivity of flowers, of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī.

Chapter V.

The king had his son by him and was at ease, and being disposed to do good work, engaged himself in excavating new canals and consecrating them. I have not described those works of which the poet Shrī Jonarāja has written in his book through fear of enlarging my work. Surely there is but one city about the construction of which nothing is known. That city is Amarāvatī, but the gods live not there, but wander about in aerial chariots. This king has built hundreds of new cities where the Brāhmaṇas live with dignity, and are like Indra on earth. In Shrī Jainanagara, a new lofty palace was built in the year 15 on the Devagaha [hill ?]: the king built a new palace near it of bricks and wood, in the year 40; and the top of the palace was adorned by a bright and beauteous golden dome, like a lotus thrown down by the renowned Indra. Men were employed at the gate of the palace, serving in various ways according to the

directions of the king. The king left his capital and lived here till the end of his life. The swans in the lakes of this place drew near the singers as they sang, attracted by the sweetness of their voice, and seemed to praise their song by their twitter. It was here that the king, now that his foes had been quelled, enjoyed, like Indra, the pleasant songs of the singers all day long. Within his palace was the audience hall adorned with the three cornered throne, and wide spacious walls lined with glass ; and here were many columns of victory in the palace, and here the breezes blew pleasantly in the morning.

Once when he had gone to visit the fort of Lohara, he repaired a dilapidated palace and made it new. He built many villages shaded by trees, along the margin of the Mahāpadma lake, from Samudrakoṭa to Shrī Dvārakā, and marked with the name of Jaina, and there were many houses, beautiful like the palace of Indra. At Tripureshvara, the king fed the beggars with rice, until their stomachs were full, and it was thus that the king who was abstemious became like Gaṇesha. At Varāhakṣhetra, the king held his feast of rice, and the head of Ananta was bent with the weight of rice, and Indra's head was also bent down in shame. At the confluence of the Vitastā and the Sindhu, he daily fed small fishes with rice, and afforded them protection. It was at the request of the mendicants whom he fed that the king planted trees at Shrī Shaṅkarapura

which gave shade but bore no fruits. At Ashramā, the king held the feast of rice, until flavour of the curries overcame the scent of the saffron. The inhabitants of Vijayeshvara were continuously fed with rice, and they became full, until it became difficult for them to bow to the king. After the king had fed the people with rice, he loaded the wayfarers with food at the toll bar on the road to Sūrapura. There was no man in Kashmīra who was not fed with the king's rice, be he learned or dunce, wicked or good, a Yavana or a twice-born. Mahādeva, Nārāyaṇa, Brahmā, jahnumuni, and Bhagiratha of the solar line, had laboured before, and by their united efforts, the Ganges descended in earth, and their selfish object was fulfilled. But this king, guided by his own intelligence, excavated many rivers (canals) in the country, for the benefit of others, and led them by diverse courses. Everywhere were seen houses high as hills, and full of rice lately grown on extensive fields. These granaries were indeed like the breasts of the earth from which the people derived their nourishment and throve day by day. Like Samuyya, the king grew crops in places where lands could be obtained with difficulty, or where they seldom yielded crops before on account of calamities. There was not a piece of land, not a lawn, not a region, and not a forest where the king did not excavate a canal, and where he did not build houses marked with his name. There was not a river, not a field, not a village, not a town, not a piece of

land which the king did not mark with the name of Jaina. Wherever the ground was low, the king caused a tank to be formed by means of canals, and it was adorned with birds, lotuses, and water-nuts. Praise is due to cloud which benefits the earth with water which it lifts from the sea where the water lies useless, and showers it upon fields; such showers make the grains grow, and men, whose wealth is grain, are made happy.

In this country there is an unfathomable lake known as the Ḍala, a brief account of which will be given. There the large lake of Sūreshvarī [another name of Ḍala] extends to the capital, and the king went over it every day in a boat, even as the moon travels over the clear sky. The king's boat adorned with fluttering banner, floated on the water like a young bird, with its oars which were like wings, and was manned by crew who understood the weather. The river Tilaprasthā issuing from Tripureshvara, joins the Saṭāṅkā at this place, as if anxious to visit Laṅkā where the hill of Shrí, extending over six kroshas, meets the river and bathes in its water day and night, as if wishing to obtain the merit of bathing in a shrine. There reflected in the water, trees look like mosses, hills like tortoises, and towns seem like the realms of the Nāgas. There the waving shāli crop stands on the ground, and bends down as if to smell the perfume of the lotus. There Laṅkā is situated, and the sun courses north and

south to view this town and the other Lankā in the south. On the side of this lake stands the shrine of Sūreshvarī, adorned with many holy spots, affording both enjoyment and salvation, and outshining Vārāṇasī. The king made this place seem like heaven by adorning it with Vihāras, and villages given to Brāhmaṇas, with monasteries which help in the performance of pious acts, and with hermitages where the inmates have not to labour. There the people saw from a distance well nourished and agreeable siddhas with long four stringed beads in their hands. The palace of the king was named Siddhapurī, and was constructed like rows of chariots of the siddhas, so as to be true to its name. Within the palace, the king repaired the delapidated temples by props, or rebuilt them. He made floating islands fruitful by depositing grass and earth on them. When the hermits of the Shrī Jaina monastery celebrated the worship of vessels, the king forgot his high rank and helped them in their worship. There the moon was reflected in the Yogichakra in the middle tank, as if he came there to drink its sweet water. The king fed thousands of hermits, until they closed their eyes in peace and joy and perfect repose. The renowned queen Shrī gratified the people there with food and feasted them. The rice prepared and heaped for the feast looked like a white elephant or the white colud of autumn which is mistaken for talc. There was heard the sound of horn and hunting, mixed with the cries of the cranes, and the sound

indicated the death of the forest deer, like the destruction of sins. The king rejoiced to see the sinless hermits feasting on savoury cakes until they were satiated; and the curd which they quaffed with their busy fingers was strewn on their seats, and looked like the crescent of the moon melted by the power of their Yoga.

The river Mārī flowed from this place into the Vitastā, and was used by the citizens for the purposes of drinking and bathing; and the king joined it at Hastikarṇa with Shāli canal which was extended to the confluence of the Vitastā and the Sindhu. This junction of the Mārī with the Vitastā is known in the city as the Mārī confluence, and is used for the cremation of the dead, and it is the way to heaven. Previously, the owners of the land, the servants of the king, and the Pañchavārikas used to levy a rate at this place every day from the citizens for the cremation of the dead. When my father died, I informed the king of the tax, and the king punished the Kirātas and abolished the rate on the cremation of the dead. From that time the common people on their death are cremated on that spot, to the grief of the mlechchhas who are averse to witness cremation. The bhūrjja makers [who burn the dead] danced with their umbrellas, and played on musical instruments on this exemption from the tax. Here, according to the custom of distant countries, females immolated themselves in the pyres of their beloved; and were not forbidden by the king.

It was for the benefit of the poor of the city that the virtuous king built an extensive Vihāra on the bank of the river, near the Mārī confluence. This Vihāra, and the one on the opposite side of the river at Hājya were like the centre jewels amidst the jewel-like houses of the two cities. The king was then at peace with others, and he built other buildings. [A line appears to be wanting here in the text].

When Shrīharsha became king in the realm of poetry, every one became a poet. What more need be said? Even women, cooks, and porters were poets: and the books composed by them exist to this day in every house. If the king be a sea of learning, and partial to merit, the people too become so. The meritorious king, for the purpose of earning merit, built extensive lodging houses for students, and the voice of the students studying logic and grammar arose from these houses. The king helped the students by providing teachers, books, houses, food and money; and he extended the limits of learning in all its branches. He was a shelter for all, and belied the saying of Munis that learning and pleasure, like light and darkness, cannot exist together. He made the country happy by his good government, favoured learning, and desired to promote the prosperity of the country as of his own son. He esteemed learned men, and valued them for their merits above all the various productions of his country. Even the families, which never dreamt of

learning, produced men, who through the favour of the king, became known for their erudition. Learning, like the kalpa plant, shot into many branches, thrived by means of scholarships, and bore heavenly fruits. There was not a branch of learning or arts or literature or fine arts which did not become celebrated in the world during the reign of king Shrī Jaina. Feudatory kings saw that the king befriended merit and respected learning, and they diligently applied themselves to it.

The heat of the earth consumes much of the grass and shrubs in the summer season, but the pleasant rainy season revives them. Thus in times past, king Shekandhara had, through the influence of the Yavanas, burnt all books of learning, even as fire burns grass. At that time all learned men had fled precipitately to distant countries, owing to the oppression of the Mausulas, taking their books with them. What more need be said ? There were the Brāhmaṇas in the country, but all their excellent books were known only in name, as lotuses are at the advent of winter. But the king who now graces the land and is dear to the learned, restored the books, even as the spring revives the black bees. He caused the Purāṇas, books on logic, the Mīmāṃsā, and other books to be brought from distant lands, and distributed them to the learned. The king heard me recite the Vāshiṣhṭa Brahmadarshana composed by Vālmīki which is known as the way to salvation; and when he heard the annotations pervaded

by a feeling of tranquility, he remembered them even in his dreams, even as a lover remembers the gestures of his beloved. Holding that a man can receive instruction only in the language which he knows, and not in other languages, the king caused translations of the various shāstras to be made by those who knew Saṃskṛita, the vernaculars, and the Persian. Even the Yavanas can comprehend minorology, chemistry, and kalpa if studied in their own language. The king caused Dashāvatāra and Rājataraṅginī the book of kings, in the Saṃskṛita language, to be rendered into Persian. In the same way the mlechchhas read the Vṛihatkathāsāra, the Hāṭakeshvara saṃhitā, the Purāṇas, and other books in their own language.

One hears after a long time the pure and beautiful Dharmmashāstra recited, and holds it to his heart, even as a white cloth holds the impression of colors, and acts according to its injunctions. Others again hear it every day but receive no impression, as the leaf of a lotus plant, though growing in the current and held fast to the water by the stock, never becomes wet by water. The king heard of the advantages of going on pilgrimage to Naubandhana hill from the Ādipurāṇa, and felt a desire to undertake a journey sometime to a shrine. The king was bent on going to pilgrimage, and he went to Vijayeshvara in the year 39, on the last day of the fortnight fixed for giving offerings to deceased ancestors. He saw the ground full of spectators, clad in cloths

of many colors, even like a garden full of flowers. Vāndarapāla and other chiefs with their armies were glad to see the king. The sky was beautified by Venus and Mercury, and was full of other stars by night, and the ground was graced by poets and learned men, and shone with rows of lamps, so that the sky and the earth vied with each other. The pleasant earth was lighted on the day of the dark moon by the moon-like faces of the hundreds of citizens who had assembled. There a tree of lamps was borne by a man and it looked like the Pleiades risen in the midst of the stars. The king accompanied by his two sons left Vijayesha, and reached Durmārga on foot in three days. Wearing a noble appearance in his piety, he saw Vishṇu's foot mark at the Krama lake, and felt the joy of bowing at the feet of Vishṇu. The waters from the hills of Brahmā, Vishṇu, and Mahādeva seemed by their sound to enquire after the welfare of the king who was a part of Mahādeva. The great king saw the hill and the land darkened by the flowers of the kastūrī, and was rejoiced like anchorites when they view the longed for person of Nārāyaṇa. He then embarked on a boat surrounded by five or six boatmen, and went about in the lake supporting himself on me and Simhabhaṭṭa. From me he heard the songs of Gīta Govinda, and then arose in his mind a feeling of piety towards Govinda. The sweet sound of our songs was echoed from the groves, as if celestial musicians sang after us from the groves in honor of the king. After he had wandered about on the

lake for sometime, snow began to fall, as if the gods, pleased with his piety, showered flowers on him. The encircling snow on the lake might well be mistaken for a portion of the peak of the Kailāsa hill which one attains by bathing at the holy shrine. Truly the king was an incarnation of Vishṇu, and he thrice walked round the lake out of piety, and also to test his power of walking. Then when the boat was fastened to the Naubandhana hill, the hill became what its name implies, and the king saw the hill and went to it. When journeying to the Sukumāra lake, the king drank of the water of that lake and meditated on the Sukumāra shrine, and he felt a delight as if he had obtained the purity of his soul. The king heard the names of holy places, touched the auspicious waters from the shrines, tasted the cool water, saw the beauty of the forest trees, and scented the perfumes of plants and flowers, and thus performed the pilgrimage that gives pleasure to the five senses, and then returned to his capital.

Here ends the fifth chapter, named the account of the pilgrimage to Krama lake, of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī.

Chapter VI.

Inorder to satisfy his longing for the Krama lake, the king caused a new lake, like the Krama lake, to be excavated within Padmapura, and called it the Jaina lake. It was the time of autumn when the land was

darkened by the full blown flower of saffron, and it seemed as if the dark water of the Yamunā had come to join this lake in gladness. The king who was rich as the god of wealth, built a beautiful palace on its bank and called it Kuloddharaṇa nāga. Like the moon placed on high, he was pure and full of grace. His kingdom lacked nothing, and his learning was without any deficiency, and he removed all sorrow from the minds of his people. Where is the man, even if he were a foreigner from a distant land, who could see such a king and not wish to serve him? Kings of distant countries heard of his great attainments and showered presents on him. The king of Pañchanada sent him, on account of his friendship, his own horse named Tājika great in size and surpassing the wind in swiftness. The horse-faced singer of heaven is celebrated for his voice, but does not know how to dance, and the king's horse remembering this, proudly danced on the road when the king rode him. The horse's mane was like the coral hands of the king, and his bridle was like the rays beaming from the king, and the bit of the bridle was to the horse even as enjoyment was to the king. Possessed of auspicious signs, the horse considered himself as great as the king and needed no chastisement. Its four legs were adorned with gold as well as its mouth, and so it was known by the name of the five good omens. Khalashya, the king of Māṇḍavyagauḍa, gratified the monarch with presents of clothes named Darandāma; and the monarch, saintly as

Yudhiṣhṭhira, sent to Khalashya, among other things, a beautiful poem composed by himself in his own language. Khalashya was not so gratified with the invaluable presents sent to him as with the poem ornate and beautiful in its arrangement of words and meanings The king of Kumbha presented to the monarch a cloth named Nārī kuñjara and gratified the heart of his excellent queen. Tugaraseha, the beloved king of Gopālapura, presented to the monarch, for the festival of music, a book named Saṅgītachūḍāmaṇi, comprising rules of singing, of fine arts and acting, and also containing the best songs. When that king Tugaraseha died, his fame was as widely extended as the sea, and his son retained, like his father, the good will of the monarch by sending him presents. The lord of Maṇḍalīka, who was the superintendent of the capital, was pleased with the monarch and sent him a handsome horse, and also muchukunda birds beautiful in the variety of their colors and charming in their eyes. Valluka, the king of Ḍilli, though blood thirsty and restless in his work of destruction, was nevertheless bound to the monarch like a tame deer on account of his virtue. Some one presented this great monarch with a pair of swans, and other swans were born of them, and the mighty monarch was pleased. They floated in a line on the lake without fear, and looked like white lotuses agitated by the waves. The king of Khurāsāna was the lord of horses; his order was held on the head by the kings of the countries around, like a garland of mandāra flowers;

his servants were armed with fearful weapons, and they shook hands with the god of death, and roamed about in the world. This king of the north, named Merjjābhosaida, sent an accomplished messenger to the monarch with high horses and mules. Mahammada Suratrāṇa, king of Gūrjara, gratified the monarch with presents of textile fabrics celebrated by the names of kateha, sohasa, and glāta. The kings of Gilāna, Mesra [Egypt ?], Makkā, and other places sought to benefit themselves by sending various rare presents to the monarch. Who did not seek to please the monarch, and what artists, possessed of great designs in art, did not come from distant countries, like bees, to the monarch who was almost like the kalpa tree? It was then that the people of Kashmīra learnt the use of the weaver's brush* and loom, and today they are weaving valuable cloths of silk. The woollen fabrics called soha [shawl ?] and others, manufactured in foreign countries and those made in Kashmīra today, are both beautiful, but the latter are strong and fit for kings. Other clothes were made, on which variegated plants were produced by various methods of weaving, which painters saw and remained dumb with wonder. The monarch's kingdom, known by the name of Kausheyaka, and his dress of silk, alike became famous, the former on account of the various tribes of people that inhabited it, and the latter for the various colored threads that it contained. By his own

* To clean threads.

intelligence, the king invested his country and his dress with a peculiar beauty : the country graced by its people of various tribes, its capital town, by its decorations, and by its learning and its dignity ; and the dress was beautified by many circular designs, and by designs of Durgā and of men. The country was excellent and unconquerable, the dress was celebrated for its silk and gracefulness, both delighted him and both were of incomparable worth. The silk was glittering, and the country was brightened by festivities ; in the silk there was a good collection of threads, in the kingdom there were good laws and riches.

Here ends the sixth chapter named the account of the development of the art of color and of the description of art, of Jainarājataraṅginī.

Chapter VII.

If the king be liberal, the people display their song and dance ; if the clouds pour water in the rainy season, the chātaka birds dance with joy and become pleasing to men. At this time there came to the king, who was renowned for his gifts, a Yavana from Uttarapatha, he knew the art of walking over a rope, and the king, accompanied by his family, came on one occasion to Viṃshaprastha to see this feat. The man made himself ready to display his art, and stretched a long rope on two high pillars that stood at an interval of one hundred

bows.* The elephants which were at Rajjupura remained pensive as if apprehensive of the mischief that would befall their beloved king.† Then by a rope fixed to the ground the fearless man ascended like a bird into the air. This master of his art did not fall, but moved with wonderful steps on the rope, and the mind of men was pleased, even as by a poem. Like a planet he moved on high and successfully walked over the rope to the wonder of the people.

Fate had for a long time showered blessings on the people; he now inflicted an insupportable calamity on the country; even as clouds rain for the benefit of agriculture and then rob its fruits by hail. At a time when there was no cause left to disturb the king, the people suddenly saw signs of a severe calamity to the country which had hitherto been happy under good government. A comet was seen at night in the north; it is the cause of the destruction of men, even as excessive rain is of embankments. Its long tail was of resplendent beauty, and surely Yama hurled down his axes in the form of the comet for the destruction of kings. For a period of two months the comet was visible in the clear sky, and the kind heart of the king remained anxious through fear of mischief that might happen. The dogs were always heard to bark in

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* A bow is equal to two yards.

† This line appears to be a misprint in the text here, taken probably from the part translated in the next paragraph.

the city during day time, as if they foresaw a calamity, and howled in grief. An eclipse of the moon and of the sun took place within a fortnight, as if meant to upset the king and thereby to destroy the kingdom in which there had hitherto been no division. The passage of the sun from one sign of the zodiac to another occurred on inauspicious days, and men were alarmed, and apprehended some agricultural disaster. The hooting of owl was heard under "the umbrella",* as if the metropolis of the kingdom bemoaned and enquired if its builder was about to perish. On the second day of the moon that luminary was seen with its face upwards in the sky, as if it prognosticated the advent of another king.

In the meantime there happened a terrible drought in another country such as brings on a famine ; and the beggars of that country came, like embodied sprites, into Kashmíra. The king saw them and made enquiries of them, whereupon they informed him thus :— "In many countries, and in all directions, the time of distress has come, like the all destroying Yama, on account of drought. Precious stones have lost their value on account of this famine, even as good men, who could be of service to all, lose their usefulness through the influence of evil men. Oppressed by hunger, the dogs have devoured the dead in their tenantless houses, and are now preying on one an-

* The one that was built over the palace as previously stated.

other ; and good Brāhmaṇas, O ! King ! who used to perform penances for taking food touched or eaten by others, are now eating every thing owing to hunger. Brāhmaṇa women, who could judge as to what food is acceptable and what is not, have in some places killed themselves and others by means of poisoned rice. Some people have left their homes and some have died on account of the drought, so that a tenantless town or village can be seen at every step. Merjābhosaida the Suratrāṇa, king of Khurāsāna, your friend, marched out of his country for want of food, surrounded by one koti of soldiers, and forcibly entered the country of his enemy ; but the king of Irāka captured him in the midst of a battle and killed him. At the time of his capture, and even when bound, he displayed valor like Duryyodhana, and innumerable Turushkas died. The time of distress has come in other countries, and owing to the destruction of the weak in mutual conflict among kings, there are dangers O ! King ! at every step. We have heard O ! King ! of thy country happy in wealth, in its store of food and other things, and we have come sorely oppressed with hunger, now save us." When the king heard this pitiable news, he felt as if the calamity had befallen his own subjects, and moved by kindness, he gave them many things.

In the meantime, the great Svayyapura, built by hermits, spontaneously took fire, and became like a deserted forest. The great records of Kramarājya that were

kept in this place on bhūrja leaves were all reduced to ashes, together with the cases that contained them. At this place the king had caused an edict to be inscribed on a copper plate to the effect that at this shrine of Jainagiri, future kings should take one seventh of the crop that grew as tribute. It ran thus:—"Shrī Jainallāvadīna begs future kings to take one seventh of the produce of the land which he by his money has cleared and brought under cultivation at Jainagiri. He has descended into water and ascended hills in order to build this high place which is like the banner of virtue, and which they by their good will should enlarge." These happy sentences were inscribed by Srīvakāshīsha on a copper plate which was not destroyed by the fire, neither did the fire destroy the palace though it was in the midst of the flame that rose high even like the virtue of the king. When the wise king heard that the town was burnt, his heart was burnt with sorrow, but he rebuilt it without delay, new and beautiful, with houses made of wood. The king had previously built a palace at Varāhamūla, but he caused the materials to be brought from that place, and built a new large one here. There was in it a room for keeping the records of the kingdom. A swinging bridge was also newly constructed, and it looked like the necklace of the goddess of fortune which presided over Kramarājya. Thus was the beauteous Svayyapura built. There was the swinging bridge with the rows of houses like jewels, and in the midst of them

the palace displayed its umbrella and looked beautiful like the jewel that hangs in the centre of a necklace. The multitude of men lived happily here, as creepers do at the advent of the pleasant season of spring in a new forest; and their friends, like so many flowers, stayed with them for a few days and then retired well pleased. What new fledged birds are to other birds, so are kindreds to men; they live with them for a time, but when they can depart with ease they go away, to the regret of their friends.

Meanwhile the king's beloved queen named Vodhākhātonā died. She was to the family of the Saidas what the moon light is to the sea. It was by union with her that the king had thought his life happy, and now by her separation his body became burnt with sorrow and all things appeared to him as nothing. The moon-like king, the defender of himself, had placed his sister's son Kyāmadena in the post of Suratrāṇa in the country of Sindhu. He was graced with every virtue and was loved by the king as his own son, and was dearer to him than his own life. The king heard that this chief of Sindhu was killed in a battle by Evvarāhima. He was to the king a joy in times of pleasure and a solace in those of affliction, and by his death the king felt as if his own right hand had been cut off. On account of the death of Darpāvakhāna and others, a new body of ministers was formed, but they, with their boon companions, were ministers only in name. At this time died also the proud. and

liberal Merakhushāhmada who had obtained the king's friendship by working for him. The king received some bad news every day and saw his subjects harassed by the mutual enmity among his sons, and he became sunk in anxiety. He thought of his relatives and servants and friends who had passed away, and believed himself as it were like an elephant that had strayed from the herd.

In the meantime prince Hājyakhāna suffered from a disease brought on by excessive drinking. He was heroic and noble; and as the king was excessively fond of him, his illness nearly dried up in the king's heart all the pleasures that he derived from his kingdom, even as a plant is dried up in a garden by fire. He caused his son to be brought before him, and saw him ill and much reduced, and out of affection thus addressed him in the presence of his ministers:—"O son! You, who are addicted to an evil habit, have reaped the fruit of drinking. Even like the moon, you have got the disease which wastes you. Have you no friendly servant who looks to your interest as your protector, who gives good advice to you who are addicted to the sin of drinking? What wonderful enjoyments are there within your reach even to this day? But why should you then, like an insect, be attached to one pleasure only when life affords to you others which are not accessible to other men? If you think that there is nothing better than wine, then you are a very vicious man indeed, and it will be of no use telling you of the ancient heretic kings. Mighty kings, who were

to their powerful enemies even as the wind is to cotton, are known to have been destroyed by wine. Think of this. Malleka Jamrathā who took possession of a kingdom knew of the sin of drinking wine, but he was wise and kept himself aloof from it. His son Shāhimasoda began to drink at sports and pastimes after his father's death and lost every thing. The great city of the Mallekā, rich with the seven requisites of royal power,* has now become a thing of the past, owing to the evil habits of the wicked son, and is even like a corpse with seven members. Wine is red in the cup, and by its color I take it to be the heart's blood of him who drinks it. There is no enemy to the living like wine which is taken as beneficial; for when taken in excess it kills. Men drunk with the maireya wine will commit deeds which even a madman will not do, for, even he shrinks from such acts. The sprite in the shape of wine enters the body of the man who drinks and in a moment destroys his life while he is weeping or laughing. O Son! You have come to your present condition by taking wine which is poison; now save your life, and give up this hateful wine from today. You are foolish and addicted to evil habits, but if you do not give up wine without delay, you will be deserted by your good fortune, and your life will be short."

When the prince heard these very commendable words of his father, he replied that he would drink wine

* King, minister, ally, treasury, kingdom, fort, and army.

no more without the king's orders. The king saw his son lusterless, weak, emaciated, and devoid of affection, even like a lamp with a thin wick and without oil, and he was surrounded by the darkness of despair. The word of advice is dear to those who are fortunate, but those whose adversity is nigh repent because they did not follow the advice in time. The prince began to drink the poison as soon as he went home, though he was bound by promise to abstain from it. Advice is useless to those who become blind by addiction to a vice. The ministers feared that the king doted on him, and sent secret letters to bring Ādamakhāna from a distant country. Alarmed at the approach of the younger brother, the elder had on one occasion set out to meet him, but now alarmed at the approach of the elder brother the younger started from the country. When Ādamakhāna arrived, the king remained indifferent, determining, as before, not to be troubled by the quarrels between his two sons. When the son of Hājyakhāna heard of the arrival of his father's brother he left Parnotṣa with a view to fight with his uncle, and reached Rājapurī. When the uncle arrived in Kashmīra, a terrible battle took place between him and his nephew for the capture of the fort of Ārdroṭa. At this time the people witnessed the patience of the powerful Hasanakhāna; for though anxious for the country, he did not march out without the orders of his grandfather.

When the eldest brother entered the house of his

father he saw Hājyakhāna at the door joined by the youngest brother, and out of policy made peace with him. But though they had sworn peace by the god of the Mausulas, their hearts were not freed from enmity, even as a silk cloth does not give up its color. When people saw that they had met in peace before the king, the country, the nobles, and their own family, they looked upon them with misgivings, as on four lions met in a cavern; and apprehended that ruin arising from their mutual enmity was at hand.

In the meantime the king considered Vahrāmakhāna as the best of his sons; he was the youngest, and the object of jealousy of the other two brothers. The king caused him to be brought before him, and when alone, he thus spoke :—"O Vahrāma! Your eldest brother has been made your enemy by your unfriendly deed. He will remember the harm you have done to him, and will never be your friend, and it is with vain expectation that you are serving the other brother. How can he leave his own son and attend to your interest? Therefore do not commit such wicked acts as will bring misery in future. Leave him without delay, rely on me alone, and employ your time accordingly. Adhere to the path of rectitude, and prosperity will then come unto you. Otherwise O foolish man! You will be burnt in the fire of their enmity, even like a thing placed in an iron pan full of heated oil." When he heard these words of his father, he thus replied in his folly :—"It appears

to me O king! that Hājyakhāna loves me exceedingly like a father. I will never forsake him, but serve him. He will protect me in time of need, and who is at present more powerful than he?" When the king heard this he was angry, and he thus spoke to the son who had made up his mind :—"Fie to thee, that thou hast discarded me and acknowledged another as thy father! Ah foolish man! On what hast thou fixed thy mind after having disregarded my words? There is no doubt that thy expectation will soon be disappointed." He said this and left him.

Then at a time when the king was alone and was not afraid of any mischief from his son, he thus thought in his own mind :—"Alas! From me, bright as a house on fire, have sprung these three sons, and they are like the ashes of a wood fire; unlike me, useless, and without lustre;" and he said aloud :—"What should I do at present?" The wise men who were around him said in reply that his kingdom was being ruined by his sons who were aspiring to the throne, and they asked the king why he did not bestow the kingdom on the one who was most friendly to him, so that neither he nor his subjects might be troubled thereafter. Even then, they said, Māṇikyadeva, powerful on account of his wealth, would hear of the newly appointed king, and might turn an enemy and soon cause destruction in the kingdom. The king who knew the characters of his sons replied :—"The eldest has superior qualifications, but he is a miser, and has therefore no worthy servants

who can consolidate a kingdom. The second is very liberal, but his expenses are so great that if he had gold as high as the Pradyumna hill, there would not be one karsha of it left.* The youngest is wickedly inclined and addicted to vice, he would soon ruin the court. I do not consider any of them to be a good and worthy son. I will not bestow the kingdom on any ; he who is the strongest will get it when I am dead ; this is my purpose. Who will appreciate my worth unless many perish in the conflict after I am gone? Men will then appreciate my peaceful reign. One does not know that the sun has set if darkness does not cover all sides, and men's sight is not blinded, if robbers do not rob, and good people are not alarmed. I have obtained the kingdom by my own power, and have governed it by my intelligence, but by quarrelling among themselves, my wicked sons are destroying every thing. The royal power with its seven constituents, and with its mineral wealth, is like a body with seven limbs and blood ; but it is being wasted by the three wicked sons, as by three diseases. There does not exist a good minister today who, like a physician, can restore it to health by nourishment and treatment. I have long enjoyed this kingdom, and have tasted the joys of religion, song, literature, and my life is satiated. I have no other work to do. I have, owing to my love for my subjects, increased all the new productions of the country threefold

* A karsha is equal to about 280 grains troy.

by means of canal, cultivation, and by other ways. I have always conversed with learned persons for the preservation of the six schools of philosophy, have invited such persons from all places, and granted lands for holy purposes. But as there are gaps between the teeth in the mouth, so there are defects in the government of the country, and they are causing me pain every day. I shall therefore secure happiness by leaving the kingdom. As a lamp is hateful to the eye of thieves, so have I become hateful to many; but they will soon have to pine for the peace in the country. Even my sons have not been able to remain quiet all this time while I am alive; they will not die in a hurry; and I wish to depart from this life so that all my sons may obtain what they desire.

When they heard this speech of the sorrowful king, they again said :—" If this be thy intention O king! why have you then kept a great treasure accumulated? Spend them while you are alive and make it pay your way to the next world." When the king heard this he replied that :—"That is well said, but listen to the reason why the treasury is kept full. When I am dead, any of my sons who may gain the kingdom will be satisfied with the savings left, and will not covet for the wealth of my subjects who are dearer to me than my sons, and I think it my duty to protect them. I will thus prevent the future oppression of the subjects with the savings I have made. He enjoys whose treasury is full, and when it is drained, he oppres-

ses the subjects. If the lion's hunger is satisfied, he plays within the cavern ; but if hungry, he devours the beasts of the forest. One will call me a foresighted man, and will not speak ill of me when the subjects will be free from oppression in future on account of my savings. When the palace is full of riches, men outside it will become rich and will be friendly to their king. If the clouds did not take water from the sea, how could they shower it on the ground ? It is always by the means of riches that all the beautiful objects which the king possesses are obtained ; the fruits, the leaves, and the flowers that grow on the trees are produced by one cause ;—the sap within the ground." When those who had questioned the king heard this reply of the experienced sovereign, they were silenced. The king's palace attended by soldiers is like the sea attended by rivers ; it is full with various objects, and people come there in quest of those objects. The abundance in all things is the beauty of the palace as of the sea. When afterwards the people found that all that the king had said was verified, they all were afflicted with sorrow, and recalled his sayings to their mind, and praised his experience.

There was none among the ministers, servants, sons, friends, relatives, and kindred who could console the king. He heard of the affairs of his sons who were enemies to one another, but were now united in hollow friendship ; and he remained in the central room of the palace and was afraid to come out. I knew how to

explain to the king the way to remove worldly afflictions, and for nights together he heard from me the Samhitá which is the way to salvation. The king was for a time consoled by listening to my explanations, the modulations of my voice, and well turned beautiful passages. "This appears to me most strange that this waking illusion of good men like the color of the sky (vacuum) sinks into oblivion in which there is no memory of the past. O son of Raghu! Be it long or be it pleasant, know this mundane existence to be a long dream as unsubstantial as a large imaginary kingdom. If there had been no birth, old age, or death, no fear of separation from the beloved object, and if all had not been fleeting, who would not have wished to have been born in this world? Men will be freed from objects from which they withdraw their desire; a man cannot know of greater happiness than by withdrawing his desire from all earthly things." The king learnt shlokas like those mentioned above by listening to my explanations, and also many others which indicated his own condition, and he himself read them. The king heard me read the "way to salvation," and pondered over the meaning of many verses, and on one occasion he told the learned who were about him that some one seemed to whisper to his ear enquiring why he loved his sons, none of whom was friendly to him. He thought to himself:—"By eating meat with our teeth, flesh is served with flesh, and in such meals, which enriches our blood and gives us

strength, I see no harm. I am mild in my temper, and I promote the happiness of all, but alas ! my sons are attempting my destruction as insects destroy woollen cloth by making holes. None of those with whom I have spent my former years are left behind ; the affliction which I feel for their absence will last to the end of my life. O Muni ! My body is like a cottage which is worn out, and is covered with hair as with grass ; it is full of rents, and my mind dislikes it in this evil day. The districts of my kingdom have been ruined by my sons, even as the members of the body are bitten by serpents. The only means left to me is to part with them, otherwise there is no peace." After he had thus thought, he composed a book in the Pārasī language named Shīkāyata treating of the vanity of all objects.

The sons of the king's nurse and others of proved and honourable character left the party of the king and went over to Hājyakhāna. What else need be said, those shameless men who were seen with the king during daytime, were at night found seated at ease before Khāna. The king remained indifferent to the affairs of the kingdom, and his servants reviled one another, and consequently there was a tumult in the country. When the king was in danger who would not go over to his sons, as if hoping to obtain thereby one-half of the kingdom ? Thus thought the king, and he was ignorant of the true movements of his servants, and became disgusted with all the members of his family. He who was seen

today to be with the king, was heard of as attending the Khāna the next morning. Like the Sārasa birds the servants no where remained steady. The king did not find a single servant devoted to him, who could give him consolation, and to whom he could describe the troubles of his heart. The people came to the palace unopposed and uttered words such as had never been uttered before, and spoke of things such as had never been seen or heard of before. Bahrāmakhāna, by his various acts of duplicity and by his eagerness to foment quarrel between his brothers, became like Karṇa, the source of evil. A stick of wood, if it contains oil, will give light, but does that light last long ? Does it not spread darkness on all sides with its smoke ?

It was to protect the king that Ādamakhāna had come, and protection was expected from him, but he was incapable of protecting himself. He informed the king one day that Bahrāma had joined his brother Hājyakhāna, and had sought by cruel stratagem to destroy him, and that he (Ādamakhāna) had no other course left but to seek the king's protection. From Bahrāma he had no hope of life, and he therefore asked the king to save him. If the king reigned in the kingdom, Ādamakhāna feared nothing. But the people eager to engage in a battle between the brothers were on that day coming to attack him, and he was overcome with fear at the news. Thus informed, the king replied that he had no attachment for his own kingdom or for his

own life, and he called Ādamakhāna a coward, and advised him to go and save himself, and told him that he need not have come to him. Thus rebuked by the king, Ādamakhāna went to Kudmadīnapurī, and kept himself on the watch, afraid of an attack from his younger brother. The king had thought that this ambitious man Ādamakhāna was worthy of his protection, hoping to find comfort in him and expecting that he would remove the king's fear of his enemies. But Ādamakhāna was himself assailed by his enemies, he was like a horse afraid of the harness, and became a cause of trouble; and the king was surprised to hear that his other two sons thought that he had taken their elder brother, the object of their hatred, near him out of his fear of them. Neither the king, nor the king's son, nor the ministers could sleep owing to mutual fear. The servants did not serve in accordance with orders but tried to please their masters by words only, and when the servants did perform the duties ordered by the king, he would declare that he did not remember what he had ordered. He left off the old practice of signing his orders, and knowing the unsettled state of his mind, he left the administration to his ministers. "The wicked men have set the fire of enmity to my house, and have received pay from both sides, but they do not care to quench the fire. Let my ministers and my sons perish; I helped them to prosper, and they now wish to obtain my kingdom and will rejoice in my ruin." Thus sighing,

and unsettled in mind, sorrowful, and devoted to religious meditation, the king wished that they might all perish. The citizens exclaimed that the king was indifferent to everything, that his sons were engaged in mutual enmity, and that a great calamity had befallen them. When the month of fasting for the Yavanas arrived the king left off taking meat, and reflected thus :—"Those who brought this wicked son from a distant country, are, alas ! for their own interest destroying my whole kingdom. On one side of the city are the two sons with their combined army, and on the other side is one son alone attended by wicked men and wicked ministers. A great calamity has come ! The sons will fight, but I am sorry for this city which should, like a good wife, be guarded. What would be the use of my living if the city be destroyed while I am alive ? The servants who were devoted to me, and strong, are all gone, whom shall I ask for advice and what shall I do ?" The king's mind was afflicted by these anxious thoughts and by sorrow caused thereby. Stricken by such grief, the king, who was solicitous for the welfare of his kingdom, became like one inanimate. The city, with its population old and young, was agitated with alarm on account of many evil news ; it was like a boisterous sea which the king could not calm.

On the next day when Shivabhaṭṭa brought the king his meals, the king became angry and said that he had eaten what he could eat, and told him to take the food away. In the excess of his anxiety the king became

distrustful even of a shadow. He heard that the ministers intended to rise against him, but he took no care of his own life. For a few days he remained like one whose intellect was gone, and when questioned by his friends, he made reply to none. On one occasion when the ministers asked him some questions about the affairs of the state, he uttered some words without meaning, and as if oppressed with illness he laid himself exhausted on the bed. The physicians did not know the cause nor the symptoms of his illness, but I think he took the vow of fasting in order to get himself rid of his affliction. High as lofty trees, yielding food with extended arms, of high renown, and beloved of Brâhmaṇas as the trees are beloved of birds, the good kings are struck down by evil fate as by a gale. In the meantime the three sons disorganised all the seven constituents of the kingdom, as terrible diseases destroy the humours of the body. The Rajputs were alarmed, and came every day, with many soldiers, and found the king in his miserable plight and almost dumb. The king was afraid of his sons, but in order to give an audience to all, he was placed in his wretched condition before the gate of the palace, with his elephants and horses. Men belonging to the palace and those outside thronged to see the king; they heard the sound of religious festivities, and beheld the king with gladness, as one beholds the moon on the second day after the new moon. Bahrâmakhâna became alarmed when he heard of this, and came near to the place, but

he knew by the symptoms that the king was on the point of death. He then went to a distance and thus said to his brother :—"Our father will not live ; he fell on the ground before the gate, and was almost dumb and unconscious. Vainly is he being raised up by the cunning people. Therefore arise, and let us go to the yard of the king's palace clad in iron mail, and bind the wicked ministers, and take possession of the horses and of other things. We will cut down the bridge of boats, and that will prove the ruin of your elder brother." When Hājyakhāna heard this, he said :—"This should not be spoken before me. I do not even in dream wish any harm to my father and king." He then spent one night in grief with his father.

Then when Ādamakhāna heard the report that his father was dead, he moved with his army towards Shrī Jainanagara with a view to usurp his father's kingdom. In the way he caused his soldiers to be clad in armour for his own defence. He then passed one night secretly in a house at the outskirts of the capital. In the meantime, Hassana, the treasurer, blinded by self-interest and deceiving others, took oath to Shrī Hājyakhāna and sought his shelter. On the next day the eldest brother, driven by the ministers, reached Kudmadīnapurī with his army ; but there his good fortune left him. Though he was the eldest and possessed of a strong intellect, though himself a hero endowed with unusual energy and patience, and attended by followers, he was

still unable to perform any signal deed in the time of action; for men devoid of virtue cannot achieve success. Had Ādamakhāna killed a guard that night and captured the horses, he would have got the kingdom. But the intelligence of a man is according to his merit.

In the meantime Hājyakhāna sent by the treasurer and his youngest brother, went into the yard of the palace, and took possession of his father's horses. When those servants of the prince, who had been impatient for fight, heard of the news of the capture of the animals, they suited their action to the time, clad themselves in armour and entered the palace. Abhimanyu the Pratīhāra, and others reviled them, but they were soon punished by the confusion that followed. Hājyakhāna with his army remained that day outside the palace, afraid of a rising, and though he was anxious to see the king he could not do so.

When Ādamakhāna heard of this news, he became alarmed. He was in a defenceless condition, and despairing of success, he went with his followers by the road leading to Vipulāṭa. Surrounded by his own men, Ādamakhāna marched by the way of Tārabala. His younger brother pursued him and killed many of his soldiers. When Abhimanyu the Pratīhāra and others beheld the superhuman prowess of Ādamakhāna, they found that he fulfilled what his name implied.* He

*It is difficult to unravel this pun. It seems that the pun lies in the similarity of the sound of Adamakhana and Admi-khun, the latter is a Hindi word.

killed many men in his anger, and their corpses were heaped in the caverns of the mountain. In the meantime prince Hassanakhâna, resplendent with many virtues, soon passed over Parṇotsa and came within Kashmîra. The tree growing on barren soil is dried up by the heat of summer, and becomes sapless, and casts no shadow, and is forsaken by travellers; but when nourished by the copious waters of the rainy season it is decked with flowers, it shelters men from the heat, and becomes enjoyable. As a river is equally accessible from both its banks, even so the kingdom was hitherto accessible to the two belligerents, but now it became favourable to one party. Thus by the conduct of the two brothers, victories and defeats were brought about by fate in a way which the people had not anticipated. Who does not wish for a son? And when a son is born, who does not feel both happiness and anxiety on his account, and does not strive by various means to bring up the child? But alas! when the child is grown up, he seeks through his avarice to obtain his father's wealth, and is even anxious for the time when the father would die, and considers him as a hinderance in his way.

At this time the king, surrounded by a few servants, remained without any anxiety, as if he had not heard of the reports which had reached him. He gave out that owing to illness his voice had failed and he had lost the power of deglutition. His beauty was gone, and he became like the moon when near its end. It

was owing to the misfortune of his subjects and for the affliction of all, that the king, shorn of his beauty and suffering from malady, appeared like the sun about to set at the end of the kalpa. By the quivering of his lips it was known that he was praying, and he expired at noon on Friday, on the twelfth day of the moon, in the month of Jaiṣhṭha. At the time of his death, Fortune seemed to abandon all his limbs and appeared on his face, and I saw him in that state. His face methought was the dwelling place of the goddess of Fortune, and perspiration issued from it, even like a stream of good luck. His breath left him, taking his life with it, and as if afraid of having stolen that jewel. After life had departed, tears still issued from his eyes, as if his eyes which were like the sun and the moon melted away and his affection for his subjects trickled down.

King Shrī Jaina reigned happily for fifty-two years, and went to heaven in the year 46. The corpse was placed in a litter and was borne on men's shoulders, and on it were placed the umbrella and the chāmara, and they looked like the sun and the moon dropped from the sky in their sorrow. At that time the ministers, servants, slaves, and citizens offered oblation to the dead in tears of lamentation. The king had obtained the kingdom in the month of Jaiṣhṭha in the year 96; and the period of the sun's course towards the north ended with him. He had counted sixty-nine years, and the beauty of the flowing black beard was still seen on his

face. After death his body became a corpse and he became a Shiva. Such was the king that was borne on a litter and, adorned with umbrella and chāmara, was brought by the weeping ministers to the burial ground, where the previous kings looked beautiful as in sleep, and the earth, as if out of affection for her lords, had received them in her bosom. All sides resounded with the loud lamentation of the sorrowing citizens as if with the noise of sounding brass. Within the city no other voice was heard than the cry of "O king! O life of the people! Where art thou going, leaving thy subjects behind." The ears of the men were incessantly filled with these cries, so that they sometimes seemed to hear the cries in the air. The king was then lifted from the litter which had been borne on men's shoulders, and was covered with cloth, and laid within the bowels of the earth beside his father. The people looked on the face of the king with tearful eyes, and, as required by their rites, they threw a handful of earth on him; as if to indicate that there would be no other king like him, and that the world was ruined by his death. Monarchs who had conquered powerful enemies in battle, had covered the earth with riches, and had given wealth to all; who had built cities named after them, and were well known in other countries; who had long reigned in the country possessed of the seven component parts of royalty, leave all behind in the end, and receive only the winding sheet for their portion. Scorched

by a hostile country, as by a forest fire, the deceased king enjoyed the sleep of ease in the cool interior of the grave-yard.

Hājyakhāna saw the face of his father graced by fortune, and appearing as if in sleep, and for seven nights he performed the rite of mastaka. He exclaimed :—"O father! Bent on wickedness I have many a time transgressed against thee, and methinks you have left me in your anger, and have gone to heaven alone. Admirable is king Shekandhara who is in heaven and now beholds thee. Fie to me O king! that I am deprived of the sight of thee. No where O father! at the time of festivity did you enjoy yourself without me; how then do you now enjoy the pleasures of heaven alone? You could not obtain sleep on a soft bed and surrounded by men, how can you now sleep on the gravel in the midst of those buried in the earth? When I left you and returned to my house, who did not curse me in anger saying that we two might not speak to each other again? We wicked sons always kept you sleepless, and art thou now having thy long sleep? O king! Your person was consumed with ever present anxiety; has that anxiety of yours been now transferred to another? O father! I see thy face in the portrait and in my imagination, but where shall I, who have so much sinned against thee, hear thy voice? Without thee O master! my kingdom is a thing of danger to me, the day is night, the good garden is a cemetery, and life is death. Come O father! and show

thyself to me, be thou angry or propitious. I am unable to bear this death-like pain of separation. O father! Where hast thou gone leaving me, thy servant, behind; the lotus bud does not expand without the sun. Art thou angry O king? I am thy servant bent on serving thee; and in consideration of my excessive solicitude speak but one word to me, for without thee I shall not live."

Thus the prince lamented, and performed the rites of the bhujā night; he gazed on the face of the king for a long time and wept aloud. Thus loudly lamenting, Hājyakhāna was overcome with grief, and when the day declined the ministers forcibly took him to the palace. For the benefit of his deceased father, the son, while yet he was on the burial ground, gave away his own village of Sālora for the supply of drinking water to the people in the hot season; and for the services of those who provided the water, he permanently endowed lands in that village and allotted them for a religious purpose. At this time the sun, as if unable to look upon the earth without a king, set in the sea; and the earth casting away her garment of evening cloud, spread the gloom of the evening which was even like her dishevelled hair to weep in sorrow for the king. A darkness prevailed in the kingdom at the death of the king. He had raised high hopes in men, he was of princely appearance, and a friend of the men of merit. No one cooked his food that day, no smoke arose from the houses, all were dumb with grief

and breathless. Such was the state of the capital which seemed to be without life.

A long crystal stone was placed in the grave-yard, it was the highest among those that were there, and was like the figure of the king in a recumbent position, and it was illumined with verses. Men came to see the place out of curiosity and they lamented and shed tears on the king, which looked like offerings of pearls. It was Friday when the citizens went to the grave-yard, and their images were beautifully reflected on the stone, as if the king out of curiosity had drawn them near to him. The people remembered the king's breast broad as door pannel, his face beautiful as the full moon, the tip of his long nose like the beak of the Suka bird, the eyes tender as the lotus, his hairy eye-brows and forehead bright with auspicious signs, and his intellect and his qualifications, and his attention to kingly duties. All these came to their mind as if they were standing before the the king himself; and they spoke lightly of the world, as devoid of worth and substance. If the moon beams of the full moon, the beauty of the flowers of spring, the purity of the autumnal sky, the budding youth of women, and the rule of a wise king,—all these that afford happiness to men,—were made lasting by fate, men would not long for heaven. In his boyhood, the king lost his father, and apprehended mischief from the principal minister, and was involved in a quarrel with his brothers and servants. He was living in foreign countries when

he got the kingdom; then there was a distressing war with his elder brother; his nurse's sons then caused him anxiety; and afterwards the opposition of his sons lasted till his death. Fie to the life of living beings on this earth, ever attended with sorrow, and ever causing tears to flow from the eye! Mars was the planet that cast an evil eye towards his sons, it was no doubt owing to the position of the stars at his nativity that he suffered so much affliction from the hands of his children.

All the king's learned men and even the poets who were ever so eloquent, became silent when the king was gone, even as kokilas are found mute in the month of Paushа. The books of the learned, which, even like the eyes of the goddess of learning, had ever remained open [during the king's reign] were now tied up and became shrunk. There were men who in order to win the king's favour had worked in logic, in grammar, and in other branches of learning for the benefit of the vernacular of the country, and who had been honored by the king and had enjoyed ease and prosperity in their homes. They had exerted themselves, day and night, to obtain books, and had learnt the shâstras, and when questioned on the subject of their study, could make recitations from their books. But where was grammar, where were the discussions of logic, and where was the labour in the cause of literature after king Shrī Jaina died? That king who was the master of all learning,

who was benevolent to men, accessible, meritorious, and liberal, the king who knew the literature of many languages, who was favourable to the men of merit, and untiring in work of kindness and of virtue,—that king, alas ! is now laid on the ground. Fie to us, sinful and depraved in our hearts ! Overcome by the love of the world, we still live therein, and do not fly to the wilderness in sorrow. As the bosom of a woman does not look graceful without a necklace, nor the intellect without learning, nor the expanded lotus flowers without the sun, nor the human body without youth, nor the night without the moon, nor a wife without her husband, even so the kingdom of Kashmīra did not look graceful without its king. Good men felt sorrowful at heart, and found no rest ; and they always lamented and said that king Shrī Jainollābhadena was the greatest among all sovereigns, that he was versed in all learning and loved the study of logic and other branches of knowledge, and that he consequently shone in the glory of the learned. He was distinguished by his desire to see learned men collected around him, and by his wish to bestow gifts and honors on them, as well as by his well deserved fame. They said that he had consolidated Kashmīra, and had gone as if to consolidate heaven which was in a state of confusion. The royal family, like a bamboo group in a garden, decked by variagated grass and a profusion of leaves, was an object of beauty for a long time ; but alas ! domestic

broils, like a fire caused by friction, burnt all the things in the garden from one end to the other. The officers of Shrī Jaina, owing to his curse, melted away within one year, even like a dream ; and in the kingdom which was disturbed at his death, only one in a hundred of his servants remained, even like jewels in the ocean, after it is agitated by a gale. Servants remain with their master and honor him as long as he who supports them remains in power. The bee, the kokila, and the frog hail the spring with their voice as long as spring lasts on earth. Even these few servants of the king who remained, withered like grass under innumerable scorching suns.

Here ends the first book named the account of Jainashāhi of Jainarājataranginī composed by paṇḍita Shrīvara

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BOOK II.

I bow to the god, (Mahādeva), who is the master of the hidden significance of all words, and who pervades all the universe. Who does not, by prayer in the form of a partial description of his person, attain the fruit of worship? His right foot is fixed in the ground, and his left foot, though oft in motion, seeks to rest, and thus describes a circle on a straight line. The god not unoften performs a dance while walking in the evening. Let that deity, a god and a goddess in one, ever bestow happiness on us.

By an order under his seal, Hājyakhāna now declared his name to be Haidarashāha, and took possession of the kingdom on the first day of the moon in the month of Jaiṣhṭha. A festivity was held on the occasion of his taking over the kingdom in which the performance of religious acts predominated, and joy was promoted by gifts, and many auspicious acts were done, and many who sought happiness found it. Shekaudharapurī was full of happy men, the favourites of the king were clad in clean garments, and the city looked as beautiful as the sky, when full of stars. The new powerful monarch sat on a golden throne in the yard of the palace, even as the sun sits on the peak of the Meru mountain. In his front sat his son and his handsome youngest

brother, who looked like the planets Venus and Jupiter before the moon. The treasurer Hassana distributed money, as ordered, and put the mark of royalty on the forehead of the king with offerings of gold and flower. As in the rainy season the clouds rule the world with lightnings, even so did the king Hājyahaidhara govern the country. The king's youngest brother Bahrāmakhāna was even like himself, and through affection, the king made him lord of Sukṣhitī in the Nāgrāma country. It was after a long time that the king met his son, and, overwhelmed as he then was with sorrow for his father, he found even greater comfort than what he had felt when he was appointed heir-apparent of the kingdom. Āvatra, Lavaka, and others found great favour with the king, and were invested with authority in the kingdom. Other servants also obtained favours from the new king and obtained the gift of villages, good or indifferent, according to their previous services. The king then parted with the kings of Rājapurī and Sindhu who had come to see him, after decking them with ornaments befitting kings. In the king's palace, ministers, feudatory kings, captains of armies, and others, adorned with daggers of gold, mingled in the rejoicings, and with them moved the servants to whom were given valuable garments of silk. The king, free from all vices, protected his people, even like the waxing moon in her fortnightly career.

There lived one Merjā Hassana, son of Saida Nāsira, and he was the chief of Bahurūpa and other provinces.

He was of an affectionate nature, and fond nursing children; his mind was devoid of avarice and anger; he dispelled the darkness of ignorance and he was honored in the kingdom as his father was. In festivities and on all joyous occasions, Merjā Hassana and his party were honored as the foremost. The king therefore thought that by attaching him to his son, he would make his son as powerful as himself, and he accordingly caused his son to marry the daughter of Merjā Hassana. The king had killed Hāṅgira son of Jyaṃsara the Mārgapati, and attracted by the merit of Merjā Hassana he now bestowed Vāṅgila on him. The king favoured even those who did him harm; the lion first stoops before elephants and then kills them.

The king kept his purposes concealed, and through his spies informed himself of the acts of Hassana the treasurer, and he bestowed honors on Hassana and brought him under his power. The prowess of the king made his enemies grieve; he concealed his anger, and was like the fire which lies concealed in ashes and is the cause of death to many. He affected friendship with some, and they did not apprehend any danger until he found his opportunity to act against them. Others, he honored out of policy, and thus he acted from various motives. He was like Kuvera to his servants when he bestowed his favours, but he was like death to them when they were at fault. PhiryyaḌāmara and other ministers knew of the fierce anger of the king, and bore their

sorrow in secret. Thieves, immoral men, and the enemies and oppressive servants of the king were like jackals in the kingdom, they wandered about during day time in fear.

After the death of king Shrī Jaina the king's officers again harassed the people, even like serpents deprived of their head jewel. Even the full moon, which illumines all sides and becomes worthy of the enjoyment of the gods, has its stain, and the king likewise had one stain in his character. The courtiers of the king combined among themselves, and urged by the fear that the king would kill all of them when he would hear of their faults, they plotted to bring in a stranger. A barber by the name of Riktetara* became the favourite of the king; he advised wicked deeds, was full of vices, and accepted unfair bribes. Men addicted to enjoyments cannot leave off evil habits, and thus the present sovereign, though daily reproached by the late king, could not cast off this barber who had become his favourite. This wily barber, who had accumulated riches through the toil of the people and who was skilled in devices for accomplishing his purpose, now became widely known by his gifts of money. The cunning man kept concealed by the sweetness of his tongue the hardness of his heart which led him to oppress the people. Having thus attained to power he wickedly harassed the subjects who had been

* This man is subsequently called Pūrna.

protected by the king, as if they had been his sons. The wise and renowned Bherabhokhāra, who was devoid of all angry feelings, became the minister of the king, and through the king's favour Machuryyā was made the accountant, but the latter appropriated money which belonged to the king, from all the offices.

The cloud which produces water and is the delight of the pea-fowl, which causes a plentiful crop to grow in cultivated fields and drives away heat, also afflicts the people by discharging the thunder-bolt. The king remained in a state of insensibility through wine, and instigated by wicked ministers, did unwise acts, and caused the misfortune of the subjects. He wished to build an edifice by the side of Shekandharapurī, and ordered the lofty trees in the Amṛita park to be cut down. The bees saw the trees with the flowers cut down and left them, and raised a hum as if in lamentation. The people did not sympathise with the king's attempt to build the edifice; it was like the desire to light a lamp under the sun. He was surely drunk when he did this. We say this because he did many things that were harmful to him. The barber obtained the orders of the king, when he was drunk, and mutilated many men. The relentless and sinful barber cut off the Ṭhakkuras and courtiers of the king's father by the saw. Five or six persons were going to their elder brother for the purpose of performing the rites of svāvana, but the barber arrested them in the way, impaled them, and thus caused

them to be killed. They lived for a few nights, their sufferings were narrated by their relatives, and they were seen by the citizens fixed to the pales with tears in their eyes. The barber knew Vaidāryya the physician to be a calumniator, and a partisan of the enemy, and he releas-ed the physician from arrest after cutting off his arms, his nose, and his lips. Similarly, Nonadeva, Shikhajāla, and others, five or six persons in all, had their tongues, noses, and a hand cut off. By such outrageous acts as mutilation and impaling, the barber Pūrṇa became the butcher of men. Jayya the son of an āchāryya, as also a Brāhmaṇa named Bhīma were maimed, and they struggled and threw themselves into the Vitastā.

In this reign, owing to the prevalence of drunkenness, wine came to be prepared from molasses as from grapes, and this wine became as common here as the wine prepared from sugar is in other countries. When the king became addicted to wine and averse to all other kinds of enjoyments, molasses and candies and other things prepared from the juice of sugar-cane became scarce. Mallāḍaudaka was a great master of music, and his pupil Khujyābdolkāḍira taught the king to pay on the lute. He acquired proficiency in the music of the lute and other instruments from us and he spent all his life to the music of the lute, without a moment's intermis-sion. The king understood the art of playing on the lute and was well skilled in it, so that he gave lessons even to the professors. Vahlala and others played on the

ravāva, and what did they not earn thereby through the favour of the king who showered gold on them. Every man was afraid of the king who was always under the influence of the wicked even when he was in his private apartments or among his women, and the wicked were like demons well skilled in dissimulation.

Once upon a time the ministers sent the barber Pārṇa to the king, and when the king was alone, the barber asked him what he intended to do with the former ministers. "These your father's ministers" he said "destroyed your party, and yet you have made them powerful now that you have obtained the kingdom. These men, Hassana the treasurer and others, are loved by your youngest brother, and cunning as he is, he is trying to win them over by his wiles. Your body is frail and you always confide in your brother, so that it will not be long before the destruction of yourself, your sons, and your servants is effected." When the king heard this he said :—"It is true that my youngest brother dislikes my son, but I will tell you the reason why nevertheless I give protection to this wily man. My youngest brother is violent in temper, and my eldest, who is active in his preparations to usurp my place, is cunning. I intend to quell my eldest brother by means of my youngest, even as a thorn is extracted by a thorn. It is for the sake of this service that I am giving him shelter, not out of respect for him." When the barber heard this he made two or three great men acquainted with the intention of the king.

In the meantime the king's haughty elder brother arrived at Parṇotsa with his army from the Madra country, with the intention of usurping his brother's kingdom. When the king heard of this, he became angry; he caused his father's officers to be brought before him and asked them what should be done. They replied:—"Your elder brother has come, but we will go and cut the bridge over the narrow river, otherwise should he arrive here he would be irresistible. O master! order us so to do." When the king heard their request, he misunderstood their motive, and suspected that they were deserting him to go over to the side of his brother; and he replied "so will it be."

The king then left them, and at night called before him his ministers Phiryyaḍāra and others, who had become cruel in the prosecution of their work. They informed the king that it was owing to the conspiracy of Hassana the treasurer that his elder brother had come, and that if Hassana were destroyed his brother would retire, otherwise he would enter the capital. They advised that Hassana should be brought by some artifice, and killed in the morning. Accordingly the king concealed his anger and gave orders to his servants. On the morning Hassana the treasurer and others, being summoned by the king, left their attendants behind and come out of their homes. The affrighted horse, as if it knew the purpose of the summons, remained motionless and began to tremble, and it was

after much urging that, with tears in its eyes, it came to the yard of the palace. Hassana the treasurer, Merakāka, and others, five or six in all, then seated themselves on a valuable carpet, and were anxious to learn what the work of the king was which had to be performed. As ordered by the king, Jaṃsara and other servants first won the confidence of the party by dissimulation, and then killed them within the room in the palace. The treasurer rose and exclaimed against the treachery, but with one stroke of a hatchet he was deprived of his life. Struck by the weapon, and on the point of death, Merakāka blessed the king and then expired. Ahmadamera, a man of merit, a lover of learning, and the delight of the people, was murdered while engaged in writing, and every one was grieved for him. While alive these men had lived united, and when cut off by the hatchet, their blood mingled. Just before their death they had been seated on a colored blanket, and when dead, they were seen on it as if in sleep. The death by the hatchet which they met, all in a moment, inside the palace, was such as is unattainable by others, and it was a glory to them. Thus were they killed, and at their last moment neither riches, nor wife, nor servants, nor tombs were of use to them.

The fear of the king was more distressing than the fear of death; the people were chastised or imprisoned for debts, and the friends of a debtor deserted him through fear lest the debt might devolve on them.

Even one's own wife deserts a man on such an occasion not to speak of servants. It was more dangerous to serve the king than to embrace fire, or to go before an angry cobra, or to fall into the ocean. The Chaṇḍālas at night took the bodies as of men who had no friends, and buried them in a hole in the ground at the foot of the Pradyumna hill, and covered the place with bricks. The Mausulas always take care about the structures over their graves and pay money to the architects. They do not think that no one can know, except God, when or how one may die. He alone is fit to build a tomb who knows the period of his life, and to whom Death is obedient as a friend. This practice of building tombs among the mlechchhas is but a foolish one. This is my view. Vaishravaṇabhaṭṭa and others had built their tombs, but when in the end they died in a village, they were laid there on the ground. An ordinary man carefully encloses a hundred cubits of land and prevents others from entering it; should he not be ashamed of this? It is said in the [Mahomedan] shāstra that if a small stone be laid on the grave that stone becomes a source of joy to the man who has gone to the other world. Alas! the strength of cupidity! Even the dead, like the living, keep possession of the ground under the pretence of having a tomb! Great men seem to enjoy their life in taking pains over building tombs, but how many men there are who go hungry! Admirable is the practice enjoined by the other [Hindu] shāstra, for tens of mil-

lions of dead are burnt on one cubit of land and the land remains the same in extent. All these unworthy censures have been passed in the course of this narration, and they should be pardoned by the Mausulas, for the words of the poet are not under his control.

Those who acquire wealth, even if as great as of a king, by oppression, and do not spend any portion of it in charity or in enjoyment, they by their sinfulness earn misery which is the fruit of sin. All objects belonging to such men depart from their houses and become the property of the king, and their indigent relatives do not get even a shell. The treasurer had amassed vessels of silver filled with gold, and when the king saw them he spat on the ground exclaiming, "Fie to the miser !" Every thing which Vahmarāga and other partisans of the treasurer had hoarded, was taken away, and with the exception of Saida Hossana, they were all thrown into prison. Others received the punishment of death from the king, for the guilt of their father, even as the Kṣhatriyas di d of old from Parashurāma. The king remembered the injury he had formerly received from the worthy and able councillors of his father and got himself rid of them. He remembered too the affection which Habhebha and his five or six friends had borne towards him and towards his father, as well as their services rendered to him, and he maintained them in great dignity.

When Ādamakhāna at Parṇotsa heard the news of the death of the treasurer, a message that bore the true

import of his name,* he was struck with fright, and returned in the same manner as he had come. Bahrāmakhāna was also very much alarmed at the death of the treasurer, but on coming home he received assurance from the king who understood business. In the meantime the fine army under Māṇikyadeva was destroyed in a battle with the Turushkas, in the Madra country. In this battle Ādamakhāna had went out to fight, with his maternal uncle, and he was killed, his face being pierced by an arrow. Some said that he was there killed by men of his own party who were afraid of him; while others said that he died of a wound in a vital part by a lance. When the king heard of his death from the messengers he was very much grieved, and caused his body to be brought from Madra country and placed before his mother. Though he was the eldest of the brothers and a hero, and though he had an army under him, and possessed wealth and the part of the country where he was born, yet he did not, in spite of endeavours, obtain the kingdom which was his due. An object wished for is not attained unless it is so decreed by destiny; or was it in him that his father's curse came to be realized? For though he returned to his own country he died in a foreign land.

Signs of great calamities and of alarm appeared in

* Admi khun?

the sky, in the air, and on the earth, each striving to come foremost. First, when the king went to Madavarājya, to indulge in the festivity of flowers, there occurred a great earthquake. The buildings, as if perceiving the misery of their builders, began to tremble like men. Then there appeared a comet, a sign of calamity, extending over the sky with its tail towards the east. It was first seen by Vahrāmakhāna. Its tail was like the bearded lance of death, and its wide extending form was seen even in the day time, towards the west. A mare in the king's stable gave birth to twins, and the king, in order to remove the animal from the country, gave it away to the Yavanas. Lions and other animals of the forest wandered about during the day in Shrīnagara town, and a bitch gave birth to kittens. The Sadānandi tree, which had been barren, bore fruits, and flowers grew on the roots of pomegranate trees near the palace. A rain of blood fell on the clothes that were in the garden, and when men saw this, they felt as if salt had been sprinkled on a wound. In the meantime the Hindus, excited to anger by Pūrṇa the barber, were guilty of severities on Saidakhāna Āgāha and others who were residing in the town. When the Yavanas heard of this, they became angry, and went to the king and lamented aloud, and the king ordered a persecution of the Brāhmaṇas. In his fury the king cut off the arms and noses of Ajara, Amara, Buddha, and others, and even of those Brāhmaṇas who

were his servants. During this time of the pillage of the property of the Brāhmaṇas, they gave up their caste and their dress and exclaimed, "I am not a Bhaṭṭa, I am not a Bhaṭṭa." There were in the city many rich and principal gods, and the king ordered the plunder of their images at the instigation of the mlechchhas. King Jaina had given them lands after he was satisfied as to their excellence, but the officers of the present king robbed them of their estates without any reason. The month of Samāhisaphara is celebrated in the religion of the mlechchhas, that month now came for the destruction of religion; to whom did it not appear terrific? When the king was seen in an intoxicated state day after day, when the ministers became subservient to the king, and the king's friends took bribes, were fickle minded, and oppressed the weak, then the people thought of the many virtues of king Shrī Jaina. All the old men in the country, who had held high posts for a long time, were now in danger, as the king had ordered them to be disgraced, and they gave vent to their grief in cries and lamentations. The curse pronounced for the sins of men, as described in the Persian poem, was verified in the country of king Shrī Jaina. Wicked men had wished for the death of the wise old king; expecting to obtain money from the son; but even these servants who were dissemblers and had so long lived in joy now came to be greatly oppressed, as if through the curse of the late king; and they lamented with tears

in their eyes and with loud cries, saying, "why has Fate destroyed our protector the old king?" This short reign became intolerable and appeared long, even as an evil dream that is dreamt in a summer night. The king's servants felt happy in amassing wealth by plunder, in purloining household articles, and in oppressing the people, even as owls are happy in darkness. The king lay drunk with wine, and did not perform his duties towards his subjects, but spent his time rolling on his bed within the palace. He listened day and night to songs sung by a potter, and did not give audience even to men of merit who were worthy of a king. The beautiful palace in Lakshmīpura,* which was completed in the reign of Shāhābhadena, was burnt down by fire. The great row of buildings in the neighbourhood of Balādhya maṭha was also consumed together with the wealth of many citizens. When men saw the destruction of houses and witnessed other calamities in the country, they said that the disasters would cease only with the death of the king. The king ascended the palace and saw his own five chambered house in flames; he felt happy and sank into the pleasures of drink.

In the meantime Neyadhishaṇa sent the king's son on an expedition into foreign countries. At the sight of the army the kings of the foreign countries

* This perhaps refers to the city of Srinagara.

disappeared, even as stars fade away in the day when they see the rays of the sun. First, Jayasiṃha, king of Rājapurī, gave handsome presents to the prince, and his sister pleased (married) the prince. When the prince approached the river Kālīdhārā, which looked like the blade of his sword, every one there trembled in his house out of fear of him. The troops, the dispellers of fear, that were at Dīnnārakoṭa came to that river and made offerings to it, even as offerings are made to the goddess Maṅgalā enshrined on a high ground. The kings of Madra, Gakkhra, and Chittā came to him with attendants dressed in shinning white, even as swans come to a clear lake. Even his maternal uncles the Suhlaṇas brought presents ; they were assiduous in their duties towards the sovereign, and behaved like cranes. The Māhilās, when they saw the destruction of Kaumāra town, lost their firmness, though still possessing an army, even as women lose their composure at sight of the man on whom they have bestowed their favours. As the prince's army crossed the river Kālīdhārā in a line and proceeded to Jyalamī, it looked like the bridge which Rāma had built over the sea. The army, still unwearied, then arrived at Kuṭīpāṭīshvarī, and looked as if issuing out of the navel of Nārāyaṇa. The houses in the city of Bhogapāla, which had long been peopled by the Madras, were burnt and the hearts of the men were afflicted. The prince's army, with its prancing horses, reached the Unnāda lake, and arrived at the

foot of the Vālyeshvara hill. The gallant army with its prancing horses, seemed to shake the roads on which they passed. As the army marched, the ground became shorn of grass, the pools were drained of water, and the forests bereft of wood. At this time I was honored by the king and was sent to the prince. I explained the Vṛihatkathā to him and became his reader. The prince who had reduced kings to the state of tributary chiefs had stayed for six months out of the country, but at the end of Chaitra became anxious to return to Kashmīra.

In the meantime Vahrāmakhāna, who knew that the king was addicted to vices, attacked the ministers and the leaders of the army and moved unchecked and unopposed. The king's constitution became weak by constant drinking, his strength and beauty faded, and he was attacked with gout and the spitting of blood. The king received Hassanakhāna who had arrived, and as the full moon dries up the lotuses, so did he reduce the ministers. But instigated by the wicked, the king became angry with his son because he had not brought Rūja the Gakhvara bound. When Vahrāmakhāna heard of the coming of the prince, whose arrival he had as little expected as the coming of the eastern hill to the west, his exertions became lax. The king did not show his affection towards his son even when he had attained greatness; the intellect of those whose end is nigh departs from them as if in fear. Entreated by the

ministers and the leaders of the army, the king merely gave an audience to the prince who had returned from the expedition. Surely the king was then afraid of his youngest brother, or why should he make only gifts of robes to his son? Surely he thought that Vahrāma would oppose his son, and like the Shamī tree, he kept the fire of his resentment hid within himself.

Meanwhile, as if urged by death, the king, with his servants, ascended the top of the palace in order to indulge in drink; and there within the apartment named pushkara, in the glass room, the king fell down while running about in sport, and bled from his nose. The servants stretched their arms and carried him to the bed room of the apartment, but he fainted away and lay on his bed, and was like a mirror that did not reflect any image on it. The trusted physicians of the king were neglected, and a certain yogi tried on the king his medicine which was strong on account of its poison, and caused him pain. The king's body became excessively heated, through the administration of the medicine, and day and night he longed for death, nor wished to live for a moment. The prince accompanied by the minister Ahmada remained for three days within the palace near his father. When the prince learnt that the nobles had come to see his dying father, he placed soldiers at the gate in order to prevent their going out. The king's youngest brother was agitated both by fear and

delight, and remained in his own house but sent his spies around, even as the sun sends out his powerful rays. Royal Fortune now favoured both the uncle and the nephew, as if in doubt which of them to select. At this time the minister Ahmada held a consultation with the other ministers, and went to Bahrāmakhāna, and spoke to him these words of reason :—"To-day your brother king Haidharashāha, whose name is auspicious, having wished you a long life, has come to the end of his career. Now you are the eldest of the family, do you therefore ascend the throne, and give Hassanakhāna the post of heir-apparent. This city was protected by your father with great care, and to-day this alarmed town should be protected by you, even like a chaste woman of good family. What more need I say ? Let the plunderers of the city, who are like greedy crows, turn back as they came, with their dark features and their cries of evil. When Bahrāmakhāna heard these words he replied in language harsh on account of his anger. "Did I, in disregard of my self-interest and of the future world, separate myself from my father, mild and bounteous as the kalpa tree, and did I oppose Ādamakhāna by various devices, in order to serve this brother who was never himself ? Who does not know how I obtained the kingdom for him ? Who is my brother's son to-day, and what is his worth ? Who beside me is worthy of my father's kingdom ? He is younger, I am older in age

and better in qualifications. Where is the place now for conciliation in this world which the powerful is always destined to enjoy?" When he had said these unworthy words, they left him. Bahrāmakhāna did not after this expect to get the services of those with whom he used to consult before, and to co-operate in the administration of the country, and he therefore fell into despair. * * * * When destruction is nigh men's intellect wanders the wrong way, even as the water in a tank does when the embankment gives way. If he had wisely distinguished reasonable advice from unreasonable, if he had gone out and secured the horses which belonged to him, if he had killed his confiding nephew, and had taken possession of the treasury in his father's palace, or if he had gone out of the country and then returning to Kramarājya, had leisurely attacked the kingdom, then he would not have sustained the loss which ensued on account of his vacilation and the unreasonable advice of his childish and foolish servants. He might have secured every thing in good time; but owing to inexperience, alas! what did he not lose?

Now the minister Ahmadamalla thought to himself that no one possessing intelligence should hold the kingdom from him for any length of time. He would rather give the kingdom to the ignorant son of the king

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*Blanks in the text are thus indicated by asterisks.

and be at ease. Accordingly he applied to a powerful favourite of the king, and held a council with other ministers, and he proposed to bestow the kingdom on the king's son. Abhimanyu the Pratihāra, in his pride, proposed to attack Vahrāma, and determined to march out with his troops. When Bahrāmakhāna heard of this, he immediately joined his son, but being without support, he went out of the city. He alone, who is ambitious, can dive into the sea and can fearlessly quell the monsters of the sea, in order to find invaluable gems and pearls and corals. Bahrāmakhāna, who had his son with him, heard strange accounts of his brother's son; his army was greatly alarmed, and he went by the road leading to Dhvāra. The same circumstance under which he had caused Ādamakhāna to flee from the city, now befell him at night. Sin does not take long to bring forth its fruit.

On the fifth day of the bright moon, in the month of Vaishākha, in the year 48, the king went to heaven; having reigned for one year and ten months. Some said that a sprite had taken its abode in the room adorned with pillars and high poles, and enraged by the wicked actions of the king, tore him to pieces. Others said that the yogi administered a strong medicine with an unskilful hand, and the king lost his appetite and died. Others again said that his wicked brother urged the physicians to adopt a bad treatment in order to remove the king, as the king's son was not then attending on his father. Some said that the

king died because he had killed the chiefs of Sauṭāla and other places after swearing good faith towards them on the veda of the Mausulas, and inspired their confidence, and also because he had killed those ministers of his father who had placed the mark of royalty on his forehead at his coronation. Surely within a short time he melted away like a mass of snow in the heat, on account of the curse of his father and because of his many crimes. The prince believed that there was no enemy within the city, and entertaining no apprehensions, he carried his father's body on a litter to the grave-yard. There he took out the corpse from the coffin, and covered it with a single piece of cloth, and placed it within the womb of the earth at the feet of the deceased's father. All the people considered the body as a handful of dust, looked at its face, and threw a handful of dust on it. When the hollow of the grave was filled, they placed over it a stone of moderate height; and it seemed to proclaim to all men that the late king had a heart of stone in his battles. His servants remembered the favours they had received from their master, and they smote their breast, and gave vent to loud lamentations, and wept. His servants who had received favours from him thought his short reign to be happy and glorious, as if they had obtained the heaven in dream. The king had composed a book of songs in the Persian language and in the dialect of Hindusthāna, and who does not praise

him for it? The king used to keep up nights in listening to the Purāṇas, the Dharmashāstras, and the Saṃhitas which lead to salvation.

Owls and other birds are anxious for the approach of the night, and work mischief in the houses of men. They hate the rising sun, and live in caverns or wander in the woods in sorrow when the sun rises in glory. The wise but sorrowful prince knew that Mereptakāra and others who were living in the city were wicked men, and he threw them into prison the next day. He performed expensive ceremonies for his deceased father, and in sixteen days made preparations for assuming the government of the kingdom. Owls and other birds that bring harm to people, and fly about at night without difficulty, frequent the sky as long as the powerful sun does not rise and illumine all sides by its bright rays.

Here ends the second book named the account of the reign of Hājyahaidarashāha of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī composed by paṇḍita Shrīvara.

BOOK III.

I bow to Shiva who is the sole lord of the three worlds, and who has attained the rank of an immortal god and freedom from endless pain. That poet, the lord of the yogis, who has given an account of the past in his work is worthy at the present time to receive our reverence.

I, Shrīvara paṇḍita, received the king's gift, which was the means of my subsistence, and I will now narrate the history of that king, and thus free myself of the debt I owe him. I have witnessed the prosperity, the misfortunes, and the death of kings with my own eyes, and remembered the events; and this Rājataraṅgiṇī will create in all a feeling of indifference for this world. Let good people attend to my account, not for the sake of any merit in my poem, but for history of the kingdom which it narrates, and let them by their own intellect assimilate what they hear. This has been composed, like the records of the Kāyasthas, for the information of those who will come in the future, so that other learned men, when they read this, may compose elegant works.

King Hassana, whose mind was free from evil intention, left Shekandharapuri, the town of his father, and went to the superior and finer city of Jainanagara built

by his grandfather. Seated on the throne, clad in elegant robes and ornaments, he gladdened the earth and looked beautiful, even like the rising moon on the eastern hill. The chief malla, the minister Ahmada himself, marked his forehead with the mark of sovereignty, and adorned the new king with flowers of gold. Royal Fortune, as if recognizing him as the sole remnant of his dynasty and the ornament of the family, protected him by placing him on the silver throne, as in a casket, and covering him with the royal umbrella. Looking at the moon-like face of the new king, the face of the city, which was like the lotus, expanded! The smoke of homa ceremony, performed at the king's coronation, rose high in the air, as if the earth sent her breath upwards in gladness and looked bright. In the echoes of the music which played, the surrounding space seemed to express its gladness, and the air from all directions poured forth blessings. The long lines of blood-red banners which were displayed, seemed like crests of the fire of the new king's prowess. In the decorations of lovely white flowers, Royal Fortune seemed to smile after a long period at the ascendency of the young king. All the servants of the new king wore clothes of bright silk which looked graceful like waves, and displayed their changeful prosperity. Large expenses were incurred on account of silk in those parts of the kingdom where the people used to wear cotton clothes. Those who used to rob the people disappeared

when the king obtained the kingdom, even as clouds disappear when the sun attains the season of spring. When the sun grows bright, all sides become clear, the sun-jewel sparkles, and the fire that issues from the jewel dispels darkness; for what cannot fire accomplish? The father and the uncle of the king had labored in vain to obtain the kingdom which the grandson got with ease, and without an enemy. All the wealth of his father, his grandfather, and his uncle flowed to this fortunate king, even as rivers flow to the sea. The king freed himself of envy, and learnt the six schools of philosophy; and the different works of these six schools became one in him.

The minister Ahmada with his son was employed in all the work of the king, he was mindful of virtuous acts, and he always acted as the king's counsellor. The king then made this minister Mallika Ahmada the undisputed master of Nāgrāma and the villages attached to it. Nauruj, the minister's son, did the work of Dvārapāla and became powerful on account of his possession of villages and wealth. He enjoyed the lordship of the country of Ikṣhikā. There amidst the pleasures of drinking he showered on all the nectar of his favour, and in a moment quenched the fire of the people's poverty. Tājibhaṭṭa had served the king when the king was a boy and in a foreign country; and he was loved by the mallas, and was greatly beloved of the king. The king was prompt in dispensing punishments and

favours ; he bestowed on Tājibhaṭṭa the post of an envoy and Tājibhaṭṭa was to the king like the tongue of his kingdom. Formerly the stream of power had flowed by hundred channels, but now it rested in Tājibhaṭṭa without flowing through a second channel. Jonarājānaka and others soon obtained favours according to the services they had rendered previously. In all things the king acted as Ahmada the chief of the mallas advised, and he did not disregard this minister, even as the sea, though agitated, does not overflow its shore. It was by the advice of this minister that the king liberated those who had been hostile to his father and grandfather, and had been imprisoned in Bhuṭṭa country. The king, who knew all schools of philosophy and who placed his intelligence under the guidance of his minister, re-established in the kingdom the practices of the time of his grandfather. The king was of a forgiving nature and grateful, and the minister was devoted to the king and devoid of vanity ; it was after a long time, and owing to the virtue of the subjects, that such a combination was seen. When the Mārgapati, the Ṭhakkuras, and other officials had been seated on high seats, by the side of the minister, the minister inclined himself before the king as if he had been their envoy. He performed the work of the king even at the risk of his life, and his devotion to the king, as to Mahādeva, was unmoved. He made a good use of his wealth by building maṭhas and endowing villages in favour of

Brāhmaṇas, by the exercise of hospitality and by serving the king.

As a mad, dark elephant, when it sees a lotus, pure and beautiful, and adorned with its cup, comes proudly, and flapping its ears, to destroy the flower, but gets entangled in the plant and sinks in the mud of the tank, and dies along with the bees; even so Vahrāmakhāna gave up his attempts to conquer foreign countries, and puffed up with arrogance, came to make war in Kashmīra. The king's officers had written to him promising to join his army at the time of battle, and this made him hope for success. Formidable at the head of his army, he came from the interior of Karṇa, scaled the mountains and, with a view to usurp the kingdom, arrived at Kramarājyapura. At that time, the king with his ministers was staying at Avantipura; but on hearing of Vahrāmakhāna's arrival he soon retraced his steps and came to Svayyapura. Here, filled with anxiety at the return of his uncle, he called together all his ministers, and thus spoke in the midst of the assembly:—"The kingdom descends from father to son, I am the son and ought to get it. Who is this uncle of mine who is attempting to obtain the kingdom? He is senior to me in years, but junior in claim. Or, leaving alone the law of inheritance, the kingdom should belong to a hero; and let him be the sovereign of the kingdom who becomes victorious in this battle between us." When the chief minister heard these words of the

king he replied, that, it was for his benefit that Ādamakhāna and others had been destroyed by Fate ; and how could Bahrāmakhāna fight, who had only a small force, and depose the king from his seat ? But there was no time for action that day. In the court, he added, there were some who received pay from both the parties, and he did not know what to do, should they join Bahrāmakhāna. The minister therefore advised that the contents of the treasury should be brought and the army should then march out into the country, and then it will be able to accomplish the work. When Mallika heard this in the assembly, he addressed the king advising him to remain quiet with his ministers, and promising to send the king's troops which had served under Ādamakhāna, to subdue Bahrāmakhāna. Should these troops be overpowered, then they would march with the whole army. There was no fear from Bahrāmakhāna, he had no support and he could do nothing. When the king heard these various and uncertain views, he settled the plan of action according to the advice of Ahmada, chief of the mallas. He kept with him the troops of his father and grandfather, and sent Tājibhaṭṭa and others accompanied by Phiryaḍāmara, with the troops of his uncle [Ādamakhāna] and with his own troops, in order to fight Bahrāmakhāna who was in the Māvarī country.

Bahrāmakhāna hoped to overcome this small army, and hastened to Dulapura. But though the nobles of the king had held out hopes to Bahrāmakhāna they did

not come to him, and he considered himself betrayed by them, and became despondent. On that day Royal Fortune remained as if in doubt between the two, the uncle and the nephew. As thieves like darkness, even so Chakrabhāva and others who were born in Kramarājya liked the confusion of a civil war, and were glad to hear the latest news. But when the king arrived at Jamagiri bent on prosecuting the war, messengers came to him and said:—"O king! Bahrāmakhāna did not act wisely in rushing to war, together with his son, like a mad elephant; he has been captured in battle. Bahrāmakhāna who fought against your force, was thrown down in the field of battle, and was deserted by his servants, even as a tree in a garden is forsaken by leaves in the month of Pousha. Then Sañjaramera and other leaders of the army raised a shout and came upon him like a black cloud and showered their arrows. Worthy of praise are those who die in the presence of their master, and the memory of their death is worthy of being cherished. Such men remember the favours they had received from their master, and sacrifice their lives like grass. They consider the favours of their master as a debt, in payment of which they yield their precious lives, when the time comes, welcoming the weapons of the enemy even as flowers. Such men are few among the servants of a master, and they are worthy of praise. It was owing to thy greatness O king! that Shirāla, Mārgapa, and other servants and warriors of Bahrāmakhāna perished.

It is strange that none of our army died, but the arrows discharged by our men pierced the scabbard of the Khāna and he was unable to draw his sword, so that his weapon became useless, his condition pitiable, and he was surrounded by our soldiers. The Khāna's ardour abated, even like that of the funeral fire after a shower of rain. The soldiers came up to him and attempted to kill him, but Phiryaḍāmara in his mercy promptly saved him by sheltering him within his arms. The earth was full of mud, and there was an excess of rain, a Brāhmaṇa was before him, and in his helplessness and fear of death what miseries did he not feel? Oppressed by the cold wind and by fear, sunk in the mud of the field, naked, and deserted by his craven troops, spoilt of all his property by the low, and witnessing his poor and afflicted son crying aloud, Bahrāmakhāna thought at that moment of his brother, his attendants, and his home! He found himself and his son captured by the enemy and did not know to whom he could address himself or what he could do. Better were it, he thought, if death had come and his life were extinct. He remembered that what his father had said had come to pass that day, and he blamed himself that he had rejected jewel for glass! Thus accusing himself, and disconsolate in his grief, the Khāna is living like one dead, like a tall bare tree, devoid of leaf and fruit, in the month of Pousha! Enjoy O king! the kingdom that has descended to thee in succession, and has been given

to thee by God. Virtue, owing to good fortune, has borne fruit unto thee. What more need be said? Order speedily what should be done to Bahrāmakhāna." When the king heard this he was glad and gave rewards to the messengers.

All the army were the next day pleased with the music of victory, and they brought Bahrāmakhāna, and his son, surrounded by troops, before the king. The king went to the top of his palace in order to welcome his soldiers proud of their victory, and for a while beheld from a distance his uncle in his miserable plight. He saw his uncle in the midst of the garrulous citizens talking in high or low voice, his head bent down in shame and fear, as if he sought for a hole in the ground to conceal himself. He was bereft of ornaments which had been robbed by the soldiers at the time of battle, and was covered with an worn out garment which had been given to him by some humble and kind hearted man. His turban was soiled with blood from the wound caused by an arrow in his face, and he was favoured by the goddess of misfortune. The citizens saw Bahrāmakhāna with his son bound before the king who was favoured by good fortune, and Bahrāmakhāna's heart was sore. Whose prosperity can be permanent? Those whose intellect is warped by covetousness are deceived by prosperity, they lose the sense of right and wrong, and are unable to rid themselves of the lust of prosperity which they have once enjoyed, until it is forced from them by

others. If prosperity thus becomes a source of incessant grief, then may it, fickle as a prostitute, never exist in this world. When the people saw the Khāna brought forward bound, they remarked that he had, for his own interest, neglected his father in his last illness, and had by various means opposed his elder brother Ādamakhāna; and that when his another brother suffered from an incurable disease, he with an wicked intention had gone over to that brother; and avaricious of obtaining the kingdom from his nephew, he had risen in rebellion against him. It was for these sins, they said, that he received his punishment that day. Some again remarked that it was owing to his father's curse that Bahrāmakhāna had lost his sense. On one occasion when Bahrāmakhāna was opposed to his father's faction, his father had privately told him that his two elder brothers were ruining his kingdom by their mutual enmity, that they had caused him annoyance and harm, and he accordingly proposed to discard them and to take Bahrāmakhāna into his favour, and asked Bahrāma to trust in him. When Bahrāmakhāna heard this, he replied that he would not desert his elder brother who had always sought his welfare, and that the eldest of the three could effect nothing against the other two brothers combined. When the king heard this, he said that the second brother had been intending to kill his elder through Bahrāmakhāna, and though the second brother had now given protection to Bahrāma, it would be the killing of a servant of the

house by means of a guest. For if the second brother succeeded in his purpose he and his son would turn Bahrāma's enemies, and what then would Bahrāma do? Bahrāmakhāna knew the Samskrita language and when he had heard this, he replied in the following shloka:—"Those who know the shāstras wash off their sins at the shrine of learning; the virtuous wash off their sins at the shrine of truth; the munis, at the shrine of the Ganges; the yogis, at the shrine of self knowledge: young women of good families, at the shrine of modesty; the munificient, at the shrine of charity; and kings wash off their sins at the shrine of sword." When the king heard this, he replied to his evil-minded son in these angry words:—"I have witnessed many of your battles, O miserable man! and you were proud in wielding your sword in war, in which I could not cope with you! What shall I say to you O evil minded man? I see your eyes which are worthy to be plucked out! You will soon be ruined and will then repent." What the father had then said came to pass this day. Thus the people said in sorrow to one another when they saw him.

Here ends the account of the defeat of Vahrāmakhāna.

The king distributed befitting gifts and honors which pleased his army, and was himself happy in mind; and he came to his capital the same day. He took with him his enemy bound, and embarked on a boat with his son, He ordered Bahrāma to be confined in Bahrāma's

own palace. The king's mother was glad to see her son back again from battle, as if he was born again. The king was afraid of relations of Avatārasiha and others, and within a few days, sent them to prison in his anger. That wicked Mallikaṭāja, born in the country of the Five Caverns, secured royal favour by flattery and became a source of misery to men. The whole country was deceived into bribing him, and he robbed the country in order to amass a fortune. Abhimanyu the Pratīhāra obtained the lordship of Devasara; he was of an independent character among the ministers and was proud of his strength. This covetous man caused trouble in every house and field with a view to plunder, and became the object of the people's curse. He instilled fear into the king's mind for his father's brother who was imprisoned near the palace, suggesting that some one might bring him out of the prison and set up a civil war. Incited by these words, the king, whose intellect was yet immature, became angry with Bahrāmakhāna, and ordered his eyes to be put out. Bahrāma's eyes were accordingly covered with cotton, and this unworthy descendant of Jainarāja caused a hot iron rod to be applied on them for their destruction. The sin of him who destroyed the eyes, and the pain of him whose eyes were destroyed, cannot be described in our words. Some said it was an unwise act, some said it was the work of God, others remarked that it was the fruit of acts done in a previous birth, while

there were others again who observed that it was the punishment for keeping low company. Some said that it was an inhuman act committed for the sake of wealth, and others remarked that it was done owing to the king's timidity. When the people heard that the Khāna was blinded, they made remarks which are not fit to be repeated. Let none be born as man, they exclaimed, or if so born, let him be born rather as an ordinary individual; let no one take his birth in the house of a king.

The king's time passed quickly in the enjoyment of new delights of prosperity, and in various pleasures and recreations. But even a dream appears like a kalpa to one in the afflictions of misfortune, who broods over his past prosperity and his present danger. Bahrāma's feet were bound in iron chains, and he remained imprisoned and blind, and passed the remainder of his life in thinking of the pleasures he had enjoyed in the days of his prosperity. He who had always listened to songs in his house was now kept awake by the noise of crickets. He who had always been served by his servants, champooing him in every limb in his bed room had now sparrows and insects for his attendants. He who had lived under canopies such as even the gods did not possess, had now to live under rows of spiders' nets spread over him as a canopy. His tender limbs which had once adorned a bed of silk and cotton, now lay on the ground without

a bed. He had been bounteous before, and used to say, 'give it to others', now he raised the same voice with difficulty, and said 'give something to me.' His authority was gone, his servants were killed, he had lately been defeated and bound in chains, and was suffering agony on account of his eyes being put out. The blind son of a king meditated on all this, and he could not call to mind any one who had suffered like him even in a tale. The bee sees the lotus, bright with its cup, and seeks to feast on it as he roams at pleasure, but the moon thwarts him, the night approaches, and the bee is enclosed in the lotus and dies. The palace which had been built by him for his enjoyment, now became his prison ! Who can foresee what may befall him ? Thus he suffered agonies for three years, his body became a skeleton, and he died. He who treats his enemies with bitterness, and takes no account of time and place, perishes in spite of his strength and wealth.

The cruel Abhimanyu, the Pratīhāra, was puffed up with vanity for having performed some acts of prowess and could not bear the powerful faction of the ministers. He was inflated with a spirit of independence, and his harsh words preceding from pride were like needles in the eye of the ministerial party. The Pratīhāra went on devising plans to get rid of the minister Mallika Ahmada, and the Mallika also secretly entertained hostile feelings against the Pratīhāra but found no opportunity to bring him under his power. At last, on one occasion when

the king was proceeding to his palace at Vijayeshvara, the minister induced him to cause the Pratihāra, who did not mistrust the king, to be arrested within the palace. Abhimanyu himself was known to fame, but his sons Pāṇḍava and others were unworthy as jackals. Fie to the uncertainties of fate! If the lion did not in his madness enter into a trap, who could ever overcome that strong animal, at whose sight even large and powerful elephants flee afar, followed by bees. Then the Partihāra, with his sons, was brought in a boat by Tājibhaṭṭa, bound and bereft of his wealth, and thrown into prison. Within a year his eyes were put out, even as he had induced the king to put out the eyes of Bahrāmakhāna; and as Bahrāmakhāna had suffered intolerable pain, even so did he suffer pain which others cannot describe. On the same day and in the same month of the year in which the Pratihāra had done injury to the Khāna, did he himself suffer injury. He too, with his sons, suffered like Bahrāmakhāna for two years the tortures of hell, and died in prison and in misery. The wicked Pratihāra had once remarked that his eyes were gratified at the sight of the death of Jainarāja, the foe of his family, and of the plunder of his property; for these cruel words he was now punished with the destruction of his own eyes; so the people observed. The grandson of Jainarāja accomplished with ease what that king had meditated but could not do. The very means which a man adopts for the injury of others lead to his own destruction.

The deer uses his antlers for the death of others, but is killed by arrows discharged from bows made of the self same horn.

Thus the people had for a long time beheld, with pleasure, as it were, the graceful chumps of bamboo in a grove beautified by various colored grass and thick foliage. But a fire rose from friction, and all was destroyed in the grove from one end to another; the offices founded by ancient kings passed away in a short time, and was only remembered as a dream. Some one falsely reported to the king that Mallika Jāda intended to bring forward the son of the blind Khāna and usurp the kingdom. When the king heard this, he ordered the Mallika to be imprisoned after confiscating all his property. All those who had envied the Mallika were pleased with this. Mallika Jāda had obtained wealth by violence, and by violence did the officers of the king take away his riches. No one pitied him in his misfortune, for he had oppressed the people by exacting bribe and money. It was with much difficulty that his wealth was taken away from him, for his vile hand, and the vile wealth he had acquired by force, had become fast friends. It was with difficulty and by means of coercion that the officers of the king extracted from him what he had stored, even as a serpent is pulled out with difficulty from its hole. The barber Pūrṇa and Mallika Jāda and others, spoilt of their riches, died after long imprisonment. Thus Jainarāja's fatal curse reached all those who had

wronged the realm. O ye ministers! endeavour to improve the country by your advice. Verily I say, if you wish the destruction of the king, you will not obtain happiness either in this world or in the next. Those of the sons and attendants of king Jaina who had injured him did not attain happiness. Others among his servants, great and low, who had done him harm now perished.

As long as the spring lasts the bees enjoy themselves, but when the spring departs, they wander about listless and unhappy. Knowing that Saida Nāsira and his people were born of the family of Paigamvara,* and that they were men of great accomplishments, and had come to adorn his kingdom, and were deserving of honor, the king Jaina had given them very high seats in his court, had shaken hands with them, and showed them unusual favour by bestowing his own daughters on them, and assigning to them estates in the kingdom. But now, Saida Jyamāla and others of that family were known to the present king as turbulent chiefs. He accordingly exiled them from the country, and confiscated their hoarded treasure. Saida Nāsira was admired by the wise, and was famed in battle; he foresaw the future, and left the country during the lifetime of king Jaina. The Saidas enjoyed many large estates, and by their marriages with the king's daughters had

* Mahammad.

lived like kings for a long time. They now wandered about hither and thither; some of them went to Dillīpura, and others, owing to their avarice, did not leave the country, though exiled, but remained like bees in the month of Māgha. These foreigners, who used formerly to live on the refuse of grains, had become rich after coming to this country, and had forgotten their previous history, even as men forget their previous life on coming out of the womb. They oppressed the people, and owing to the weight of that sin, they were despoiled of their wealth and were exiled by the king; and they lived in fear of their life like fish taken out of a lake.

The Mallika [Ahmada] formed alliances by marriage with the Rājānaka people, and with the Ṭhakkuras, and the Mārgapatis; and for the sake of Tājibhaṭṭa, retained in his hand the possession of all the offices of the great kingdom. He thought to himself that Tājibhaṭṭa belonged to his family and was adopted as his son, and noticed that he began to prosper speedily. Ahmada therefore forgave all his shortcomings. Jyahaṃgira the Mārgapati found that his sister was slighted by the Saida, and he drew up a deed for her divorce. At the request of the wise Malleka the king caused the elder sister of the Mārgapati to be given to Tājibhaṭṭa. Jyahaṃgira the Mārgapati understood the wisdom of the act, and forgave the marriage of his elder sister to Tājibhaṭṭa. Wife and wealth come to the fortunate

even as bees come to the garden, or as rivers flow into the sea. She had lived in the family of the Māgapati as a kalpa creeper in a garden, and possessed many excellent qualifications; and the Bhatta obtained her as one obtains the goddess of fortune. The people remarked that while king Jaina could not banish the Saidas, his grandson had done it with ease.

When the country was rid of these thorns, the king, with the approval of the Mallika, engaged himself in erecting buildings; and his courtiers were also similarly engaged. The people were happy under the good administration, and they occupied themselves in marriages and festivities, in building good houses, in dancing and processions, and they thought of nothing else. The king built in the year 50 a beautiful palace at Diddāmaṭha, on the banks of the river, unmindful of expense. The new palace with its [four turrets in the] four corners which were like hands upraised, was reflected on the water, and looked as if it danced there day and night, conscious of the people's admiration, while the old palace remained tenantless. The golden umbrella over the palace looked as if the sun in the semblance of an umbrella had descended from the sky to see the building, as none of his (solar) dynasty had erected any building equalling it. The architects made wooden figures of Gaḍura and placed them on the corners of the building, so that the birds in the sky were afraid of them and did not fly over the palace. The queen mo-

ther Golkhātonā was like the former queen Diddā, and she also built a large religious edifice called the madrasā. Accompanied by his mother's father, the king entered the building and felt happy, and he ordered festivities to be held at great expense for a fortnight. Even then the king thought that the ceremony of consecration was but half done, and was not equal to the occasion. He built a khānagāha within the town for the benefit of his father's soul. The king renewed the palace that had been burnt by fire on the banks of the river at Kulod-dharaṇanāga and made it beautiful. The old palace on the banks of the river at Vijayesha was renewed, and owing to its excessive brightness, it looked like the central jewel of a necklace. The dome of the building looked beautiful, and the umbrella over it was reflected on the waters of the Vitastā, and it seemed as if the gods in their gladness had thrown down a golden lotus. The palace built by the king at Suyyapura looked graceful, and being white-washed, seemed to laugh at the old palace. There also he built in his own garden a royal palace which was unique in the kingdom, and at the sight of which surely Indra acknowledged his inferiority! I do not describe the other buildings which the king erected in his kingdom through fear of lengthening this narrative. The minister Ahmada built at Diddāmaṭha rows of buildings unmatched in beauty; and near the great stone wall which surrounded the court-yard of masodāha, and beautifying it, he raised a religious edi-

fice, the celebrated khânagâha, where many travellers come from various countries. To such an extent were new buildings erected at Diddâmaṭhapura, that the whole town became pleasing to the eye. The minister invited the king on the occasion of the first entry into the building, and spent sixty lakhs. He assigned the village of Satipusha for the supply of food [for travellers]. Even his wife Shâhâ built a maṭha for religious purpose, on the road leading to Kherī, and gave alms when it was completed. His son too, the minister Nauruja, built a new religious maṭha, and constructed a stone causeway from the town to the Kṣhiptikâ; and when it was completed as far as the island in the river, the people of the town ceased to wonder at the sight of a long causeway supported on pillars. The two other brothers named Richaka and Nûthaka, who were worthy of praise, built two maṭhas in Kramarâjya, beautiful as palaces. Tâjibhaṭṭa, who had become rich and great on account of the king's affection for him, built a maṭha at Jainapurī in Karâla country, and erected a new edifice of stone at Kudmadīnapuri. Indra himself, on viewing these structures, would become desirous of erecting edifices! Edarâjânaka, master of the royal wardrobe, built a khânagâha at Balâdyamaṭha, and a new maṭha in his native land. The maṭha was built by the side of the funeral ground, and was adorned with apartments for the accommodation of wearied travellers. He constructed rows of buildings;—maṭha, agrahâra,

masjeda, vihāra,—and altogether erected twenty or thirty buildings in the kingdom. Phiryyaḍāmara built at Jainapura a well proportioned khānagāha, and a masodāha beautiful on account of its extensive yard, and he spent one koti on the occasion of the first entry into these edifices, distributing gifts according to all shāstras. Hayātakhātonā, the beloved of the king, and radiant with wealth, repaired the maṭha at Mṛigavāṭa which had been burnt down; and queen Bhomārakhātonā built a new maṭha at Jainanagara with her own money near the palace. The princess Jayarāṇā, born of the royal family, built a new khānagāha by the side of Shekandharapura. The barber, Pheraṭhakkura, was an officer of the king, the works of piety which he built like the yard of masedāha adorned Jainapura. He was bent on doing good deeds, and built a beautiful maṭha on the banks of the river at Vijayesha. Sayyabhāṇḍapati built a vihāra at Vijayeshvara, which was to the cause of religion as a spacious road by which an army can march. His brothers Lakṣhmamera and others, chiefs among merchants, built a new stone temple of Bhīmasvāmi Gaṇesha. The faces of the mlechchhas became dark and were bent down, as if at the sight of that high white-washed temple of Gaṇesha. Others also erected various buildings high and low, and the country was covered with them, and looked like heaven. A virtuous man thinks to himself that many rich people have lived before and spent years in hoarding, but only a few cowries were placed on their

bodies when they died, and even these they left behind. And thus if he who had become rich, fails to perform acts of piety by consecrating buildings, he too will have to depart alone when he dies. It is considerations like these which incline virtuous men towards pious works. When the king became angry with wicked men, he destroyed them but not their buildings. In former times, the houses of those who rose against the king were demolished. The fear of such punishment however left the minds of the wealthy in this reign. What more need be said? Trees were cut down for building houses, so that woods were laid bare even like an enemy's country.

The king found that the dīnnāras of ShrīToramāṇa had ceased to be current, and he gave currency to the new coin, Dvitīnnārī, which was impressed with the figure of a nāga. The old copper coin was twenty-five* [in value], but owing to the dearness of articles its value had become somewhat reduced.

The mother of pearl, which rears pearls out of water from the clouds, is worthy of being placed on the head of kings. But when men take out the pearls, the objects of her affection, it, like a good woman, does not survive long. Golkhātonā, the king's mother died suddenly; she had during his infancy reared him with her milk. She had opposed the king when he began to form irregular habits, and restrained his wavering heart even as the sea shore always restrains the sea. She

* Probably twenty-five gandas or one hundred Cowri shells are meant.

favoured the customs of the Hindus as the light of the sun favours the lotus ; and all men thought of her and lamented and wept for her. When his mother left him, the king appeared covered in a black dress, and looked like a lotus shrunk with sorrow when forsaken by day-light.

When seven days had past, Mallika [Ahmada] made the king wear a white dress, and money was spent on the occasion, and he caused the king's sorrow to abate. The king ordered a large new bridge of boats to be built at the extremity of Shāhābhadīnapurī with his mother's money so that her righteousness might increase in merit.

The queen Hayātakhātonā, born in the family of the Saidas, was beloved of the king, and was the object of his love, his joy, and his consolation. The king was not attached to any one else, and he gave all things to her, utensils, ornaments, and household furniture. The moon-like king derived pleasure from that highly accomplished queen alone, as the bee does from the mālatī plant. There is prosperity in this world, but only a few can attain that desired object ; few are the peasants who chance to find pearls when the clouds rain ! A prince was born to the king by this great queen and he was named Mahmadakhāṇa, a name worthy of the Mausulas. The king, happier than before, entrusted his boy to Tājibhaṭṭa for being brought up, even as the sea entrusts the moon to Mahādeva.

In the month of Vaishākha, in the year 54, the king held a festival on account of the birth of his son, and a large sum of money was spent to make the ceremony an imposing one. All spent money, as liberally as Kuvera, on men of wit and the promoters of festive sports, on dancers, and singers. In the reign of Shri Jaina, the king had bestowed silk dresses on feudatory chiefs and ministers in order to do them honor; but in the present reign when the festivities were carried on at a great expense, the promoters of the festival and dancers obtained silk clothes even from ordinary men. The youthful king, on whom Royal Fortune was propetious, brought in men expert in singing, and enjoyed music. Jyahangera the Mārgesha and other courtiers, versed in music and accustomed to a life of pleasure, looked like stars before the moon in the presence of the king. Great actors, skilled in acting, and graceful like so many moons placed in a row, excited in the king a desire to see their performance. Jesters were like fun personified, with their hanging breasts and artificial beards, with the movements of their teeth and brows, with their jests and antics, their laughter, and the rolling of their eyes, expressive of various emotions, and with their cries, mimicking the cries of animals. Mallā Hassana, more skilful than his father, first invented the delightful lute with ten strings, and I held up the gourd-lute, by the order of the king, and showed my skill in vernacular and in Persian songs. The king was

versed in Sanskrita verses, but was fond of vernacular songs, and he repeated the following shloka in praise of music, setting it to music. "The power of music renovates withered trees, subdues the lower animals, and makes the gods descend to woods and speak unseen; in sorrow and in pleasure, it gives joy to the ignorant and the learned, to the young, and the old alike; may such music abide with me!" With a sweet voice he sang many high tuned songs of unparallel music and in many tunes, and surprised us. Then the great king ordered me, who am the head of a section of the music department, to introduce the singers to his presence. I brought in Vahāvadena and others, who were superior to all, and the leaders among singers, and I named each of them and placed them before the king. Shikṣhākāra and four other singers seemed to spread the influence of the god of love under the pretence of singing five tunes. Their charming voice issued from their faultless throat and pleased all men: they had studied the art of singing and were well skilled in instruments, and they laboured to display their skill. The singers from Karṇāṭa sat gracefully before the king as if they represented the six tunes; *viz*:—Kedāra, Gauḍa, Gāndhāra, Desha, Bhangāla, and Mālava. The female dancers of the king shone beauteously and bright like the lamps at night, they were inflamed by the god of love and were young and full of emotion, even as the lamps were fed by wax, and were new and supplied with wick. The

female dancers Ratnamālā, Dipamālā, and Nripamālā danced charmingly displaying emotions and gestures. The king praised the beautiful actress Ratnamālā, her forehead marked with tilaka, and he praised her dancing and owned that she had melted the hearts of all by her steps and her movements, by her tremour and her action. How she commenced the expected dance! And how her gestures, her movements, the expression of her passions, and the swelling song which flowed incessantly from her throat, inflamed all men! The vaunt of the skilful is worthless as straw in comparison with her. Possessed of loveliness and famed for her beauty, she was the renovator of men! Her song was without a fault, her person was decorated with jewels, her beauty was great, and she was possessed of merit. The Creator made her face like the full moon, and out of a portion of the nectar [of which the moon was made]. The beauty of her face was nectar, and a drop of nectar hung from her nose in the form of a pearl pendant. The pearls which hung interwoven in the locks of hair which fell on the cheeks of the women were looked upon by the king as drops of nectar melting away from their moon-like faces! Thus the youthful king praised the women in presence of his boon companions, and took cups of wine from them. Admirable are the kings who devote themselves every day to learning and to the compositions of poets, who encourage beautiful women skilled in music and

overpowering as the five arrows of the god of love, and who devote themselves to the affairs of the world and of men. Pavārakadana was celebrated for his song, his poetry, and his music. He had heard of the king's fame which was gratifying to his ear, and he came to Kashmīra from his distant country. He sang songs composed by himself in the assembly, and the king was pleased with him, and showered gold on him. He was skilled in singing duet songs, and once he sang a duet song named lilā in the vernacular before the king. The king did not understand it, and I was asked to explain, and I at once explained it to him from Bharatashāstra and others. When the king had heard the six verses sung in a beautiful voice, songs which were delightful to the ear on account of their music, he became anxious to hear more. Pavārakadana hesitated while I sang aloud, and the king remarked to me that Pavārakadana was vain on account of his abilities, and he directed me to discuss the subject of music with that musician. I agreed, and the king initiated the discussion between us. And when the discussion in the assembly had been closed by a reference to books on music, and when Pavārakadana heard me speak about duet song, he expressed his wonder, and exclaimed that the Kashmīrians were wonderfully skilful people, knowing all the shāstras. He said so, and embraced me and freely acknowledged me his preceptor. When the king found me thus victorious in the discussion, he was pleased, and favoured me by

bestowing on me silk robes which made me happy What has not king Shrī Hassana given to me Shrīvara, far beyond my worth? He has issued a proclamation about me, which, as it emanates from the king, is a source of pleasure to me. He has given me strong and swift horses, and thick holy thread, and other beautiful articles beset with gold and jewels: and he has also given me beautiful boats with sails, and robes from his own person, and wealth. Shamsadena was gracious, Alābhadena was politic, Shāhābhadena was a hero, and Kudvadena was wise. Shrī Shekandhara was the favourite of the Yavana nobles, Ālishāha was liberal, king Shrī Jaina loved all branches of learning and was versed in the literature of all languages, and king Haidharashāha was an expert in performances on the lute. But the present king is a master of music. People observed that every one of the former kings of this country was famous for some special qualification, but it is said of the present king that even Shrī Jyahāṅgira the Mārgesha, and others bowed at his feet when they heard his melodious and delightful songs.

Whenever the people of this country forsook their old customs owing to religious changes, or amassed money by practising deception, they were generally punished by calamities such as storm and conflagration, excessive cold and snowfall, hostilities and diseases. Once upon a time some merchants of the city, who were the favourites of the Mausulas but who had followed

the customs of the Hindus from their birth, killed cows within the city. But when these wicked men had eaten the flesh of the kine, the part of the city where the animals had been slaughtered caught fire as if to purify itself, and the vihāra there also was in flames. Then the terrible south-west wind began to blow, and became unbearable on account of the troubles that it brought. When these calamities overtook the people a paṇḍita's son meditated for some nights on the strange and baneful wind and composed this shloka :—"Afflicted by clouds that bear the tint of fire, by the sun that has the hue of the moon, and by the powerful south-west wind, whither O people! will ye flee?" In the year 55 a fire suddenly broke out at one end of the cow market at Pravareshapura and extended its devastations to the side of the Gulikāvāḍhikā. In a moment the city was consumed, and looked like a burnt forest. From the great masjeda the flaming barks of the bhūrja tree, carried by the wind, came rushing, like messengers of calamities, to the place where the Brāhmaṇas and the mendicants are fed. The Masjeda was a spacious building, extending on all sides, and was always white-washed. It was like the embodiment of the fame of king Shrī Shekandhara. It was within this building that crowds of worshippers used to fall down and rise at prayers, imitating the high waves of Saṅgaravara. It was here that the Yavanas chanted mantras and looked graceful, like thousand lotuses with humming bees. It

was here that on Fridays, worshippers issued from the four doors on the four sides, so that it seemed as if the mlechchhas who had been buried were coming out! It was here that the four high minarets looked graceful like the supports of virtue, as if virtue had left his own place and descended to this spot to witness if the people observed the rules of religion. It was here that the sun shone like an umbrella of gold, as if he came hither to listen to the vanities of the world. Such was the great building which towered to the sky and was decorated with wonderful sculptures, and which appeared like a fortress for the preservation of the faith of the mlechchha king. In a moment the fire, all-destroying like the fire at the end of a cycle, left nothing of that building but its walls. It was here that in times of edhā and other festivities, the mlechchha people used to gather in crowds and observe the rites of religion with devotion. There were houses built by Vahrāmakhāna called the Pañchāvāsas, and the fire flamed wildly over them all and burnt them with a great noise, even like the Khāṇḍava forest. The flaming barks of the bhūrja tree fell on the waters of the Vitastā, and the boats in the river could not be saved from catching fire. What thousands of houses were burnt on the same day in the herdsmen's quarter at Surapattana on account of the destructive wind! One hundred fowlers perished that day in the waves of the Mahāpadma lake, agitated by the boisterous wind. The planet Mars predominated

that year, and caste rules were not strictly observed, and the presiding goddess of the city was exiled from her house; hence the whole year proved destructive to houses. Or was it that the righteousness of the righteous builders having wasted away, Fate gave an opportunity to new builders to rise to fame? The area of the great building which was burnt down was filled by the king with new buildings and it looked graceful again, as if the king's righteousness manifested itself. The town that had been burnt down was renewed within a short time, and the new town was like a young wife to the youthful king.

If the king's addiction to evil habits can cause ruin to this land of snow, the iniquity arising from mutual jealousies of the great ministers is also capable of destroying the whole kingdom in a moment. A kingdom where the seven conditions* are favourable, expands in strength and becomes prosperous. But if in such a kingdom mutual jealousies exist among the principal ministers, then, it melts away within a short time, even as the body withers when attacked by three diseases. The authorities should guard against such mutual jealousies and then they need not fear a foreign foe, even as atheist fears no God. Ministers who violate the above maxim of king Lalitāditya and excite mutual jealousies perish. It was on account of the quarrel amongst Malāesā, Kadaryyā-

* See foot note at page 159.

ṿakhāna, and others, that king Shrī Jaina's kingdom went to pieces through mutual disagreement; and from that time when Shrī Jaina found his kingdom ruined, no minister has ceased from being jealous of others. Alas! that in the king's court no minister repressed the monster envy, the destroyer of all things! Neither the disease which defies treatment, nor the serpent which possesses powerful poison, nor even the fire is so dreadful as the disunion among the ministers.

The minister Ahmada, though well versed in the science of government, became fickle-minded, like one not possessed of self command. Once Naurūja and other sons of Ahmada unable to brook the prosperity of Tājibhaṭṭa, privately accused him before their father. They said that among all the ministers Tājibhaṭṭa had monopolized the power to confer favours or award punishments to men; that he was haughty on account of the support he received from the people, and that he had risen to prosperity for the ruin of the country. They also alleged that the guardianship of the prince in the palace had also been given to him; and that these circumstances have concurred for their ruin. They further said that the queen, like the king, was favourably inclined towards him, that he was the commander-in-chief of the forces, and that if he were not destroyed, he would soon oppose them. When his sons said these things, the Mallika regarded Tājibhaṭṭa with jealousy, and was

angry with him, though he had been adopted as his son. The minister had administered the kingdom suitably to the requirements of the times, and had personally looked into the affairs of state, but as the merit earned in his previous birth was exhausted, he too gradually lost his sense. Those who serve their master by being attentive to his work and sacrificing their own interest, suddenly follow a different line of conduct when the time of their destruction comes nigh. Mallika devised various plans intending to do mischief to Tājibhatta. At one time, he spoke thus in anger, in the king's court :—" What avails it, O King ! that you have obtained this kingdom while the surrounding countries are overspread with enemies? No one takes heed of that. Allow me to march out against the enemies according to my discretion as long as they remain undestroyed. Give me this order O master !" Tājibhaṭṭa was eager to undertake some bold adventure, so when he heard this, he also asked the king to place a general of the army under him, so that he might march out. When the king heard this, he, by the advice of the Mallika, furnished Tājibhaṭṭa with an army, and sent him out of Kashmīra. Tājibhaṭṭa's servants followed him with great din and noise, in fear and in gladness, even as black bees follow their chief.

When the king of Rājapuri and Atyabhadeva and the men of the Madra country saw the

costly and well equipped army, adorned with royal insignia, they wondered. The people of Madra, of small stature, were pleased at the approach of Tājibhaṭṭa ; they became unruly, left their ruler Tattārakhāna and came to him, thus causing a division among themselves. Tājibhaṭṭa created some confusion in Tattārakhāna's country by burning down masjedas which had been built by the Khāna at Shṛigālakoṭa and other places. As Tājibhaṭṭa was born of an ordinary family, the people believed he had no worth in him, but nevertheless through his devotion to his master he performed acts which were not expected of him. He reduced the herdsmen of Purapattana, until their power existed in name only, and his own prowess became irresistible like that of the sun.

He reduced many petty chiefs to vassalage, and performed many deeds of courage and of severity, and thereby inspired terror in the celebrated kings of Dili and other places. He soon returned to his country with wealth and horses. In the interests of his master a minister sometimes looks on his own son as his foe and shelters his bitter enemy as his son. Deceived by fate, the Mallika disregarded this maxim, and unable to brook the prosperity of Tājibhaṭṭa resolved on humiliating his pride.

The minister thought that Tājibhaṭṭa was strong on account of the affection which the king bore towards him, and was oppressing all men. He was therefore afraid

of Tājibhaṭṭa and was angry with him, and caused the king to be jealous of him. At this time the king's little son named Hossana was [taken away from Tājibhaṭṭa and] made over to Malleka Nauruja to be brought up. Tājibhaṭṭa was returning with his troops when he heard of this disregard of the king's obligation towards him, and he felt his influence diminished. When he arrived with his army, the fickle minded king, now devoid of affection towards him, did not accord him due honors. The Mallika however was unable by his own endeavours to do any injury to Tājibhaṭṭa, and he accordingly planned to bring back the Saidas who had left the country. He represented to the king that the Saida had given his daughter to the king, and she had borne him sons, and that the family of his father-in-law ought to receive his protection; and he therefore suggested that the Saida should be brought back. Bent on pleasing the king, Ahmada despatched encouraging letters to the Saidas in the country of the king of Ḍilli. When a person becomes fortunate, his people assert their superiority over others by wicked and evil means. Why do not foolish men grasp this maxim and conduct themselves accordingly, and why do not powerful and prosperous men overcome the whole world by means of good counsel? People ask themselves such questions, and attribute all things to fate. Sagacious men remarked that since the Mallika was bringing the Saidas back after having once done them injury, they would even-

tually cause his ruin. When Shrī Phirjaḍāmara came to know the purpose for which the Saidas were being brought back, he went to the house of the minister Ahmada, and spoke these sensible words:—"Tājibhaṭṭa is under your power, he conducts himself towards you like your servant, you should therefore protect him, and subdue his pride by means of good advice. Do not bring back the Saidas, the Turuṣhkas Puṣhkara, Āshvāsa, and others; they are strong and are like thorns to the country; and they have once been expelled with difficuity. You are bringing them back to destroy one man, but when they come all will be destroyed. Should the sacred fig tree be set on fire in order to kill a single young bird? Surely your ruin and that of your sons and servants will follow. It is a misfortune that you propose to bring the Saidas back. The Saidas have been injured once, and you should rather throw a handful of poison in your rice pot for your own destruction than wish to bring them back. You think yourself wise and do not consider my words as reasonable, but you will bring them back to your mind when I am dead and you are in difficulties." Mallika heard this and said that they could do nothing so long as he was alive, that they had once felt his power, and would now become his flatterers. Ahmada thought himself wise, and so he slighted Phirjaḍāmara. "Be it so," said the latter and went away. After he had gone, the minister did not abandon his project of bringing in the Saidas. He whose sense

is lost does not listen to the advice of his well-wishers, but when he finds himself in difficulties he regrets that he did not accept it.

When the Saidas had thought over the minister's letters, they became anxious to return; they collected their party, and came in like swans. First, their chief Meyā Hassana, accompanied by his trusty adviser Naurujā, came to the king. After befitting mutual eulogies, Mallika became favourably inclined towards him, and bestowed on him his own estate Khoyāshrama. The same Saida Hassana, who could not even enter the country before, was now, for the destruction of the Mallika, in a position to pass orders on others. Gradually the Saidas entered the country in great numbers, and spread themselves over the kingdom; and the people of Kashmīra, those who were in the country and those who lived in the out skirts, became alarmed. And when the minister Ahmada saw the Saidas coming in riding their horses, and moving like waves, and beloved by the king, and when he perceived that the king was influenced by them, on account of the influence which the queen exercised over the king, he and his sons repented. What man would not be happy if the idea that comes to him after a deed is done, came to him before it was accomplished? He could then confide in his friends and defeat his enemies.

At that time the Saidas intended to throw Tājibhaṭṭa into prison in order that they might rob his wife.

Tājibhaṭṭa heard that these people were planning to do him mischief, he became alarmed, and came to the house of the Malleka. By this time the minister had perceived the influence which the Saidas had acquired, and had become alarmed. At this period the old Phiryyaḍāmara died. He had performed well the duties of the Pratīhāra and of other posts, and he alone, at the time of his death, obtained the praise due to worthy acts, such as can be obtained with difficulty in this world or in the next. Urged by the Saidas, the king became angry with Tājibhaṭṭa when he heard that he had taken shelter with the minister, and he immediately sent Jaina, Rājānaka, and other soldiers in order to arrest him. He also ordered that Tājibhaṭṭa should be confined in his own house, and his property confiscated. The Mallika gave up Tājibhaṭṭa to the soldiers, and he was kept under confinement. It was owing to some residue of his virtue that he spent his days with his relatives, and lived at ease on a small allowance which he received. Though he was confined in his house, he lived with his family like swans in the Mānasa lake. This was on account of the virtue which he had acquired by spending a large amount of money. He who, with the view to acquire virtue, enjoys the pleasure of giving gifts during the time of his prosperity, lives in comfort like Tājibhaṭṭa even when he is bereft of that prosperity. In this manner all the powerful men were nearly ruined by Malleka Ahmada who could not bear the welfare of

others. Even Jyahangira the Mārgesha became afraid of the Mallika, because the Sadas had been injured by the murder of their sister's son. Now all the offices of power had been given to men of the Mallika's party, and the Pratihāra and other worthy men had been sacrificed for his selfish purposes. For these and other faults the king became estranged from the Mallika, and rarely gave him audience; and for the protection of his own life he prudently avoided living in any one place in his kingdom.

Accompanied by the Sadas, the king went to the garden by the side of his palace, to enjoy the sport of flowers, even as Indra goes to the garden of Kuvera. After he had enjoyed the sport, he got into a boat, and in the company of the Mārgesha and Nauruja, gave himself up to drinking. They all became intoxicated, and talked on various topics, and, like the members of the family of Yadu, they hit one another with the arrows of words. When the excitement became great, the king left his turban in anger and went to the house of the Mallika in order to rebuke him. Efforts were made to propitiate him, but the king returned to his palace angry, and grief for the indiscretion of his son (Nauruja) touched the minister's heart. On another day the king, whose heart was estranged from Ahmada, privately told the minister's enemies of his unreasonable determination not to protect any more the party of the minister. The enemies of Ahmada took advantage of this opportunity,

and met together to do him injury, even as the diseases meet in the body when they once find an entrance. They advised the king to take away from the minister the charge of bringing up Yosobhakhāna, and to give it to some one else: for what would the king do, they asked, if the minister set up the prince as the king of the country. The king agreed and soon after he gave the charge of bringing up his child to Yonarājānaka, and thus artfully took away the Khāna from the Mallika.

The minister remained in his house on the morning of the day in which he made over the prince to the king, and he said to his wife that he would be revenged on his enemies. In the meantime the Mārgapati had been sent for by the king, and, impelled by the idea of doing some bold deed, he came from his estate to the city, accompanied by his soldiers. When the Mallika heard of the Mārgapati in the morning, he became angry and went to the king attended by his soldiers, though warned by [the evil omen of] the cries of kites to his right. He went on, spurring his horse, and the animal's face was bathed with tears as if in sorrow for the impending separation of his master from him. The Mārgesha was ordered by the king to enter the court-yard with his soldiers. The sun was then rising, and its beams were reflected on the weapons. At this time the minister also entered the yard of the palace, and there the two met and challanged each other, and the capital trembled in fear of these two chiefs. The king wondered that

the minister had entered the palace armed, he became angry and caused Bhāṅgila to support Jyaṃsara the Māṛgesha. Sent for by the terrified king, Bhāṅgila came, and after having barricaded the palace arrived with the Saidas. The victorious Jyahaṅgira had joined Rājānaka, and released Tājibhaṭṭa from confinement; and he then marched into the yard of the palace. The soldiers sent by Tājibhatta were eager for fight, and they set the western gate of the palace on fire. The fire consumed rows of houses up to the residence of Hassana Rājānaka within a short time and reduced them to the condition of a burnt forest. The news of the burning of houses, beautiful as the residence of Indra, caused sorrow even to those who were afar. Masses of smoke rose with the flame, and the men in the palace became like live fish in a frying pan on account of the heat. When the affrighted king saw the fire burning in the yard of the palace he was overcome with terror, and his soldiers though eager for fight could not engage themselves in it in the heated roads. When the Mallika saw that on account of his son's haughtiness his followers had deserted and that his son was left alone, he did not know what to do. He wished that his sons should not engage themselves in fight, for the king's government might be crushed in that fight. He had upheld the king for ten years. Why should his government be crushed now, in this fight? He again thought of his eldest son who remained indifferent to

the quarrel, and who might be overwhelmed with misfortune if engaged in it. He remembered also his son Nauruja who might receive injury in the affray. He would rather that death should come to him than that he should bear a bad name in his old age. Thus he thought to himself and he told his sons not to engage themselves in the contest but to remain there. He felt disheartened and sought the shelter of the king who was in the palace directing the movements of the guards. The king thought of the previous services of the minister and received him with affection; so that those who had sought to do harm to the minister found that the king was on his side. They therefore found no opportunity for commencing hostilities, and went away to Bhuṭṭa country. At this time the honorable Jyahāṅgira, always eager for victory, entered the king's yard with shouts by the north gate of the palace; and the metropolis seemed to rejoice at his courage in the echoes of the sound of his battle drum. Jyahāṅgira and other worthy men were pleased to see the king, and they were happy both in mind and in body at the triumph achieved. Urged by these men, the king threw the Malleka with his sons and several servants into prison on the following morning.

Royal Fortune returned from the house of the minister to her own residence [the king's palace] as if in fear of incurring superfluous expenditure. The hoarded silver and other metals which the enemies of the king had

obtained by oppressing the lower classes of the people and the Kāyasthas now came to the possession of the king. And the chief whose influence had been dreaded by Jainarāja and Shrī Hājyashāha, and by whose wisdom Hājyashāha's son had reigned for ten years without fear, and Vahrāmakhāna and other obnoxious men had been removed,—even that chief was now overcome by the fear of his enemies! Fie to the prosperity of the prosperous! Wealth is soiled by fear, it obstructs progress in the path of virtue, it becomes a source of oppression to the poor, and it is transcient as snow. All that wealth which his servants Pherabhaṭṭa and others had brought him by oppressing the people, now came to the possession of the king. The beautiful horses brought from foreign countries, and the clothes which had never been used, were given up to the king, as if they had hitherto been left with the minister on trust. That alone proved to be his own property which he had given away or had used while celebrating his birth days, which he was ambitious of celebrating like the birth days of kings. O mortals oppressed in mind! You who have obtained great wealth from the king, bestow true gifts and enjoy true enjoyments, for this world is fleeting like the waves of the sea, and wealth cannot always be had. Ye servants of the king! Do not boast of your power derived from wealth and known to all, do not boast of the favour of the king. Is there any permanency in the mirage, in the

color of the kusumbha flowers, in the love of harlots, or in the favour of kings? While the man proud of his wealth ponders on the speedy acquisition of the highest post and the subjugation of his enemies, on the inexhaustableness of his treasury and the obedience of his servants, his adverse fate destroys all these, as if they were but a dream! Jugabhaṭṭa saw Ahmada in the prison to tell him to give up to the king, without delay, whatever more he had of gold. Upon this the minister became angry and said,—"the avaricious king has taken millions from me and is he not yet satisfied? What shall I say? I have ruined the men of my party for the preservation of the kingdom. I abstained from fighting at the time when my crisis came. I brought back and favoured the Saidas who had once fled from the country. But the king became ungrateful, and they too have turned hostile to me. I consolidated the whole kingdom, and if the king again wants to enjoy it let him maintain peace. He will be glad at my death. Let him for whom I have suffered the cares of the state for ten years in this wretched world, rejoice at my destruction." Thus he spoke, and communicated to the king whatever else he had to say. "Fie to me" he said to himself "that I did not listen to the words of that experienced man, Shrī Phiryaḍāmara." He blamed himself every day and said,—"If I be perfectly innocent then let my evil doers, the Mārgesha, Tājibhaṭṭa, and others reap the fruit of their work in a few

days." The people soon came to wonder at seeing the result of all this which the minister had exclaimed in his sorrow, while in the prison.

The Mallika Ahmada had administered wisely, and when he was thus destroyed with his sons, wicked people acquired influence with the king. The avaricious Tājibhaṭṭa and others, and those among the Saidas who held offices, oppressed the people, even as painful diseases oppress the body. On the pretence of taking "flowers of joy" and "Dinnāra pieces," the Saida officers began to acquire riches at the expense of the subjects. Shrī Jyahāngira the Mārgesha, Nosarājānaka, and others, looked graceful in their elegant conveyances like trees with beautiful leaves in spring. Shrī Meyā Hasana got the title of Mallā which had belonged to the Mallika, and likewise obtained the Mallika's village of Nāgrāma and his estates. He divided his new estates among his sons and servants, and gave half of the wealth and estates to Meyā Mahmada. The Saidas became unruly after their triumph, they placed the king under their control, and they sent messengers and brought in the able Saida Nāsira. When he arrived at Pāñchāladeva by the Sārapura road he was attacked with fever, and in that state he entered the capital. He gave audience to all,—his grand-daughter, son-in-law, wife's brother, kindred, and the ministers,—all the people whom he would not live to see again; for he arrived almost in a dying state, as if only to see

them. He passed two days in fever and died in his house. The imprisoned Mallika, alarmed at the banishment of his son, was overpowered by grief, and he fell ill and died. Though the chief minister died in prison, the people gave vent to their sorrow in cries and loud lamentations when they heard of his death.

When great men who have done good deeds die, insignificant men come forward to take their places, even as lamps serve the purposes of men when the sun which lighted the world has set. It was owing to the good luck of their daughter [the queen] that the Saidas obtained wealth and greatness; but they regarded the people of Kashmíra, scarcely even as grass. The king, bent on furthering the interests of the Saidas acquiesced in orders, whatever they were, that were issued by them for their own selfish ends. They were busy in creating factions, the king was forbearing and women came to have great influence; it was apparent that some revolution was at hand. Accepting bribes was considered by the officers of the State as a virtue, oppressing the subjects was regarded as wisdom, and addiction to women was reckoned happiness. All opposition ceased. Meyā Hasana was proud of being able to accomplish whatever his heart desired, and he oppressed the whole kingdom. Gradually he became more and more powerful, and slowly he spread his influence over the king's country; and as Rāhu spreads his shadow, even so did

he extend his authority over all. The Saidas then intended to conquer the little and the great Bhuṭṭa country, and ordered Shrī Jyahāngira and Nāsera to march there. The Mārgapati Jyahāngira suggested that if both of them marched together they would be able to accomplish their work; but the two Saidas did not follow this suggestion. One of the leaders conquered the country and returned with glory to the capital. The other was struck with panic, his course was arrested, and he saved himself by artifice. The Bhuṭṭas fell on the rear of the army and destroyed the soldiers. I have abstained from giving even a brief account of this defeat, in consideration of the present unsuitable time. The Kechilshyas, Baddhārāga and other servants of the old king fell in that Bhuṭṭa war, even as insects fall into the fire. The Saidas remembered the injury done to them before by Nossarājānaka,* and took advantage of this defeat, and prevented him from obtaining an audience from the king. The Mārgapati apprehended mischief from the Saidas, but he was clever in protecting himself. He returned to the king's dominion but artfully avoided coming before the Saidas. Apprehending mischief to himself, he avoided the Saidas, the oppressors of the people, and he artfully appeared before the king.

Once when Jyahāngira found the king alone, he thus said :—"These Saidas O king! were once exiled but

* The same person as the Margapati Jyahangira, one of the leaders in the Bhutta war.

have been brought back. You have yourself brought this curse on this peaceful country. As the son of king Shrī Jaina's son, you have a right to the kingdom; but as his daughter's son, Meyā Mahammada has also a similar claim on the country. The Saidas have further been encouraged by the Turushkas with hopes of support. Such are the Saidas, and they should always be feared. They are ever eager for the kingdom as vultures are for meat. It is not fit, O my master! that you who have many ends to accomplish should devote yourself exclusively to one. Who praises the black bee which is attached to one plant only? All your work O king! will be accomplished if you avoid placing yourself under the influence of your wife. Be not, therefore, O master! influenced by your spouse. I am going away for the safety of your kingdom as well as of myself. The country is ruined, and you ought to save yourself somehow." When the king heard this he said "so will it be." But when he went to his wife at night, he was overcome by affection, and he told her all that had been said to him. Whereupon the queen who had espoused the cause of her father's party, became enraged, and like a fearful she-serpent, sought to injure the Mārgapati. Where a woman, who despises men and supersedes her husband, becomes the master, there the goddess of Royal Fortune does not abide long in her anger. Rising from the side of his beloved, the king became anxious to favour her party, and placed the kingdom in their

power, as it once was under the power of Mallika Ahmada.

The Māṛgesha feared mischief from the Saidas on account of the hostile queen, and he with his troops went away by the Kārkoṭadraṅga road. He took away with him all his relatives and property through Bhāṅgila, and went by inaccessible roads, but did not lose his patience. Jewels lie scattered in the great sea into which the rivers flow, and the waters are agitated by storm; even so there are jewels in this great and prosperous kingdom in which the armies meet, and which is agitated by the mutual quarrel of ministers. When the enemies prosper day by day, and the sovereign becomes infirm in a country, the few who are good follow the only proper course that is left to them,—they leave the country. For to remain quiet would be weakness, to make liberal gifts would reduce wealth, to create factions would be a wicked act, to go to battle would cause death to men. The king repented the destruction of the party of the minister, and the flight of the Māṛgapati and of others was to him like salt in a wound. Though the king was attended by all the Saidas, yet without the Māṛgesha he felt like an elephant left alone out of the herd. A few of those who were born of the family of the Māṛgesha, or of the family of the Pratīhāra, or of the family of Ṭhakkura, or of the treasurer, were still alive. They had been powerful before on account of their family and of their successes;

but they perished by reason of unwise counsel and quarrel among themselves. When the Mārgapati had left the country, the sky suddenly began to scatter snow, and thereby left no doubt in the people's mind that he of all men was the most fortunate. On account of the heavy fall of snow the inhabitants of the country became withered like trees with broken branches. The soldiers of the Mārgapati got into caverns covered with kusha grass, as if they expected that a fall of snow would enable them to lie hidden for a time. He was the delighter of the hearts of all, and the king's court became desolate without him, even as the kumuda flower withers in the absence of the moon.

The king remained indifferent to the doings of his servants, his mind was influenced by his wife and the Saidas, and his own acts became disorderly and reprehensible. Unable to enforce his orders in governing his own country, he disliked ability in others, and liked only to watch the looks of his beloved women. These women were quick in inflicting punishments and bestowing favours on men, and were eager in accepting bribes, and they, not the ministers or the servants, became the intimate friends of the king. The Turushkas Pushkala and Āshvāsa, who had given up even the observance of decorum in the enjoyment of pleasures, now gained their own end, not the end of their master. When the people saw the kingdom of their sovereign under the influence of women they felt grieved, and re-

peated the following shloka :—"They perish who have no leader, they too perish whose leader is an infant, and they also perish whose leader is a woman, and those who have many leaders perish likewise." The king remained in bed day and night and mourned for the Mārgapati and others for whom he was grieved, but was unable to bring them back. The Mārgesha had taken shelter in Lohara, he was oppressed with anxiety for his master, and he took this opportunity to send the following words of advice, by means of a letter. "O king! O jewel among men! Your treasury, which used to gratify the hopes of all, has been removed by the Saidas, and they have brought in abject poverty. Like a drop of quicksilver, the Saidas are by nature heavy, restless, and adhere to one another; they do not wish for the company of others. You are, O king! like the green sandal tree the bestower of all felicity, but you are surrounded by a hissing she-serpent. What sensible man will not leave the kingdom, though it be like a jewel, if there abide in it serpents of deadly poison preventing the approach of others? Royal Fortune is like the flame that burns on the funeral ground, frightful to the sight, and he who serves her must not touch the flame, though he sees it burning. Mevā Hassana's mind is under the influence of evil planets, and like Rāvaṇa he keeps away from the right path, though advised by his well wishers to follow it. The woman named Meiā, who accepts bribes as plentifully

as she takes meat, is abiding with you for your ruin, even as Tāḍakā did with Rāvaṇa. Let the Saidas remain with you in the kingdom if you so wish it, but I will go from here to the Turushka chief of Karavînda. There was not one in my family who forgot his devotion to his master, and became a rebel to the king. You are my only shelter, and I shall remain loyal towards you as if I were at your gate. Our conduct has always been proper, and we are opposed to injustice, and if we adopt evil ways no one will have confidence in us. Who can be at ease in this world, even if he lives to the end of kalpa, and acquires wealth, and destroys his enemies? If others be ruined, you should protect them, but if you are ruined, who else is there to protect you?" When Meyā Hassana came to know of this letter, he soon replied in the presence of the king, hissing like a serpent in his anger. "Exiled from his place and deprived of his livelihood, surely the Mārgapati will be withered by our prowess, even like a lotus torn up and taken from the water; and his servants will not stay with him, even as the birds stay not in the tank which is dried up by the heat of summer and in which nothing is left but mud. What can he do to us, remaining where he is, and receiving the fealty only of the people of that place? My followers will be able to overcome him in battle or drive him from thence. Let me go there in person, or he will join with the Turushkas." Then Saida Hasana remembered the previous friendship which had

existed between him and the Mārgapati and said,—"Let his confiscated estates be returned to him, and I will bring him back. During the disturbance created by the ministers we swore friendship to each other, and Fate will be adverse towards us if we now seek each other's harm." Determined in his enmity towards the Mārgapati, Meyā Hassana heard this said before the king, and immediately bestowed the estate of Naushahara on his relative Daulatayāna. He said that this good servant Daulatayāna, being stationed outside the country, would do his duty well, and he directed that one koṭi of money be given to him in order that he might collect an army. He then sent on Edharājānaka armed and accoutered, but soon caused him to come back, although he had himself supplied him with money.

When Parashurāma and others, of the country of the Madra, heard of all this, they apprehended danger in Kashmira, and asked the permission of the Saidas to depart. But the Saidas said that they would allow them to go after providing them with the provisions for the road, they were told to stay a few days, and their salary was promised to them. But when the Saidas returned to their houses, they said to one another that these Madra people were hostile like the Turushkas, and that they should not be allowed to depart.

In the meantime the king felt anxious for several of his servants; and the anxiety made his face like the

lotus in the month Pauṣha. The Saidas were fond of hunting, and in the month of Māgha they took with them the king in that state of mind, in order to destroy animals in the kingdom. Wherever their oppressive army encamped at night, there the cries of the oppressed people resounded on all sides; and wherever the king's army halted encircling some hill, the people complained bitterly against the uprooting of the vines.

The army, bent on destruction, attacked high and pleasant hills with gentle water-falls, even as wicked men attack the good. On the top of a hill there were some deer whose bodies were covered with snow, they heard the noise and came down in herds in alarm, and the Saidas were glad to see them come with their tongues protruded, and their faces smeared with blood. The animals came to the king with their young ones as if to say "take us who are strong but spare our young ones who are weak." All the people of the place asked the king repeatedly to cease hunting, urging that the gods would be angry at the destruction of the deer of a hill inhabited by holy men; but the king did not desist from hunting, even as a lustful man does not desist from the company of women. The muni named Vaishravaṇa had his seat on this hill, he came to the king and pleaded that the place was a pen for the deer and kine of the hermitage, and begged that it might be spared. The female deer were struck while crying and weltering

in blood, and were killed by the relentless Saidas ; and the ground was filled with fetuses from their womb. The king was not satiated with killing some animals, he denuded those hills of deer, and, tired in the evening, he ordered the forest beaters to occupy the houses of the villagers. Some of these men, terrible as the servants of death, passed the night in houses where the owner's daughter-in-law and daughter and wife were young and beautiful, and as there were wine and meat and fish. The Turushkas were powerful, and strong in archers ; they seated themselves in the houses of Brāhmaṇas who had devoted themselves to the performances of the six duties ; they ate from the vessels of the Brāhmaṇas the cooked meat of fowls killed as if in sacrificial ceremonies ; and they gave themselves up to the pleasures of drinking. The inhabitants of the place were robbed of their domestic animals and rice and wine and other things ; and some of the avaricious servants of the Saidas killed the people in their own houses. The impotent king heard the people express their wish that he might not come there again, and was grieved on account of the oppression of the people. Hunting is an evil habit, and fie to kings who do not possess the dignity of kings ! Certainly, in the present instance, it was killing men under the pretence of killing beasts. If to tie down and kill hundreds of deer, like beasts of sacrifice, be sport, what then is butcher's work ? The skill in taking aim from horse-back on running animals is to be coveted, but what

praise is due to the practice of tying up animals and shooting them with arrows? Hunting is the vocation of of the Kṣhatriyas, but since the beasts of game live harmlessly on grass, it is not good that one should be greatly addicted to it; for excess in everything is bad. Killing and exterpating the deer in this manner, the king at last reached the hill on the side of the Mahā-padma lake. Sin was thus committed which will strike terror into hunters in future times.

After hunting, the king returned to the capital, suffering from diarrhœa. Some said that it was owing to the sin committed in the pursuit of game that the gods were angry, and it was while he was yet in the hunting ground that the disease was first observed. Others said that the Saidas, urged by a desire to obtain independence and the kingdom, and instigated by the Turushkas, did something to the king to cause the illness. Some again observed that owing to the king's separation from his ministers his heart was filled with anxiety and grief, and this gave rise to the illness. No one could ascertain the real cause. While the king was in that state of health he went to the district of Sarja on the first day of the new year with the vain desire of killing birds. As he was going in a boat, that day, a serpent from Jainavāṭa vihāra crossed his way, and he killed it with an arrow in order to allay his fear arising of this ill omen. He thus removed the anxiety from his mind but did not remove the illness from his body. A head

wind violently opposed him, as if to warn him against setting out, and to lead him back to prolonged acts of virtue. The disturbed lake trembled with its rising waves, as if in sorrow that the people of this country would come to be oppressed on the death of the king. Surrounded by the Saidas, the king feasted at at the festivity in Sarja, and gave audience to all, as if he would not see them again. He then immediately embarked with his servants on a boat, and during the whole day he killed birds by means of hawks, as if to drive away the anxiety from his mind. The hawks brought down many birds as presents to the king, as if knowing that their master who was sporting with them that day, was not destined to do so again.

The king then returned; he left the Saidas, and went to his bed informing the queen of his illness and telling her that he was not well. The queen herself ministered to his wants, and asked him what he would eat, but the king became void of lustre like the moon during the day time. His chest broad as the leaf of a door; his face fair as molten gold; his waist, thigh, knees, and legs like the petals of a lotus; his two bright eyes, and his forehead adorned with eyebrows;—all became discolored by the disease. Once the king privately told Meyā Hasana that he would not live long, that his infant sons were not fit for the kingdom, that the son of Vahrāmakhāna who was in prison would not allow his sons to remain safe from harm. "Rather"

he said "bring the son of Ādamakhāna by some artifice, and coronate him. Or do as your daughter, the queen, advises." When Saida Hasaṇa heard this, he advised the king to be patient, and said that he would recover; but the Saida was very much grieved and wept. Then the queen Mera Mukhāt when alone with her father thus said to him :—"It is doubtful whether the king will live, what should be done now about the kingdom? Rather coronate the youthful son of Vahrāmakhāna, and make your eldest grandson the heir-apparent. Two or three people whom we hate may be killed, but all need not perish." When Meyā Hasana heard this he rebuked her in anger. The Saidas had no reverence for Brāhmaṇas, and they gave wealth to the mousulas for the benefit of the king in his final rest. All the females who knew the king went to see him, but they prevented others from going to him, and did not allow those who charm away poison to chant mantras. They did not follow the advice of physicians, and themselves prepared pills for the king to take. The king exclaimed that some mischief had been done to him, and when these female doctors found his voice and complexion changed, they brought in Ūyyabhaṭṭa who prided himself as being a physician, a charmer against poison, and a man of experience. But when the attendants asked the king why he was gazing on that skilful man, the king, then on the point of death, replied by ordering the removal of that hypocrite from his sight. All then burst out in

loud lamentation with tears in their eyes and said that the king had seen the buffalo of Yama,* and would go to heaven that very day. The king's voice stopped, his eyes watered and rolled, and on that very night he was on the point of death. In the year 60, on the ninth day of the dark moon, in the month of Vaishākha, the king went to heaven after having reigned for twelve years and five days.

The whole night resounded with the cries of the people, and in the morning all the Saidas with their servants placed the body on a conveyance, and, with umbrella and chāmara, conveyed it to the ancestral burial ground. The people were not so grieved at the death of Shrī Jaina as at the death of this king, for they were now left without protection. The ministers laid the king, with his turban and belt and bright cap, on a stone within the cavern, and covered the body with cloth; and the people were anxious to see him. They thought of the king, and fancied that he was merely sleeping within the cavern. For seven days the Saidas came there in the morning, and read their own Vedas, mingling their perusal with cries of lamentation. Those who are attached to this world and enjoy youth and prosperity, and who yield themselves to the love of women, to enjoyments and drinking, they all pass away in a few days, bereft of every thing, and grieved and

* An omen of approaching death. Buffalo is the animal on which Yama rides.

sorrowful in mind, even like a lustful man when he leaves the delightful abode of his mistress. A king thinks within himself,—this is my country, this my capital beautified with various designs, this is my treasury, this my youthful wife, and these are my sons and servants;—suddenly Death comes to him, and he leaves them all and departs on his long journey, bearing with him only his virtues and his sins. His dominion does not abide with him after his death, though he had gloried in his beautiful kingdom complete in its seven component parts. Thus the people said and lamented in the burial ground, for those who had been kings before had now only a tomb stone left to them.

Owing to the mlechchha law the queen found it difficult to bestow the kingdom on the son of Vahrāmakhāna, and thought that the step might lead to evil consequences.

This is the account of Hassanashāhi's going to heaven.

Here ends the third book named the account of the reign of Hassanashāhi of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī composed by paṇḍita Shrīvara.

THIRD SERIES.

Book IV.

On the third day the Saidas hastily held a council among themselves and decided to bestow the kingdom on Mahmadakhāna. They wished to place the prince on the throne, and were in haste, and had no time to lose. This prince, beautiful as Gonarda, was aged seven years; he was named Mahmadashāha and was placed on the throne. Various things were placed beside the throne, but the king's hand first lighted on a bow, leaving alone the articles of food; and when those who were near saw this unerring sign, they declared that there would be frequent wars in the kingdom. The beautiful boy-king looked graceful as he sat on the throne and under the umbrella, and diffused gladness to all, like the young watery moon. The Saidas wore white clothes dotted with red, which gave a reddish complexion to their features, as if they were smeared with the blood of the civil war which was to break out like a disease. Hossanakhāna, the king's younger brother, graceful in form, appeared before the boy-king, even as the planet Jupiter appears before the planet Mars. Like the Lokāloka mountains that cause light and darkness to the world, the people on that day felt both grief and joy, owing to the death of the

father and the advent of the son. The Saidas looked handsome and happy at the accession of their daughter's son to the throne, and roamed about like black-bees in spring, laden with the perfumed juice of flowers. The echoes that rose of the festive music seemed like voices, by which all the directions of the sky blessed the king. The Saidas adorned the court-yard of the palace during the festivity, and pleased all the servants of the king with clothes and ornaments.

When nothing but memory was left of one Hassana [who had created a disturbance], the citizens saw two such Hassanas, surrounded by thundering horsemen, come from two directions; and the presiding goddess of the country, who with the seven elements of royal power resided in the king's palace, came like his injured daughter to complain of her discomfiture by her enemies. The captains and the officers of the king came to their sovereign, they rolled on the ground like dogs, but could not enter into his presence. The Saidas neglected men learned in the vernacular and in Saṃskṛita, and addicted themselves to women inside the house, and to hawks outside it. Haughty in their conduct and cruel in their behaviour, these arrogant men urged by excessive cupidity, oppressed the people, even like the messengers of Death. They were unapproachable on account of their wicked character, and were envious of others; and the servants and subjects of the king became alienated from them. Though some of the servants of the king received bene-

fits from the Saidas, they did not value their acquaintance, even as the kokilas do not value the acquaintance of crows. Hawks and the servants of the Saidas disturbed the colony of birds on the Satī lake where they had lived in ease and security. These singers whose beautiful voices used to be heard in loud songs now remained dumb before the king, as if in sorrow, even like black-bees in the month of Māgha. The Saidas took the young king with them, with the intention of killing birds, and went by boat to the banks of the Vitastā, and there they let loose their birds (hawks). They carried their food with them; and were blind in their pride, and they did not behave with due courtesy towards the people of Kashmīra. They massacred the birds in such a manner as if they would never come again to kill birds.

Once upon a time, the Saidas assembled their own people and held a council; and when the Kashmīrians and the Madras heard that the Saidas had held a council among themselves in the city, they became alarmed. Parashurāma and others who had been appointed by the Kashmīrians and the Madras met the five active Saidas on that day and thought of hostilities. The Saidas worked privately, and their purpose was hid as if by the darkness of their acts, and was not known to any.

Now Merā, Evil Fortune personified, the beloved daughter of Mera Hassana, came on one occasion to her father and privately asked him to follow her without delay as there was some work of the king to be

accomplished; with this wicked request she led him inside the house. Mera Hassana had dreamt a dream in which he was warned by his father that he would meet with a mishap on Sunday, and he was told not go to the palace. But bewildered by Fate he went there. At the same time Saida Hasana came in from his own house, and told him that his legs would be cut off on account of his rebellion, so that he might not run away. As soon as he had said so, Mera Hassana's legs were cut at the joint, and he fell from his horse on the ground. And it seemed, by the dust that was raised by the Saida horsemen, as if he sighed in sorrow anticipating that the Saidas would not walk in the street again.

Now Jonarājānaka falsely informed the Madras that a letter had arrived that day from Tattārakhāna which would cause them harm; that the Saidas who had spread over the kingdom, but who were afraid of the surviving Madras, had, agreeably to that letter, come to some determination, and that the Madras would be arrested the next morning; they should therefore devise some plan of safety. "We will first destroy them" thought the Madras. They knew that all the Saidas had met in a house named Amṛita, and they repaired thither. Parashurāma and others entered the house armed, directing Tājaka the gate keeper to keep the door safe. Tājaka informed the servants of the Saidas that their masters were engaged in council, and dismissed them

from the place. Tājaka then reported to the Saidas that their servants were plundering articles of food, and on this the Saidas sent away their armed attendants to stop the plunder. At this juncture Jonarājānaka, accompanied by some servants of the king, came hastily from another house by a different route, with the purpose of killing the Saidas. His trusty door keeper Tāja also mounted a horse which was before the house, and went to another part of the house as desired by Jonarājānaka, with the view to kill the Saidas. The Saidas were in a room, divided into four compartments, within the house, and when they saw the Madras they became alarmed. Siṃhadvija saw them approach and angrily asked them why they did not go to their own country when they were allowed to do so; and why they came there into the room. "No passport has been received," they replied, "and why should we go away from you, verily, we shall be revenged on you to-day." Parashu saw that no one else was there, so he went forward under the pretence of asking for travelling expenses, and in his fury he first killed Siṃhabhaṭṭa. At the end of the room, which was divided into four parts, Siṃha (lion) fell like a jackal, besmeared with blood which issued from his body. "What treachery is this? What treachery is this?" cried the Saidas, and rose from their seats in alarm. Then all the Madras combined together and killed the Saidas with their swords. Saida Hassana was beautiful and stout, he was leaving the room

with no other weapon than his fist, and he perished at the door stunned with hundred wounds. When Meya Hasana beheld him in that state, he immediately ran away in fear, trying to climb over a wall, but his two legs were cut off. Thus was Meya Hasana killed by some of the Madras, and with Meya Hasana perished also Gadayāmīna, Yāsīmamallala, and others, with their sons and friends, thirty in number. They raised the cry of 'hāla' 'hāla', but the Madras, their hands wet with blood, were busy killing them, and moved about like the servants of Death. As the Saidas had slaughtered cows in their houses without any compunction for the sin, even so the Madras now felt no mercy in killing the Saidas. As the Saidas used to mutilate deer and other animals, after the termination of a chase, so they were similarly treated in that house by the diminutive Madras. They who were accustomed to lie on costly beds, now lay without any apparel, their clothes being robbed by their enemies; and in their helplessness they became the objects of the people's gaze. Haibhatakhāna and certain other men drew their daggers, hastily scaled the wall, took to their horses and fled. The attendants of the Saidas did not know who were being killed in the thick of the combat, they forgot their pride in their alarm and fled, and none of them drew his weapon in the yard of the house.

Called by the son of Malla Jāda, Meyā Mahammada came from his house and immediately attacked the

king's house. The road keeper Norolāha came to him, but he thought the man to be a rebel, and in his anger he soon caused him to be killed on the king's highway. When Meyā Mahammada saw the newly repaired palace gates closed, and knew that the enemies were within, he reluctantly caused them to be set on fire. The gates thus fell a sacrifice to the fire, as if in grief for the tumult, and for the death of their protector. Volumes of smoke rose gracefully and reached the white-washed building, and it seemed as if the goddess of Royal Fortune sighed in grief, not knowing where the wicked people were leading her. In the meantime, when the armed rebels saw the fire, they issued out of the house and came to the yard of the palace. The hero Jonarājānaka came there in his anger, and a certain foot soldier killed two or three in the yard with his sword. Then all the Madras united themselves in a body, mounted the king's horses, and reached the skirts of Mūlakanāga, and there they held a cosultation. "We should remain here" they said "and fight the Saidas; there are only a few of the enemies left, and they will not be able to save themselves." When Jyalāla Ṭhakkura, well versed in politics, heard this, he said to them :—"This is not the place for fight, let us quickly go by this road and cross the Vitastā, and then let us remain on the other side with our followers. There we will devise plans so that the Saidas may perish of themselves." They appproved of his advice, and the brave people crossed the Vitastā by

the Juhilāmaṭha road. In the meantime Meyā Mahammada having obtained time, killed the doorkeepers, the brothers Tāja and Pājaka in his anger. They were pulled by the Chaṇḍālas from the yard of the palace by a rope tied to the ankle joint, their limbs were besmeared with unholy wine, and they were devoured by dogs. They were miserly from their birth, and had collected wealth by obtaining bribes from villagers whom they had oppressed. At the time of their death they yielded up all their wealth. All that these avaricious men had hoarded by oppressing villagers and robbing others, all their fine silver and other metals came to the king. People cannot recover from a miser the wealth that once enters his house, like a sepent entering in a hole, it can only be pulled out along with its life. One hundred khārīs of rice with sugar cane were taken away from the house of those who did not give even a handful to beggars. Beggars had never received wheat flour from them, enough to make a cake, but now when their houses were robbed, the wheat flour which fell on the road lay like snow.

In the meantime Ālikhāna came from his house and arrived in an exalted state accompanied by soldiers, and first of all he set fire to the houses in the neighbourhood of the Vālikā road in order to occupy it. At this juncture Edarājānaka and others liberated the son of Vahrāmakhāna from imprisonment, and he soon issued through a by-lane. When the son of Vahrāmakhāna saw

the soldiers of the enemies before and the fire behind, he was, like a young deer, unable either to advance or to stay. Álikhāna knew that the son of Vahrāmakhāna had been released from prison by the enemies in order to do some harm, and he therefore gave the prince an assurance of safety, and then killed him, even as a lion kills a deer. The Saidas blamed Álikhāna and said that it was by the advice of Pājabhaṭṭa that the queen had set the prince free, in order to give him the kingdom. Others said that the enemies had desired to relieve the prince from bondage, but contrary to their intention, their plan to do him good led to his ruin; for who could out strip the decrees of fate? Instigated by Álikhāna, the wicked Míra and others beat the prince until he became unconscious, as the hunters do hares. When Pājabhaṭṭa witnessed the calamity, the murder of the prince, he became as one bewildered. He came in after the prince, and was also killed, even as a Rākṣhasa is killed by the people of his own party. The trees, as if in sorrow at the sight of the murder of the prince, lamented in the voice of the kokila, wondering why the prince, who had never possessed anything in the kingdom, was killed. The plants, moved by the wind, wept, as if in sorrow, pleading against the murder of the prince who had just been released after a long confinement. The trees, moved by the wind, seemed to tremble at those Turuṣhkas who had done the evil deed and committed the heinous crime. The mother of the prince received

the dead body of her son who was aged twenty-four years, and whom she had not seen for a long time; she kept the body for three days out of affection and then performed the funeral rites. This widowed and chaste mother of the prince, lady Subāṇa, lived on barley meal, and to the end of her life resided in the tomb of her son. As if unable to bear the sight of the murder of the prince and the massacre of the Saidas and of the Dvijas, the sun departed to some other land, red in its anger. The people saw the bodies of those great men lie naked all around the palace, and none could give them a piece of cloth to cover them. The frogs in the tank croaked incessantly all night, as if they lamented for the dead in their sorrow. Those handsome men who had entered the palace, clad in fine garments, causing darkness by the dust raised by their trotting horses, were now sent out of it on two or three carts, clad in torn clothes and bleeding. Thus in the year 60, in the fourteenth day of the moon, in the month of Vaishākha, ruin came upon the Saidas, and it was the cause of future calamities. Surely Yama in the person of Hasana appeared that year before the king's servants, and from him these men received their death. Rather let men be born in the house of a common man where there are many afflictions, than in the house of a king. Several common people sleep on one small piece of coarse cloth, but two kings cannot find room in one extensive kingdom.

Meyā Ālikhāna and others then heard that the rebels who had raised the insurrection had crossed the river, they became angry and followed them. Jyallāla Ṭhakkura and others severed the bridge of boats, and with a view to overcome their enemies, united themselves with the Madras and the people of Kashmīra. The Saidas clad in armour and supplied with the means of conveyance, pitched their tents of cloth at Viṃshaprastha. They had nothing but the capital in their possession, but having made up their quarrel among themselves, they had many horses, armours, and swords. Men who never possessed a cowry before, now became possessed of gold and silver, and moved about finely dressed. They showered riches on all sides so that even mechanics and cart-men took up arms, and the inferior servants of the king rode rare and fine horses from the king's stable. The Saidas then joined Hassana, Rājānaka, and others, and began to devise plans with a view to subdue the people of Kashmīra. But having now got themselves free from all obstacles they gave the management of their work to their servants, Meyāmattanārācha and others.

In the meantime the very intelligent Ṭhakkuras and others who had crossed the river collected an army at Jāladraga. When the people heard that the Madras, mighty in their courage, were collecting an army, they armed themselves and came to the town from all parts of the kingdom. There was a commotion

in the city, and all the people in the city, in village, and in town became excited and ran about with arms. The people of Shamāla, Vaṃgila, and other places, and those who were at Kramarājya, turned Sthāmārtha on the banks of the Kṣhiptikā into a camp. Vaidūryya-bhaṭṭa who was at Sthāma, arrayed himself for battle together with Chakka, Vākka, and others of Darad, and with the valiant warriors of that country. Pammarājānaka and others had collected the people of Nīlāshva, and in order to reach Sthāma near Dugdhāshrama, they crossed over to the other side of the Sindhu. Heaps of paddy were brought by boatmen from all places, and with it the people of Kashmīra paid their expenses of living abroad for want of money. They went by river to two of their own towns but treated them as the enemy's country: some houses they robbed and others they burnt down. In these two towns, situated one on each side of the river, five or seven men died every day in camp by arrows discharged from bows. The Khashas, the petty chiefs on the frontier, men who had a few retainers, they who had no houses, and who had nothing but their name, the Khānas, the strong, the poor afflicted by their poverty, theives who had committed theft, men released from imprisonment for life, the enemies of the king, the wicked who behaved like dogs, those whose possessions had been confiscated, those who had ability, and such people were glad of this commotion in the kingdom.

They who were on the left side of the river collected all the boats, and those from the bridge of boats at Maḍavarājya, and used them for their own benefit. A fowler named Deva was the head of the boatmen; he brought about an engagement of boats on the river and thereby caused the death to many good soldiers. Upon this, the Saidas sent some new fowlers, who lived on the shore of the Dulla lake, with boats, to fight with those who were at Nandapura. But Meyā Vahāka the superintendent of the town believed two or three of those men to be thieves and impaled them; and when the fact was made known by beat of drum from Samudra maṭha, the fear of the people of the town on account of thieves abated.

When the bridge of boats was destroyed, the town became like a fortification unapproachable by the enemies. But the Saidas fearing an attack from the temple of Skanda excavated a moat measuring five cubits in width in the vicinity of the yard of the temple. Another similar moat was excavated near the gate where Rājānaka was besieged, in order to guard against attack from the enemies. The servants of the Saidas plundered the houses of their opponents and robbed them of their riches, and caused a terror among the subjects by killing cows. The houses of the enemies were broken into and plundered, and with the wood obtained from them, as with fuel from Rudravana, they set fire to Diddā maṭha. The Saidas through their

ignorance needlessly demolished the beautiful houses of their enemies for trivial ends, even as cows are destroyed for feeding dogs! Every day the retainers of the Saidas rode on horses and proudly entered the yard of the palace, well armed, and covered with armour. Rājānaka burnt the houses of Mallāmīna, of Chunda the Kāyastha, and of Hassana in his anger. Owing to mutual fear the army of the Saidas and that of the people of Kashmīra lost their firmness at that time, and misjudged each other's motives. The fearless soldiers hastily crossed the river from one side to another, killed people, cut off their heads and fixed them on poles. When the cavalry on both sides had perished, Pirvajakhāna and other Saidas came riding on fleet horses and plundered Padmapura. Jonarājānaka and others heard of this event and crossed the river with their excellent army, and, being angry with the Saidas, they raised a tumult all of a sudden at Uvāṇa and other places. The Saidas became angry with Jonarājānaka on account of the tumult, and set fire to the rows of houses in the village in which he was born. When Jonarājānaka heard of this, he similarly caused fire to be set in the house of Tājibhaṭṭa in the Vaḍavī country. Supported only by his infantry, Jonarājānaka came to Lahara, set fire to the houses and caused the people of Dugdhāshrama, Sthāma, and other villages to flee.

At this time Jyallāla Ṭhakkura and others sent the following letter to Shrī Jyahāṃgira the Mārgesha who

was in the fort of Lohara ;—"Joined by the Madras we have ventured to attempt the destruction of the chief through fear of whose power you have left the country with your relations ; and we have laid our plans accordingly. His sons Meyā Mahammada and others have posted themselves on the right bank of the Vitastā with a view to subdue us, and we on the left. We are trying to secure supremacy and have accordingly spread ourselves over the country of Kashmira ; and the Saidas who have only the capital in their possession have been surrounded. Leave aside, therefore, thoughts of delay, and come speedily ; for when you arrive, we shall be victorious, and yours will be the glory. In this country you alone are powerful and loyal to the king, so tarnish not your renown by failing to come. After a battle which was not hotly contested, and in which Ālishāha was captured, Mahammada the Mārgesha the only son of Malla, formed a plan for usurping the kingdom. You should therefore come speedily now, and save the life of the boy king, otherwise the Saidas will not leave him alive in the kingdom." The Mārgesha took the letter into his consideration without delay, and anxious for his country, soon came by the road to Parṇotsa ; and when in two or three days he arrived at Kudmadīnapura, the Saidas trembled in their camp, even like a lamp in the wind. They then held a council, and being struck with fear, they wished to establish peace. They accordingly sent Shikhasahāva and others with the following

letter:—"Ye are the good and principal men in the country; but why have you killed the Saidas? Alas! that you should do a deed that is hated by men. If the son of the late king has been, through the will of fate, established in his place, who among you has lost thereby, and what has he lost, that you have taken measures to destroy all? We are not all against you; make over to us, ye people of Kashmíra, two or three of the foreigners by whom your people have been killed, or drive them out of the kingdom with their followers, and be ye the principal ministers in this country as before. Let each retain the post he had held before, and let all of us enjoy together. Death is destined for the living, and what is decreed by fate must come to pass, no one can prevent it." The Mārgesha and the other leaders considered the contents of the letter and they sent the following reply written in the alphabet of the Yavanas. "The king should ever be defended, even like a jewel, but through wickedness, even such a king was not spared! What was the reason for which the prince, the son of Vahrāmakhāna was killed? Who will, after the murder of Noroloha and others can trust in his own safety in the country? The whole wealth of the infant king of this kingdom has also been robbed. There is but an iron gong left in the king's gate, and it seems to proclaim by its sound that it alone has been left by the Saidas! The troublesome Madras should be removed out of the country by various devices, while you remain happy in your grand-fathers' posts!"

When the Saidas heard this, they sent an invitation to the Mārgapati. He, however, did not go but sent a messenger who told the Saidas on his arrival that they should replace in the treasury the wealth of the infant king that had been purloined, that they should without hesitation lay aside their arms before they could be admitted to a conference, that the people of the country should as before be allowed to perform the work of the state, that no harm would thereby befall the country, but that the defects in the administration would be removed. Those who are gone, are gone from this world; the dead do not come back to life again; and mutual enmity has been expiated by slaughter committed by both parties. When the Saidas heard these words of reason, they became arrogant and, as if consumed by anger, they were roused by the following words which Haibhatakhāna uttered.—"King, treasure, arms, and soldiers skilled in war, are all in our hands, what can our opponents do?" They then made up their minds for battle, and made preparations even as the Kauravas did against the Pāṇḍavas.

Then Saiphaḍhāra, Jonarājānaka, and others at once crossed over the bridge of boats and came into the city in order to attack the Saidas. They were eager for battle, and did not pay heed to the advice of the Mārgapati who said that the time was not yet ripe for a battle, and that victory was to be won by strategy. Dāvoda the son of the Mārgesha was puffed up with pride; he

joined the Pratihāra and others, and soon entered the city. His troops then entered the city by the way leading to Samudra maṭha, and arrived at Loshṭa vihāra with a view to destroy the army of the Saidas. But the Ḍombas and other sturdy soldiers, turned aside from battle, and through their avarice, busied themselves in plundering all within the city. These Dombas and other valiant warriors raised their weapons against one another and hurt one another, and plundered the principal citizens of their property. The citizens had buried their wealth in their houses, but the soldiers dug up the ground with their spears at every step, and took away the wealth as if it were given to them. When the Saida army was first attacked by the Madras, and the Saidas saw human heads lying scattered about, they despaired of victory that day, and retreated speedily as they had come. But when their troops heard of the doings of the enemy, they entered the city and marched to battle discharging arrows as they went. The Saidas found Padmabhaṭa before them, and they killed him in his own tent, and in order to ensure the success of their arms, they painted their foreheads with his blood. Ālikhāna was there, and alarmed at the approach of the army, set fire to the Labdhabhadva vihāra, in order to obstruct their passage. The flames had spread over the road when the heroic Dāvoda the Mārgapati arrived, and together with Hosana the Pratīhāra he engaged in fight. The former

moved forward along a difficult path over a causeway, but fell into a moat and died while fighting. There the heroes Ahmada the Pratīhāra and others displayed their valour in the field of battle, and won the pleasure of the company of the celestial women by their death. Though Dāvoda is dead, the wives of the citizens still remember his handsome features and declare that they never saw beauty like his. Is it that the gods feared to take so handsome a person to the celestial abode, and therefore left his dead body on earth?

In the meantime Haibhatakhāna and others arrived by another route from behind and destroyed the valiant soldiers in front of the khānagāha. They obtained the victory, but with their uplifted arms they looked like men possessed by devils; and in their anger they killed the citizens who had come that day to witness the battle. What more should be said of them? Impelled by avarice, they killed two or three messengers who had come from foreign countries and had stayed in the house of Brāhmaṇas, saying that these messengers were Madras. Saiphaḍāmara released several persons from imprisonment, and fought with the army of the Saidas, and pierced the shields of the citizens and the Saidas. The soldiers of the Saidas were angry with the learned physician named Yavaneshvara, believing that he helped their enemies, and they killed him in his own house. The Saidas committed barbarous acts; they cut off the physician's head from his body, smeared the body

with sandal paste, and left the head in the king's highway. Some of these Rākṣhasas entered the city that day, and as they were of a relentless disposition, they killed all without discrimination.

When the citizens saw the head of him whose body was smeared with sandal paste they knew it for certain that the wicked crime had been committed by the Saidas; and who did not blame them? The dead bodies lay in the streets of the city from Mallekapura to Loshṭra vihāra, and were like dried grass used as fuel. They who had reposed on luxurious beds of cotton, reclining at ease on pillows, were now seen lying on the ground, naked, and motionless, emitting foul smell, devoured by crows and dogs and wolves, and attacked by worms that fed on fat and flesh.

The Saidas were satisfied with the victory, and they celebrated their triumph with music within Viṃshaprastha. If those who had fled and those who had retreated had been pursued, many of the survivors would have been killed. But the gods of the country had been plundered, and some of them had been burnt; and the angry deities did not inspire the Saidas with the idea to pursue the enemy. The soldiers who were crossing the bridge of boats, all tried to go in first, and the bridge broke under their weight. Thus a hundred men fell that day into the river, and being heavily weighted by their armour, they sank and died in the Vitastā. Surely the goddess Shāradā was angry at their

sins, and in the form of the Vitastā devoured the two armies. The citizens who had come to witness the scene were killed, and in order to prevent a similar mishap, the Saidas placed heaps of the newly severed heads in their front. They fixed several heads on poles, and in order to strike terror into the people, they placed them like rows of lamps on a piece of wood on the banks of the Vitastā. The corpses became swollen in the river and emitted stench, and drifted down into the Mahāpadma lake.

In the meantime the people of Kashmīra collected the surviving soldiers from all directions and again raised an army. Shrī Jyahāṅgira, Jyallāla, Saiphaḍāmara, and others meditated plans to overcome the Saida chiefs. Under instructions received from a saint, Saiphaḍāmara divided his army into sections and placed them both on high and low grounds; and soldiers came to these divisions every day from all sides, well officered, devoted to their chiefs, and protected by shields, and they received supplies of arrows with wooden shafts and fine feathers, sharp and well barbed. There were tumultuous gatherings on both banks of the Vitastā, and on both banks were mounted engines of victory, and the two armies met in the great city of Pravarapura once more, and fought in anger. Horses clad in armour galloped forward, and made the army terrible in appearance, and the soldiers rained fire by their strokes; and the hearts of many

citizens who had come to see the battle were excited with feelings of heroism. The sound of the kettle drum was first heard in the house of the king at night, and then in the camps of the Saidas and of the Kashmírians. Many of the citizens' wives who had gone to fetch water on both banks of the river, were pierced with arrows from the engines, and killed. Not a day passed in which two or three heroes were not struck with arrows and carried in a dying state from the banks of the river to their own homes. Every day was terrible on account of conflagrations by fire, destruction caused by soldiers, and other calamities. The soldiers used indecent words and gestures, and said what should not be uttered. They talked of mischief arising out of mutual enmity between the king, the Saidas and the Brāhmaṇas and they abused one another, and used languages which should not be used. They were now surrounded on all sides by Daulatasiha and others from Kashṭavāṭa; by the gentle Salhaṇahaṃsa and others, sons of king Shāhibhaṅga; by some chiefs from Pañchagahvara who were related to the king of Sindhu; by the Khashas; the mlechchhas, and other people. The people of Kashmíra, on account of disunion among themselves, had called in armies from several quarters, but as they did not know the ulterior motives which these armies had in view, and they became very much alarmed. At this time a shouting star with many heads was seen conspicuously one evening in the sky, darting in a flame from north

to south. When the two armies beheld this wonderful object, they apprehended some calamity in battle, and were beside themselves in terror.

In the meantime Tattārakhāna, influenced by a letter from the Saidas, sent a powerful Turuṣhka army in order to obtain possession of the country. When these wicked Turuṣhkas arrived at Shastragalasthāna they were met by Habhābhoḍanarāja and others, even as insects are opposed by snows. Surely the goddess Kālī in the guise of the river Kālīdhārā devoured them in anger, for the benefit of the virtuous country. The son of Ādāmakhāna was sent with the news of defeat to Tattārakhāna, but he was prevented by the Turuṣhka chief from going, and was detained by him. The inhabitants of the place took possession of the horses and the effects of the Turuṣhka, and obtained riches such as are rarely obtained, and looked like Kuvera. And when the people of Kashmīra heard of the destruction of the Turuṣhkas they celebrated the event by music, and the faces of the Saidas became sad. Among the survivors of the wicked army which had met with this disaster, two thousand lay dead. The rear of the army of the Kashmīrians was such as could be relied upon, and so the Kashmīrians felt no fear. They became haughty on obtaining an addition to their strength, and with a glad heart determined on battle. They arranged to station the Māргesha and others in the centre, outside the capital, and the Rājānaka and

the Madras on either side, near Sthāmasth̄a. As the number of the Kashmīrians was small, they thought that if they were defeated on one side they would all be destroyed, so after consultation, they stationed men both below and above, in the neighbourhood of Sthāma. Jonarājānaka then crossed the river by boat and killed five or six men of the Saida army, and caused the rest to flee; and he robbed them of their clothes, horses, and armours. Every day the Kashmīrians were seen prowling about. What more need be said, the shameless men who were with the Saidas during day time were seen at night in the army of the Kashmīrians. The people went over from side to side unrestricted. What disasters ensued, because the boy king's orders were not obeyed! The wicked men plundered many houses, and deposited their plunder in large boxes. The country was struck with panic, and the people ceased to walk in the streets. The Saidas and the Kashmīrians did not give up their desire for supremacy, and the struggle on both banks of the river continued for two months. The tree of enmity first grew out of the murder of the Saidas, and gradually unfolded its leaves; and ultimately it shot forth into a hundred branches. When the people beheld the king's treasury on the right and the army on the left, they felt doubtful as to which party would obtain the victory. Then men could not frequent the roads, women crossed over the river by boats; and when avaricious and wicked men crossed

the river and robbed the wayfarers, the town roads came to be frequented. Two or three of the men who had crossed the river in order to rob, were daily arrested, and in anger impaled.

Once the councillors of the KashmIrians sent the following message to the Saida army :—"If you are strong, come and engage in a pitched battle with us, or fix a time within which we shall expect an encounter. For the people are being daily killed by arrows and are in a state of fright. Let him whom Fortune favours obtain the supreme power." When the Saida soldiers heard this, they cut the rope which the men on the left had placed on the river side in the outskirts of the city, to demarcate their limit. The Saidas understood that the enemy wished to cross the river from the place called Kāṣhṭīla, and became anxious; and they placed Hasanarājānaka and others at Sthāma. After the Saidas had cut the tie of the bridge of boats, they made the city as inaccessible as a fort through fear of the enemy. The people of Kashmīra then spoke to the Saidas who were on the banks of the river :—"Since you have, through fear of us, cut the rope which we had placed, and which held together the bridge of boats, and since you have only the town under your power, come forward now to battle. How long will you consume the plentiful grains and what will you effect in the town?" When the Saidas heard this, they thus replied in a loud voice through their servants :—"We will

not depart in fear from this place, for want of food and oppressed with hunger. What objections have the Turushkas to their consuming food? We eat the meat of all kinds, and we will stay here as long as there is plenty of beef and the flesh of male beasts. And when we shall come out in battle, who among you will be able to oppose us?" When Jyaliāla Mallika and others on the river bank heard this, they were glad, and they all sat down and held a council, and came to the following determination:—"At Sthāma we will divide our army, and will march crossing at three points; the Saidas too will divide their army, and will thereby be wakened. Otherwise if all on the side of the Saidas held together, they would be unconquerable. We will overcome all of them if they be defeated at one point, and be thereby reduced in number. We are strong, and should not delay." When Jonarājānaka and others heard this, they joined with the Madras, and said,—"we will die or conquer." Thus they prepared themselves for battle.

The leaders of the army at Sthāma, pursuing the same plan of operations, crossed the river from the ancient place called Takshaka, and reached a hill. Praulabhaṭṭa and others crossed the river by boat from a place called Hastavālikā; they were in high spirits, and infused that spirit into their soldiers. When the Gakkas and other soldiers, who prided themselves on their valour, witnessed the coolness of the Brāhmaṇa

marching to battle, they praised him. The soldiers of Kashmira fixed a twig with leaves on their heads, in order to distinguish themselves from their enemies, so that they might not strike each other. Saiphaḍīra and other warriors held spears in their hands, and it seemed as if valour had assumed bodily shape, and was issuing forth from the persons of the warriors in order to destroy the enemies.

When the Saidas heard that the Kashmīrians had crossed the river they became alarmed, and they hastily sent Hāshisa, who was eager for victory, against the enemy. Arrived at Abhivanāyurtha, Hāshisa was proceeding along the banks of the river, when he was seen by those who were on the top of the hill, and they opposed him by throwing stones at him. Hāshisa was alarmed at the shower of stones; he was thrown down from his horse, and escaped on foot with difficulty from the place where the contest was hot. The Kashmirians captured his horse, like victory incarnate, and the horse was covered with mail with Hāshisa's sword tied to it. When the Saidas saw that Hāshisa was defeated, they sent Pirujakhāna and others with fresh soldiers even during the night. At this moment Meyā Bhākera and others arrived at Dugdhāshrama, and like the thundering clouds of the rainy season they came down to Pūpāmaṭha. At this time also, the Madras, the Ḍāmaras, the Pratīhāra, and other valiant soldiers joined one another and arrived at the frontiers

of the district of Sumanovāṭa. On the side of the Saida army, Saida Hossana with Saida Khāna and other brave warriors arrived that very morning. The swords of the warriors with their dark blades and points looked like serpents which had issued from the nether regions. A severe battle was then fought between the two armies, and the diminutive Madras, armed with sword and shield, were irresistable in the battle. The chief of the Madras, armed with a battle-axe, thus addressed the people of Kashmīra at the commencement of the battle.—"Warriors! Fight now with a glad heart, and do not turn back. If the relentless Saidas be victorious, they will destroy all of us; but if you win the victory, there is joy for you if you live, and if you die, you will obtain pleasures in heaven by your virtues." First of all, Pirvajakhāna came in front of the battle, he felt proud in joining the combat. Piruja the Pratīhāra went against him, even as Parashurāma went against Rāma. When the Madras saw that the Pratīhāra was not skilled in fight, they instantly sent soldiers to cut off the hoofs of his horse. The horse reared when its hoofs were cut, and the rider was disconcerted. He held up his spear, but the Gakkas struck him with vigour. His servants, the Shāhibhaṅgīyas, came with their swords, like black-bees with stings, and they pierced the Gakkas in their anger. When the people of Kashmīra saw the Pratīhāra fall in the field of battle, they were rejoiced, and exclaimed;—"we win the victory to-day!" The Shāhibhaṅgīya guards

were attacked by the Kashmirian soldiers and the Madras, and the guards behaved with their accustomed valour. The soldiers called out to one another saying "come," "stand here," "where do you go," "you are mine." The setting sun behind the Kashmirians shone on the points of their swords, as if to assure them of victory. Eager for fame, the warriors moved in the field of battle, each trying to go first; even like bees in a garden, eager for flowers. Soldiers showed the movements of their bodies by their various postures, even as actors do in a dance on the stage. Jyahāṅgira and others engaged themselves in the front of the battle with their guards, and died fighting like heroes. Arrows poured forth like rain from the cloud-like army whose arms flashed like lightning, and whose sound was like the sound of thunder. Bhākara distinguished himself by his valour; he stood in the front of the battle sword in hand; the sun shone on his face, and he made himself conspicuous among the Saidas. He rode a spirited horse, and by the movements of his body displayed the postures of a dance as on a stage. Though attacked by all, and wounded, it was not till after a long time that he fell from his mail clad horse. Possessed of valour, he cast his look on all around, killed two or three soldiers, and then lay on the bed of heroes, and his blood trickled on to his outer garment. Of what use are those worthless men who do not appreciate the valour of heroes determined to die in the field of battle? When Saida Hosana and

other chiefs and the Kashmírians who were on the side of the Saidas saw Bhākara and others killed, they left the battle and fled. The leader of the Kashmírian army then smote the followers of the Saidas, even as young birds are smitten on issuing from their nests, when the river-side tree is thrown down by storm. They fled with all their might, and neither swordsmen, nor horsemen, neither bowmen nor spearsmen could see them. The Kashmírians went on plundering and destroying, and even killed those who had taken shelter on trees; and in this way they entered the city.

The dead bodies lay naked on the road, like heaps of white grass, from Samudra maṭha to the east of the city. Some were drowned in the canal, and some were killed in the field of battle, while some were robbed and left naked, and they fled across the country in their terror. The earth was strewn with the severed limbs of warriors, and seemed like the kitchen of Death about to devour those remains. But none alas! gives up the love of his own person even after witnessing that men who had lived a luxurious life and had been like Indra in their enjoyments, and like kings in their wealth, now lay naked on the ground, emitting foul smell. "Rather" said Habbhebhamera "would I this day meet death in battle, leading to the enjoyment of heaven, than endure the shame of begging a living from my new masters;" and he went to battle riding a steady horse, and calmly met his glorious death.

Rājānaka Hassana, too, saw that his enemies were before him, and the men of his party were running away, but he still was intent on fighting, and never thought of flight. Seated on his horse, and accompanied by his followers, he maintained the combat for a time at Sthāma at the outskrits of the city, on the bank of the Māri canal, though his finger was cut off. At last he was killed by Serāngamera and others. His head, and his hand from which a finger had been severed, were taken by the soldiers and shown to the Māgesha and others, in the hope that the sight would please them. But the Mārgesha cried,—"what is the use of insulting the body of the dead, give it its last rites," and he caused the funeral rites to be performed. He who had for a long time been the chief among all the ministers of the palace, and had held high posts, and whose charity and greatness had been proportionate to his wealth, even he came in the end to a pitiable plight, like ordinary men. Fie to the lust of worldly pleasures which is never satiated with enjoyment! He had received injuries, but had he borne them quietly and remained in his house, all the ministers would have courted him. But longing for wealth, he again took the side of the Saidas; and not knowing what was in store for him in the future, he asked that the lordship of Kampana might be bestowed on him at some future time, and thus he became the object of laughter of the people. Or it may be that when death is near, one's

intellect is perverted. Those who are blinded by pride and have lost their judgment, insult the dead bodies of their enemies in battle. They soon come by a similar end, and people say, they deserve to descend to hell.

Fie to Haibhatakhāna, who, though he considered himself to be a warrior, withdrew himself from the battle, and went to Phakhuvā country in fear. He left his stately horse and wandered about the country in fear, unarmed and bereft of his servants, and he hid himself dressed like an ordinary person. But the soldiers of the Mārgapati were angry with him because he had killed Dāvoda Mārgesha, and they killed him inside a house, even as one kills a thief, and took away his head. The soldiers cut off his head, and in their anger they waved the head before the corpse of Dāvoda, even as a lamp is waved before an image of a god. This was the consequence of his flight. Had he gone that night to the camp of the Saidas his life would have been saved; but how can a sinful man keep his judgment clear? The servants of the Saidas had robbed the country and killed cows in the city, and it was for the sins of their servants, I think, that the Saidas came to such a plight. Though Haibhatakhāna was the son of a king's daughter, and was born in the family of warriors, it was through the sin his servants that his heart became devoid of courage. Thousands of Brāhmaṇas, Rajputs, Saidas, Kashmīrians, and others perished that day in battle. It was not

possible to take out the body of any particular man from amidst the heap of dead warriors and soldiers. Those who had been handsome and stout, and had lived in the enjoyment of prosperity and pleasures in the kingdom, now emitted a foul smell in the sun, and became the food of dogs and crows. There lay like the red flowers of the cotton tree, the dagger, the knife, the spear, the club, and the mace, all smeared in blood,—weapons which had once graced the soldiers in battle. The Mārgapat remembered that the Saidas had burnt Rudra vihāra, andi in his anger he caused Alāvapura to be set on fire. The fire issued from houses in dreadful flame, and with intolerable heat, and reduced the town to the condition of a burnt forest. The fire, which rose from the house of the illustrious Saida Hamādānakhāna, was like the flame of anger for the injury done to the king and to the subjects. When Bhākara and other chiefs had been killed, and the others had fled, their Chaṇḍāla servants began to plunder the city; and in the confusion which ensued, those who had been poor from their birth now became rich, and those who had always been rich became poor. Some searched dead bodies wherever they lay, and found valuable articles on them, and became happy even like the mendicants who rejoice in carrying skulls. Fights took place among those who robbed and stored the ill-gotten wealth in their houses, even like the fights of dogs for flesh and bone. What one man had first purloined was again robbed from him by another, and

that was once more robbed from him by a third ; and thus they behaved like fish. The current of victory which had flowed alternately in one direction and in another, now steadily flowed on one side only, and uprooted the trees [the Saidas]. The rich citizens, among whom were many Brāhmaṇas and merchants, who had been in enjoyment of ease before, were now robbed by the soldiers, and reduced to poverty. The houses of the citizens were consumed by fire, and their minds by constant misery, and many things were burnt down. Low and wicked men violated the virtuous daughters and wives of good families and defiled them. Kotis of wealth had been spent in rearing houses, in the hope that they would endure to the end of time, but they were burnt down and became dust and ashes. On the right side of the river the plunderers, emboldened by success, behaved like drunkards, some assailed the people, some yelled aloud, and some plundered property. Those who had not a vessel before to drink wine from, now brought, during the season of festivity, thousands of vessels filled with water from the city. Some were sorrowful for the death of friends, and some for the loss of their hoarded wealth ; some grieved over insults which they suffered, as they belonged to the defeated party, and others for lands taken away from them. Many such persons wandered about in grief, only one per cent of the population was happy. Two thousand men died, great and low, including those

who perished in battle or of their wounds, and those who died in their homes. Thus it happened that in the year 60, on the first day of the moon, in the month of Shrāvaṇa, many people died on account of this decisive victory. The first shoot of that tree of mutual enmity which gradually brought forth leaves and bore fruits on that day made its first appearance when the Saidas were murdered. The soldiers pillaged the citizens every day of their hoarded wealth, and all the inhabitants were robbed of the fruits of agriculture, and were reduced to misery. In that contest with the Saidas, a destructive fire arose on all sides at Pravarapura, in the houses, the gardens, and among the fruit trees.

In the meantime when Ālikhāna and other Saidas, who had been defeated by the Kashmīrians, heard of this disaster, they remained attended by only a few menial servants. Meyā Mahammada killed two or three persons in the city, but returned to his tent as there was no bridge. But when the Saidas heard that Bhākara and others had been killed, they killed two or three men, and determined to fight again, though they were in a state of alarm. Tājabhaṭṭa believed that the Māргesha would cross over from behind and kill them, and so he proposed to give him battle there where they were. This threw the Saidas into disorder. Meanwhile Rāvatra crossed over from the other side of the river, skilfully took the Saidas and sent them to their own homes.

The ministers held a council in the presence of the boy king, who was now freed from the Saidas, as the sun is freed from clouds; and the ministers were agreeable to the citizens, as the breezes are agreeable to men. The Saidas relied on sinful warriors and were attached to sin; they were violently against virtue and the caste system, and were bent on war; and they had held the kingdom by wicked measures, and did it harm. The Saidas were like the sons of Kuru who depended on Duryyadhana and were joined by Shalla, who were violently against Yudhishthira and were aided by Karṇa bent on fomenting quarrels, and who grieved Dhritarāshṭra by their evil acts. And like the sons of Kuru the Saidas did not win victory in battle. The ministers removed the king's new residence from Padmapura and repaired the burnt houses of the Khānas in Shrīnagara. The house of Bhābhasaida Ḥamādāma was erected on the bank of the river, and it seemed as if the unsullied virtues of the ministers towered in the form of that building. Then the ministers confiscated all that had belonged to the Saidas, and exiled Ālikhāna and other Saidas, with their families, from the kingdom. The ministers of Kashmīra were of one mind, and Parashurāma and others received honors, and returned to their country. The leading men among the Saidas had hoped that by bestowing the kingdom on a boy they would enjoy prosperity, and they had accordingly acted in further-

ance of their own interests. But now that they were destroyed, others obtained by force the posts of ministers which the Saidas had held so long. Fate is powerful in this world, not man.

Jvalāla Ṭhakkura took possession of Nāgrāma and the other possessions of Meyā Hassana; and his son took Lohara and others places. Srī Jyahāṅgira took Vāṅgila which had once been his own, and then he took Makhāya and other places. Saiphaḍāmara became master of Mākshāshrama and other places, and gave other villages to his brothers, befitting them. Jonarājānaka was in command of troops, and had become strong and independent, and did not rely on the help of any one else; and he made himself master of Parihāsapura. The powerful Ebhrāhima the Mārgapati took to himself the possessions of the Dvārapāla, and gave protection to the servants of the Saidas. The ministers, like the elements which compose all the substances of this world, created new things in government. One Ṭhakkura was of the party of the Mārgapati, and another Ḍāmara was of the party of the Rājānaka, they both became conspicuous like fire. The boy king, who was like a soul without action, was merely a witness to the administration which was conducted by the ministers. They divided the country among themselves as they liked, and made the king write the three letters of sanction on the documents. Oppressive towards others, disliked by the subjects, and sinful

through the actions of their servants, they felt themselves happy; they were bent on doing mischief, and they acted as they liked. Clever in holding their own party together and in defeating the purposes of their enemies, they were like debaters well versed in discussion. They were exempted from the payment of the king's taxes, and oppressed the country, even as the twelve suns oppress the world with their excessive heat at the end of a kalpa. By the plaintive barking of dogs, by the fire of meteors, and by frequent earthquakes, the trembling people understood that their calamities had again returned.

The king being a boy, his officers oppressed the people, even as diseases harass the body in the feebleness of old age. A prosperous king is soon ruined when his officers, his chief supporters, quarrel among themselves through jealousy, even as the body is destroyed by its disordered components. Men who were sharp like thorns, and adept in seeking flaws in others, became the favourites of the royal officers, even as prickly vegetables are liked by young elephants. Such intriguers moved among the officers, and by their deceit created disunion among them every day, and increased their enmity towards one another. They fabricated out of their own imagination, words, which were never uttered by any one, and such false words of their servants were pleasing to the officers even like poetry. Thus the pure minds of the ministers, which

had reflected one another like mirrors, were dimmed by the deceitful breath of their servants.

The other ministers were unable to brook the high position of the Mārgapati which had descended to him from his ancestors, even as Chakravāka is unable to bear the high position of the moon. The Mārgapati heard his attendants say that while he had fled through fear of the Saidas, his attendants had killed them; but nevertheless he had now become the principal personage in the king's court, and boastful. On hearing such remarks, the Mārgapati became indifferent to the affairs of the king through anger and disgust. Jonarājānaka had rendered himself an object of the peoples' curse for having plucked out the eyes of Vahrāmakhāna and on account of the supremacy which he exerted by the strength of arms. And this cruel man became among the ministers even as Rāhu is among the planets by his injustice in bestowing rewards and inflicting punishments. He plundered, unopposed, the villages in Chhundānaka and in other tracts, robbed the people and took possession of their lands, and made himself master of those places. During the time of the mutual disunion among the Saidas, he had robbed the people and obtained various articles from different places, and had filled the granaries of his house. This avaricious man forcibly took away the riches which the people had earned and saved by their own labour, as if they

were given to him by Brahmā. He was not satisfied with destroying men by bringing together his troops; but like the submarine fire, the fire of his oppression was not quenched by the collected waters of the rivers. When he oppressed men in town or in village either through jealousy, or without any cause whatever, no one could save the oppressed from his power. If any one undertook to protect the oppressed out of humanity, he was punished in the king's court by more powerful men than he. Other avaricious officers oppressed innocent men in their homes, even as diseases oppress the body. What evils do not speedily overtake the country where the king is a boy, and his old supporters are independent and jealous of one another and break down the administration of the kingdom?

Edarājānaka and Ṭhakkura Ahmada who had been sent to countries outside Kashmīra returned to the city on the plea of seeing the Mārgesha. But the Mārgesha had heard certain rumours from his spies about these ministers and had become alarmed; he did not go into the city, but went to his house in fear along with Saipha Ḍāmara, and passed the night in fear on account of the foreign soldiers that had been called in. When the soldiers of whom the Mārgesha was afraid reached his house, Ahmada Ṭhakkura killed Jonarājānaka in the morning by the advice of the Mārgesha. Who did not start in fear when he saw the dead body in the house

of the Mārgesha,—the blood issuing from the wound caused by the weapon and moistening the ground? Some people remarked that Jonarājānaka had bestowed his daughter on the Mārgesha and had come to his house under sworn assurance of safety. But nevertheless he was killed. Fie to the lust of enjoyment! Some again said that ministers perish by violence because they are unable to tolerate difference in opinions. Others said that Jonarājānaka with the Madra chiefs had killed the Saidas, and it was for that crime that he was killed by his enemies within a year. Vainly were guards employed! Not one of the thousands whom he maintained, could save his life at the time of his death. Enemies rob us of all objects in the same way in which we acquire them. Wealth wrongly obtained does not remain long in the house, and when fate becomes adverse, the officers of the king do not distinguish between virtue and vice, strength and weakness, between friend and foe, or between praise and blame. His son had once advised him to give up the post of commander of the army, as he could gain no advantage by means of foreign soldiers; but good fortune had left him, and he did not accept the advice. When destruction comes to a luckless man, he loses a proper regard for his son, and reposes confidence in his enemy. Thus, Jonarājānaka had always considered foreign soldiers as his countrymen, and had believed the heroic soldiers of this country to be

cowards and foes. That chief among heroes, Saipha Ḍāmara, had at one time been afraid of the prowess of Jonarājānaka, and had yielded up his arms. Even heroism fails at times. Jyallāla Ṭhakkura was shut up by his own door keepers within the court-yard of the palace. What means are left when fate becomes adverse? Even the sun in the sky undergoes changes day by day, becoming obscure sometimes and bright at other times. What stability then can there be in the strength of man who is subject to perplexities? Strange are the vicissitudes of his power! Masoda Ḍāmara and others, who had destroyed the bridge of boats, collected an army as before at Jāladragaḍa. Sāliya and other Ṭhakkuras were not attached to Shṛiṅgārasîpha; they went to him separately, but were thrown into prison. No man's prosperity is stable! Jerāka a bold servant of Shṛiṅgārasîpha robbed Ṭhakkura Āhlāda of his horses inside the city, and went to Rājāpurî. Thus the crime of Jonarājānaka's murder was aggravated by the imprisonment of his warriors, even as one's unbearable sufferings from a disease in the throat are aggravated if his foot is burnt.

By the time a man gets over one anxiety, fate creates another for him; when the moon has passed through its period of wane and arrives at fulness, eclipse comes in and destroys its beauty! When the Mārgesha had become free from anxiety and without

a rival, he heard of the arrival of the son of Ādamakhāna. I will narrate the account of this Khāna from his boyhood, how he arrived into the kingdom, and how he took it. When his father Shrī Jaina died, the helpless Ādamakhāna went to the Madra kingdom. While he was living there, his son was born on the Shivarātrī night at a moment which indicated his future royalty and wealth. When the boy's father perished in the battle with the Turuṣhkas, he was brought up in the house of his mother's father, even as the moon is reared in the sea of milk. In time, Tāttārakhāna gave him his protection; and subsequently he went of his own accord to the shrine of Jālandhara, and spent there a few years. When Jyahāṃgira the Māргesha was living outside Kashmīra out of fear of the Saidas, he asked the son of Ādamakhāna in an artful letter to accept his ancestral kingdom. When Tāttārakhāna died, his son gave protection for a time to the son of Ādamakhāna. The latter was courageous enough to undertake bold deeds; he deluded the Turuṣhkas, and came to Grahaṇa country with numerous retainers. On the other hand, messengers had been sent from Kashmīra by the Māгgesha, when Shṛiṅgārasiṃha, brought him to Rājapurī. The lord of Rājapurī bore ill will towards the Māгgesha, and with a view to secure a protector he caused Phatāhakhāna to be brought to him. Now owing to the murder of Jonarājānaka, the Ḍāmaras and Edharājānaka,

Ṭhakkura Daulata and others had departed from Kashmīra, and had been living at Rājapurī. They now took shelter under the Khāna, as the black-bees take shelter in a tree, and the Khāna obtained great reputation, even as the son of Vupyedeva had obtained before. Masodanāyaka had the charge of defending the road, and though he was related by marriage to the Māgesha, he went over to the side of the Khāna. The message of the arrival of the son of Ādamakhāna was to the poor villagers, oppressed by many masters, like salt sprinkled on a wound. The guilty, the debtors reduced to servitude, the thieves, the wicked, and the destitute were glad to hear the news about the Khāna. Who did not in village and in town leave his home and kindred and come to him, fixing his hope on his kingly fortune? The wealthy Khāṅa received many men who had come from the country, and obtained fame, and wished to rival the king. The people from all the kingdoms took shelter with him, discarding others, and they exclaimed that he was a worthy grandson of king Shri Jaina. When the thieves and others, who had remained concealed, heard of him, they jumped out in gladness as the fishes do in large tanks. But even as a tree is afflicted by insects so was the king afflicted by the thought that he had not a large army, that when one foe had been conquered there still existed another mighty antagonist, that the country was besieged by powerful enemies who had won over the servants and spies of

the state, that the state horse was unfit for work, and that the officers of the kingdom took no interest in the king's affairs.

Jyahāṅgira who had sent an artful letter to the son of Ādamakhāna was now glad of his approach, but when he found out the views of the Khāna he became anxious. Jyahāṅgira had accumulated great wealth in the country by destroying his enemies, and had wished to enjoy ease, but his ease was disturbed by the tumult that was now created. The people trembled at the news of the approach of the Khāna, who was daily coming nearer, even as trees in the woods tremble in the storm. The Khāna was bent on conquering the country, and his crafty and scheming councellors sent a messenger to the Mārgapati with the following letter :— "O Mārgapati! You have in your pride overcome the valour of all within Kashmīra, and are, like a god, enjoying fair fame. This Khāna O! Mārgapati is the chief of his dynasty whom you have invited by letter from the country of the Turushkas. Why are you neglecting him now? Why are you repenting of what you yourself have done? Others are enjoying the power of the state by placing a boy on the throne. Why should this person, whose conduct is worthy of his position and whose character is pure, be kept waiting outside the country? Or if you give him his father's share of the kingdom, then let him stay without and let the king remain within the realm. But what is

the use of saying many words if you are not going to acknowledge him? The sin of the death of the soldiers who fall in battle on both sides will be on you." When the Mārgapati had heard this letter which was shown to him by the messenger of the Khāna, he gave the messenger a letter in reply to the following effect:—"O! protectors of the kingdom and enjoyers of kingly fortune, doers of all beneficial acts! Consider what is said in the Purāṇa, that Kashmira is Pārvatī, and know that its king is born of a part of Shiva. Even if the king be wicked he should not be slighted by those who strive for good. Sovereignty is obtained in this country by religious penance, not by valour. Why else did Ādamakhāna and others of lenial descent fail to obtain it? Why did they speedily reap the punishment of their unworthy acts? The present king has come to the throne by inheritance, and how can the Khāna, who intends to usurp the king's power, be allowed during the life time of the king to enter the country in order to create a disturbance. This boy was coronated by others, and was not set up by me, but who can destroy him at present while I am near? The Khāna will be honored in every way, if he wishes to follow our views; the rising sun receives due honor when he follows the Dawn. Fortune obtained by ingratitude does not last long for the enjoyment of men. The pleasure derived by eating bad food causes illness. What more should be said, the way

by which the king has been released from the hands of the Saidas, will be open to him again, for coming out of the hand of the Khāna. This is the will of fate."

Jyahāngira despatched this letter. He was angry with Masoda on account of his leaning towards the Khāna, and took away from him the post of warder of the road. He entrusted the duty of defending the road to Vahrāmanāyaka and others, and sent Shṛiṅgāra-rājānaka and others without delay to Sthāma. The troublesome Masodanāyaka was enraged at being deprived of his charge of the road, and he arrived at Sūrapura following the Khāna. Masoda's followers, the Khashas, and the Ḍombas, who had been deserted by him, created a tumult in the Maḍava country at every step. On the other hand the king's army harassed the army of the Khāna, and the two armies looked like the two rows of teeth of all devouring Death. The tumult created by the Khāna was greater than that caused by the Saidas; it was like a painful disease of the throat, aggravated by the burning of the foot. Travellers were attacked by robbers, the weak were destroyed by the strong, and the country was reduced to a miserable plight, as if it had no king. The inhabitants of that part of the country left their houses in fear, taking with them their kine and wealth, and went to Dakshiṇapāra and other villages. The two armies then entered the kingdom of Kṣheri which with its woodlands was deserted by the inhabitants, and

was devastated by the two armies as by a great fire. On one occasion, Jeraka and others came to know through their spies that the soldiers of the king were asleep, and they attacked their camp. The king's soldiers did not keep themselves awake, nor employed spies, nor had learnt to wield their weapons, they fled like beasts in fear from the camp. Some relatives of the commander of the king's army were alienated from the king's cause by the enemy. They left the king's army, took shelter with the enemy, and rebelled against the king. When differences arise among the strong and powerful in Kashmîra and the government is paralysed, then the Khashas who live beyond Kashmîra begin to rejoice; the people suffer from plunder and conflagration, thieves accumulate wealth, the enemy seeks for riches, and the soldiers, heroic and enduring, desert their cause. When the commander of the army saw those people rebel, and found that the zeal of his troops had relaxed, he was struck with fear and fled from the army; but he was killed by soldiers who came up from behind. The Khāna was glad of this first victory by which he obtained everything. It was by the advice of Subhāgasiha that the Khāna had come unopposed from the Turushka country, but Subhāgasiha was killed by some unknown person as he was going away from before the presence of the Khāna.

Now the Khāna, happy and exulting in his victory, encamped at a place called Mallashilā and collected his

army with a view to subjugate his enemy. At Karāla his soldiers destroyed the powerful soldiers of the king, and robbed and killed the helpless inhabitants. At this time, the Mārgapati took the boy king with him and went out of the city accompanied with troops, in order to overcome the enemy. During the disturbance caused by the Saidas, the people had been frequently plundered of their property; and they were therefore now filled with alarm, and they sent away their women from the city to villages. The city was without a king, and its wealth had been taken away from it, and it did not look imposing; it was like a beautiful woman who had been robbed. The Mārgapati encamped in a garden at Gusikoḍḍāra, and his troops cried out against the insolence of the foreign soldiers. But when he heard that the Khāna was at Kalyāṇapura, he left the king at Gusikoḍḍāra, divided his army into three divisions, and came out for battle. When he arrived at the extreme boundary of the village of Drābha in Sakhānamaruga, he found himself in the neighbourhood of the Khāna, and he remained there in great anxiety. Vaidūryyabhaṭṭa, whose power was irresistible at Chakravāṭa and other places in Kramarājya, stationed himself on the mountain road on the west. The sons of Gakkarāja and others, with Pirvaja the Pratīhāra, came forward and maneuvered as on a chess board. On one side the sons of Masodanāyaka, accompanied by the Kashmīrian and the foreign soldiers, came out of

their ranks in order to fight. The soldiers, armed with sword and shield, approached with shouts, and moved in array, as the swans do across the sky. Ahlāda Ṭhakkura's phalanx engaged them as they advanced to the front, but his troops were defeated. Armed men shouted like thunder, and their arms flashed like lightning, and they came out with shields for battle. The field of battle was uneven and muddy, and the roads leading to it were difficult to traverse, but the soldiers came to it as if it were their own home. When the army of Ahlāda Ṭhakkura saw the foreign troops, and the waving of their shields, they lost heart, and like sparrows fled afar. Ahlāda Ṭhakkura could not stay the broken and the fleeing army, which was like a river that had broken its embankment. Some of them ran crying 'I will flee,' 'I will flee', and died of the wounds they received; and thus they paid with their life the wages they had received. Their bodies were besmeared with blood, and lay on the field of the sāli crop, and looked like beasts that had been sacrificed on fields during some religious ceremony. The army of the Khāna which came from the south-west and broke the king's force, even as the wind breaks the trees, was like a tempest that destroyed men. Some Kashmirians perished by the flame like arms of the foreign soldiers, as if they sacrificed their persons in fire. What is the use of mentioning the names of those who fled to save themselves, when they saw the array of troops reduced

to the condition of a herd of animals by fear? The owners of estates, who had figured in the royal court, were now struck with fear such as they had never felt before, even like men who had never used arms. Only * * * * obtained praise by dying like a hero. Three or four of his followers who wished to go to heaven fell in battle and went there before him. The great army of the Khāna having routed the survivors returned, and appeared before the Mārgapati mistaking him to be of their own party. Hassana Mīra and other heroes who were determined to conquer sought Masodakhāna and were recognised by the soldiers of the Mārgapati. Nauruja and others, the five attendants of his wife's brother, together with Gaurabhaṭṭa, were killed in the presence of the Mārgapati.

Fate, that had been long adverse to the Kashmīrian army, now became favourable to it, owing to the prowess of the king or to the commendable firmness of the Mārgesha in this battle. He remained fixed with his troops like a strong and immovable column of victory. Had he retreated but one step from the place, nothing of this Kashmīrian army would have remained. As the skill of a physician is observed in a serious disease, even so the skill of Shrī Jyahāngira was observed in bringing to order the disordered state. In battle, the goddess of victory comes pleased to him who in the hour of danger possesses indestructible energy, genius, skill in devising

* There is a blank here in the text.

plans, and fearlessness. He circulated the false rumour that the Khāna had fallen into his hands, and thus by an artifice he brought back those who had fled from the battle. The soldiers returned to the battle field with shouts in the presence of the Māṛgesha, and joined their party; even as in spring, the black-bees come to a garden, humming, on their beautiful wings. Gakka and others, flushed with victory, killed many men, and plundered the camp of the Khāna of articles left there by the Khāna after what he had taken away. Evarāhima Māṛgesha was in the front of the battle with his attendants; he threatened Masodanāyaka and others and caused them to retreat. Shṛingārasiha and others saw the formidable army and fled without delay from Meḍāvana and reached their own country. All the soldiers of Rājapurī were surrounded by the Kashmirian troops, but Gakka, like Gaṇesha, gave them assurance, and protected them in the battle. The foreigners left all the amunitions of war behind, and fled, pursued by the Kashmirian soldiers. They were plundered by the Khashas and the Ḍombas who hung on their rear and greatly harassed them. Some of them lived by eating the leaves of trees in the wood, and they gave back all that they had extorted from the villagers, as if the things had been only deposited with them. Hundreds of foreigners and Kashmirians died, some oppressed with cold and fever, some faint with hunger. Fate is beyond our comprehension; and though it is not

really the cause, yet it is considered the strange cause of events. It casts down, all of a sudden, some person in high position, and prospers some who should be cast down, even as the wind does with the trees. The Khāna's intention was good, and if his soldiers had been like him, what results might not have ensued? For victory follows virtue.

Thus in the year 61, in the month Shrāvaṇa, when Phataha Khāna arrived in Kashmîra, many natives of the country and foreigners perished, as in the preceding year, by the meeting of the two armies near Kalyāṇapura. Astrologers found three reasons for this destruction of men in the country, the presence of Saturn in the seventeenth mansion of the moon, the conjunction Saturn with Jupiter, and the year being presided over by Mars. In the reign of king Shrî Jaina, the subjects were devoted to the study of the six schools of philosophy and were attached to their own religion, they were fearless and did not suffer from the six calamities.* But the customs of the country were injuriously affected by the base acts of the subjects when that king went to heaven, and so the destruction of men came to pass. This is my opinion. Some merchants, for instance, discarding the custom which befits Hindus, killed a cow within the city and ate its meat. Sons are now fond of the

* They are excess of rain, drought, destruction of crop by rats, locusts, and birds, and the approach of a foreign king.

Mausulas, and are ashamed to follow the shāstra which was followed by their fathers and grand fathers. Men of the four castes had graced the kingdom in former days, but latterly the people had gradually adopted blameable practices, and the ceremonies prescribed for special days in the Purāṇas came to be forgotten year by year. Why should not the people whose custom is bad suffer calamities?

The Mārgesha heard a false rumour that the king had been attacked by the enemy, and he became anxious. He placed Tājabhaṭṭa and others in his post, and went to his own tent. If he had pursued the fleeing and powerless soldiers of the Khāna, not one of the retreating army would have survived. But the Mārgesha was unacquainted with the road, and all his men had accepted payment from both sides, and intending to promote their own interest in this world and wishing misery of their relatives, they induced the Mārgesha to retire from the battle, and they themselves dispersed. The victorious Jyahāngira then took the king and the army with him, and elated with victory went to Jyamālamaruga. Tājabhaṭṭa thought that the people who had been left behind by the Mārgesha had joined the Khāna, and he set fire to the villages of Mangalyanādaga. The smoke which arose from the flames of the burning houses covered the sky and looked like clouds in the rainy season streaked by lightnings. Conflagration and robbery were now witnessed in

Kashmíra, such as the people of this country had inflicted on other countries, when they had made foreign conquests. Kashmirian invaders in foreign lands had seen the poor and the naked, as well as helpless new born babes, but had not supplied them with clothes. And when the poor of those lands saw their silver and baser metals, their kine and beasts taken away by the Kashmírians, they filled all sides with sighs and lamentations and exclaimed that as the Kashmirians had robbed them of every thing without any provocation, so they too would, in their turn, be similarly robbed by their enemies. When Phatāhashāha obtained the kingdom, the great sin bore fruit in the sufferings of three persons at the time of their death.

As commotions rose in the country the Māргesha returned to his place, listening, as he passed, to these and other animadversions. It was owing to the sins of the people that he refused to conclude a peace. He reached the city, accompanied by the king, and began to celebrate a festival on account of his victory; and he punished the partisans of the Khāna, both high and low. But he did not oppress the relations of those who had gone over to the side of the Khāna, as a disease oppresses the body. Auspicious Fate sometimes bestows happiness which is enjoyed by all, and sometimes, in its displeasure, it afflicts people with the six calamities.*

* See foot note at page 319.

Curious alas ! is the course of Fate in this world, like the course of a planet, it brings on good as well as evil on the people.

For a time the Khāna was struck with panic and was without any help, and he remained useless like a cloud in the season of drought. At this time he was at Bhairavagala, and he received some accession of strength from the Nāyaka, so that he again thought of entering Kashmíra. After two months, he marched towards that country, and arrived there supported by excellent soldiers. When he had reached Shūrapura, Jyahāngira issued out of the city without delay accompanied by the king ; he had numerous troops under him, and much wealth. As before, he remained at Sagusikā, but he heard that the son of Gakkarāja had fled. When the Mārgesha was about to mount his horse, the animal took fright. The Mārgesha understood omens, but had become impatient in his anger, and would not wait for a moment. The son of Gakkarāja had accepted a large sum of money from him, and if he fled, who else would stay with him ? This thought made the Mārgesha anxious, and he returned. He again issued out of his camp in an auspicious moment, and thought of creating a division in the army of the Khāna. In the meantime Jeraka and other great chiefs came from Shūrapura and entered the city at night and liberated those who were in prison. Thus Saiphaḍāmara and others issued from the prison, as from the door of death, and came to Vijayeshvara. On a pre-

vious occasion, when in prison, Saiphaḍāmara had dreamt that some one had severed his two legs by a weapon at night. To keep a great chief, the head of a strong party, in confinement, is like covering a fire with a cloth. And so it happened. Why was he brought from the fort of Jayāpīḍapura and kept imprisoned in the city? This imprisonment of Saiphaḍāmara caused harm to the Mārgapati.

Ebhrāhima the Mārgesha came up from the rear and killed Shaṃṣhanāyaka and many other people. Ṭhakkura Ahmada, Jeraka, the Pratīhāra Anvaya, and others had marched over sixty kroshas, and displayed acts of courage. Some people suffer in times of danger, only to achieve a royal station, even as the gold is melted in fire and beaten by a hammer, in order that it may be formed into a diadem which adorns the head of a king. Set free from the bondage of a prison, like a bird from a cage, the Ḍāmara thought as if he was born again. Once before when he had been imprisoned along with Hodara in the fort of Jayapura, he had scaled the walls of the prison by means of a rope, and had come out alone. But he was captured again when asleep, and was kept in the prison of the capital, and his friends felt certain that he would be killed within two or three days. From such a danger he was now set free. In time he came to the Khāna and remained with the ministers as was expected. Such was Saiphaḍāmara, and he obtained the fame due to a great man. Had

not Rāma been decoyed out of his dwelling into the forest by Rāvaṇa, and had not Vāli aroused the anger of Sugrīva, how could Rāma have won his victories, marching to Laṅkā and destroying his enemies? Fate ordains both pleasure and pain for the good of man. The Khāna had aspired after the kingdom but was driven from the country; but now he obtained the support of great warriors on his side, and became addicted to pleasures. The Mārgapati was angry with Saiphaḍāmara, but he came to be ruined and was deprived of his post. How could the Khāna have entered Kashmīra and obtained it, if he and the Ḍāmara had not mutually, and of their own accord, come to each other's help. It is by the help of many chiefs that the king obtains glory, and the chiefs obtain it by depending on the king; their union is indispensible, and looks graceful like the golden ornaments on a young woman. The court of the Khāna was adorned by the fortunate leaders who joined him, even as the person of a woman is adorned by necklaces of pearls.

The Mārgapati became alarmed by the union of the Khāna with the leaders, and he sent Khāna Shikhavāhārddha Mukha who was desirous of establishing peace. Edha Rājānaka, Riga Ḍāmara, and Keshavabudha brought the king of Rājapurī to the king of Kashmīra with a view to establish peace. At this time the Mārgapati gave wealth and assurances of safety to

Shṛiṅgārasīha, and alienated him from Gadāyarāvatra Mukha. The king of Rājapurī took with him the son of the Mārgapati, and desiring to establish peace, prevented the calamity of a battle between the two armies. Others at this time resolved to get hold of the son of the Mārgesha, to whom the king of Rājapurī had not paid any special attention, and the ministers became alarmed. When fate becomes adverse to the king and his subjects, the distress that befals their party cannot be removed even by a hundred remedies. When one is oppressed by mental anxiety, how can then the disease which has got a firm hold on him be removed by the skill of physicians? The partisans of the Khāna alienated the king of Rājapurī from the party of the Mārgapati, and when that king left the side of the Mārgapati, a tumult arose which alarmed both the armies. Gakka, Shṛiṅgārasīha, and others were alarmed and went to Rājapurī; and the Khāna with his army was struck with fear, and retired as before, without effecting anything. Jerāka, Mera, and others, who, owing to their love for Jyallāla Ṭhakkura, had resolved to remain neutral, went to the Mārgesha. The confusion which thus arose made the army of the Khāna tremble; and it broke up into thousand parts, even like a river whose embankment is destroyed.

When the Mārgapati heard of this, he pursued the Khāna, and arrived with his army at Sūrapura. But his anxiety became great, when he learnt from his spies that

disorder had broken out at Kramarājya, and that some troops had arrived at Shāhibhaṅga. Leaving the king, he went to Svayyapura, and there, by an artifice, he threw Naurujakhāna into prison. This was a wise measure, as Nauruja had intended to plunder Shrinagara on that very day with the help of wicked men, and it was owing to the virtues of the citizens that his cruel intention was not fulfilled. He had expected the arrival of the Mārgapati from Kramarājya, and he set fire to much property, and reduced it to ashes in his anger. Wealth which is obtained day by day by wicked means and is not given in charity, which is hoarded in pits, and only causes sorrow to the miser, finds its way at last either to the king or to fire, to enemy or to robbers. Jyahāṅgira arrived in the city with Nauruja, and graced it by his triumph over him. Though the Saidas had been exiled from the country, and though they had killed his son, yet Jyahāṅgira wrote to them and brought them back because they were worthy men.

In the meantime the Khāna stationed himself in his exalted position of strength at Janmavāṭa, and distressed the Khashas even as the lion distresses the deer; and as he had harassed the twenty-seven districts of Kashmīra in his prowess, so did he now harass Sindhurī. His army was strong in good soldiers, and was joined by the Malha chiefs, and he plundered the country of the Madras, and alarmed the Turuṣhkas. He conquered the country of the Madras, and gave it to the king of

Rājapurī. Having thus secured a victory, and joined by the king of Rājapurī, he arrived in the house of Masodanāyaka in the month of Chaitra. The Nāyaka received the Khāna in his house as if he were a god ; and owing to the Khāna's virtues, the Nāyaka's devotion to him was never shaken. The sea may over leap its shores, the sun may rise in the west, but a Kṣhattriya never swerves from his duty towards one who asks his protection. The Khāna had now collected an army and was joined by the Chhayilla soldiers, and, with a view to overcome his enemies, he stationed himself on the top of a hill. The soldiers were like diseases, and destroyed everything in the houses, and the people remained in them with difficulty, even as life remains in a body prostrated by illness. Jerāka, who was in prison with his back fastened to a door, was killed by the Mārgapati out of fear, within the city. When the officers of the king heard of this they all became displeased and spoke ill of the Mārgesha, for the Mārgesha had violated the assurance of safety he had given to Jerāka. In the month of Jyaiṣhṭha the cruel Mārgesha heard the evil news, and being distressed, remained at Mallashila with the king. As the draṅga road was blocked, those who had received pay from both parties despaired of reaching the two armies. At that time, the people of this country had to eat their food without salt, and who did not hear of this ludicrous Mārgesha curry ? It was with difficulty then that the people in the city bought one and a half pala of rock-salt for twenty-five dīnāras.

In the year 62 the Mārgapati heard that the Khāna was anxious to come into Kashmīra, and he adopted a wicked policy. He appointed Eskandharakhāna, son of the daughter of Hājyakhāna, to the post of the lord of Kampana, and sent him to Sthāma; and in order to protect himself, he gave the possessions of Masodanāyaka to Yashsharājānaka, and sent him out with an army. When the snow decreased, and with it the happiness of the country decreased also, the Khāna came with his army from Rājapurī. When the Māgesha heard that the Khāna had come within Bhairavagala, he went to Sūrapura with the king, with the view to obstruct the Khāna's way. Now the Khāna who was in a high pass was obstructed from entering the country, even as Rāhu is prevented for fear of the chakra from coming in contact with its lifeless trunk. So the Khāna went by the Pashupādiṣhṭa road as in the previous year, and after surmounting a hill issued by the Kāchagala in the month of Shrāvaṇa. But the soldiers of Tājabhaṭṭa and others came like a storm and agitated the sea like army of the Khāna in the field of Gusikoḍḍāra. The Khāna and his army spread alarm on all sides by the din of the sounding kettle-drums, and agitated the city with panic. The Mārgapati was astonished when he heard of this, and was struck as if the Khāna had come on his wings, and he hastened with his army and the king to offer him battle. The Ḍāmara named Yāga, of high rank, was like the immortal Garuḍa in valour

and beauty; and in the engagement which ensued he graced the field like the fiery Shiva. In that battle, some of the Saida warriors fought against the powerful soldiers; they did not retreat, but died on the field, and obtained the pleasure of the company of celestial females. Many fell into chasms, many died of wounds, and heaps of dead bodies lay on the field. Neither in the struggles with the Saidas, nor in the first engagement with the Khāna, did so many soldiers perish as in this battle of Gusikoḍḍāra. The proprietors of lands, although high in their position, remained passive witnesses to the battle, and did not display the heroism befitting their rank. The dead bodies of persons killed in the battle or when fleeing, or of those who died of wounds, lay here and there, like the young ones of birds scattered by the fall of a tree. Those who had injured others before in village or in town, were now harassed by stronger men. Masodanāyaka was killed by a discharge of arrows and the career of his horse was arrested at the same time. Who can escape what must happen? The Māргesha sent his people to fight, but he himself retired to a distant place for safety. Shrī Saiphaḍārmara however was there attended by powerful warriors. Shrī Saiphaḍāmara, who was attended by his soldiers, was rejoiced that the very man who should be sought for had come there of himself, and he struck the Mārgapati on the head. Ala, Shira, and Haidharā, like cruel planets, struck him on the face, arm, and forehead,

and made him insensible; and the Ḍāmara took away the Māargapati's gold coloured auspicious and indestructible necklace, as if it were the goddess of victory. The Māargapati lay there, neglected by his own men, but a horse of noble breed, fleeing from the battle, saved him, and his mind was comforted.

When all the ministers direct the helm at the same time, and lean on the same side of the vessel of state, Royal Fortune sinks like a boat though supported on all sides by arms. When the foreign soldiers mutinied at the beginning of the war, Katthavāḍa and others led the Khāna out of the country in the same manner in which he had come. Saiphaḍāmara, skilful in battle, was then disheartened by the false rumour that the Khāna had been captured in battle by the king's soldiers, and he turned away from the engagement. He went away by the Sūrapura road, taking with him good horses and other things, but he afterwards joined the Khāna. Then for the third time the Khāna entered the country; and after having killed many men, he issued out of Maṇḍala and arrived at Parṇotsa. The Māargesha thought that the time was frought with calamities, and that all were inclined to rebel. He considered that the king was but a young child, the ministers had become insubordinate, his own men were unruly and were wishing to go over to the side of the Khāna, the citizens bore no affection to him, and there was no money in the palace;

and he himself was an old man, without any life in him and bereft of all strength. He was moreover oppressed with the pain caused by his wounds, and he spent two months in his own house. Let that man go to the sea who desires to acquire valuable jewels and pearls and corals, and can, at the same time, cast away fear, and can overcome the frightful monsters of the deep by his strength.

In the meantime the Khāna came down from the Chaṭikāshāra hill, strengthened by the soldiers who went from Kashmīra. He arrived into the interior of the country, and the hills clad themselves, as in gladness, in the white garment of snow that fell that day. The Mārgesha was alarmed at this news, and saw the villagers fleeing, he left Vāṅgila with his army and came to fight. The Khāna then came to Bahurūpa with a few followers, and joined by the Ḍāmaras, arrived in the field of Dāmodaroḍḍāra. The powerful Mārgapati accompanied by the king, came like a gale from behind, and stationed his troops in the neighbourhood of Sātadaivata. But Saiphaḍāmara, who was there with his army preparing for battle, arose like Viṣhṇu and routed the army of the Mārgapati at the close of night. It is strange that by his three expeditions, the Khāna, though weak in army, accomplished, through the help of fate, what was not accomplished by Haidarashāha. What else need be said? The Khāna, though he had a small force, killed,

routed, and destroyed the troops of Kashmíra, as a lion destroys herds of elephants. The Mārgapati retired within the city, fearing mischief from Saṃphaḍāmara as before, and perceiving that he had lost the regard of others. The bridge was destroyed, as during the previous civil war of the Saidas, and the citizens on both banks of the river were harassed, as if they belonged to two separate kingdoms. Pûrvaja the Pratihāra and others came from Maḍavarājya, and they left the side of the king and went over to that of the Khāna.

The Mārgapati found that his army was weakened by mutual dissensions and was at a loss to know what should be done; and like the Saidas he spent two or three nights in the temple of Skanda. At one time he had made Meyā Mahammada head of all the army, and had joined with Nosarājānaka and risen against his master. What could he not have accomplished had his body been as strong as his mind, and had he not pursued only his own interest. But he sought his own interest, and slighted his nephew the king, and rose against him, and these acts became the cause of his destruction. His army fled, he was humbled and afraid, and he sought shelter with his benefactor Jyallala Ṭhakkura who was living at Kharvvāshrama. He was reduced to that state to which his opponents had been reduced by his orders. Fie to the uncertainty of prosperity derived from royal power! As the king Bahrāina had, under the influence of the seven planets,

worn costly and various tinted robes and ornaments seven times, and had then met death like an ordinary mortal, even so it happened with the M rgapati. Fie to Fortune! He arrived at the cavern of a saint, and forgot his king and his former prosperity and his attendants. His brother had taken away the king's wife, and for that sin he became unable to escape, and got into a boat with his wife. The soldiers of the Mārgapati were humbled, they spent their days in the caves of mountains, their complexion turned pale, and their hearts were damped by the rain which fell to their misfortune. Their powerful and unrelenting enemies pursued them; they were robbed of their clothes, dragged, and forcibly thrown into prison, and confined like beasts. The wicked enemies, the Khashas, shouted, and plundered the country, and men and women left all their property behind, and went about without clothes in fear of them. The weak people were killed on the road by the Khashas who remembered the injury they had received from the Kashmīrians. The disorder which then prevailed in the kingdom was like that at the end of a kalpa; it was terrible. The condition in the city was miserable; the rich were robbed of everything, the poor became rich, and the rich became poor. The trees which had once been decked with leaves and flowers and fruits, were now withered in winter; the rivers which had once flowed in waves were now dried up; and the kokilas which had sung

before now became mute. What does not come to pass with the reverse of fortune? When the king's party was destroyed, the beautiful women who were dear to the king, lived only in name!

Thus the king Mahmadashāha sat on the throne for two years and seven months, and he was dethroned in the year 62, in the month of Āshvina. He was then brought from Vimshaprastha, and given up to the enemies by Phiryapāla. The Ḍāmara chiefs who had assembled in the yard of the palace and in the residence of the king gave Mahmadashāha a few attendants and a maintenance allowance, and kept him under their protection. He had hitherto lived under difficulties; and as long as he was a king, he had never enjoyed the ease which he now felt through the favour of the king's ministers.

The city had been plundered during the slaughter at the time of the civil war of the Saidas, but now, when a new king assumed the royal power, the Khashas robbed thrice as much, but they did not burn it down. Some principal merchants were deprived of the millions they had accumulated; they saved their lives, but lived by covering their bodies with grass. The foreigners bribed the ministers, and the ministers allowed them three days to plunder the city. The foreigners plundered in the same way as the Kashmīrians had plundered foreign countries when they had marched against those countries. What does not time bring forth? The industrious

female bee extends the hive by working with her feet ; but others come and raise a smoke, deprive her of the hive, and enjoy its sweets. For six months the followers of the Khāna enjoyed at ease what others had saved in their houses with great care. None however plundered the wealth which was hid in the grass and besmeared with blood, mistaking it for the rags of a lying in room left in a dirty place. Listen to the truth which we tell you, O ye rich ! Make proper use, by gifts and enjoyment, of the wealth which you have hoarded in your houses depriving others of it. Otherwise, riches are of no value during this period of revolution in the kingdom. Some people scattered broken pots and boxes round their houses, pretending that they had been plundered, and thus deceived the Khashas. Some citizens saved their wealth by emptying their houses, and filling grave-yards beyond the water with their goods. Holes were dug and heaps of riches were thrown into them, and the earth every where became vasundharā (holder of wealth) in reality as its name implies. The people of Rājānavāṭika threw missiles and stones with a view to obstruct the road and did many rash acts. The revolution was to the royal officers what the sound of drum is to the serpent ; it was to the old and persecuted servants of the king what the winter is to the lotuses ; it was to the king's dominion what the thick smoke is to the hive ; and it was to the new court of the king what the spring is

to the trees of the garden. It was owing to a change in manners and customs, or to the unjust acquisition of wealth, or to the oppression of the good, or to the admixture among men of the higher castes, or to the weakness of the boy king, or to the enmity of the ministers, that this calamity befell the people of the kingdom, even like the one in the reign of king Sussala. Let Saipha Mallika, the chief of the Ḍāmaras, the meritorious leader among the ministers, the one without a rival, be victorious! He had before, during the war of the Saidas, liberated in battle those who had been captured; he attained prosperity according to the ways approved by saints; he conquered the enemies and destroyed them and obtained fame; and he gave an extensive kingdom to king Phatiha.

Here ends the fourth book named the acquisition of the kingdom by Phatihashāha of Srī Jainarājataraṅgiṇī composed by Paṇḍita Shrivara.

This is the end of Shrīvara's Rājataraṅgiṇī.

FOURTH SERIES.

I bow to the Great Being, Mahādeva, who assumes the form of the movable and of the immovable, on whose crown rests the moon, and whose purpose is pure. Let that form, half of Hara and half of Gourī, protect you. At the sight of this form, the king of the serpents twined himself round the bracelet of Gourī, out of excess of devotion. I bow to the sun-like guru, the light of whose favour dispelled the thick darkness of ignorance, even of Shuka,* and expanded the lotus like heart of Buddhyāshraya.†

A good poet should bow to the truthful words of persons skilled in discussion and deliberation, to the shlokas graced with good rhythm, thick with alliterations, and beneficial, and conveying various meanings and full of sweetness and thought. It is by the beauty of such sentences that a king's fame is brightened on all sides. When the energetic Shrī Jonarāja and the learned Shrivara saw the Rājataraṅgiṇī written by the Brāhmaṇa, Shrī Kahlaṇa, they, in order to immortalise themselves, composed two beautiful books of kings, bringing the account down to the year 62. Then the poet Shrī Prājyabhaṭṭa, adorned with every good

* The name of the author.

† The name of the author's father.

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quality and fortunate in having bathed at the shrine of Bhagavatī on the Ganges, composed his Rājāvalipatākā in the reign of king Phatiha, giving an account down to the year 89. Then the poet did not write the accounts of kings, owing to the tumults in the kingdom and on account of the fear of the wicked and the avaricious, even as swans do not feed on the moss in the Mānasa lake for fear of the fowlers. I, Shuka, son of Buddhyāshraya, am giving an account of kings in this book form that date. I heard of the admirable deeds of fame of past kings who enjoyed great prosperity; and I write this book not because I felt a desire to become a poet, but to lighten my mind of the mass of accounts of by-gone kings of great prosperity about which I had heard. What a difference there is between the description of former poets and of my own, I who am of little sense! How can a fragment of brass be taken for gold simply because of its colour? My account of kings is like a desert, but let good men hear and understand my words, and favour me by showering amṛita in that desert.

King Phatāha was like a sprout of the dynasty of the great king Jainashāha, and he became the ruler of the country of Kashmira. The subjects were happy in every way during the time that he ruled; they were given to pious acts, and were graced with the virtues of kindness and simplicity. The king was not addicted to evil habits regarding woman, dice, or wine; and his

chief minister was Somarājānaka, born of the Lunar dynasty. The other chief minister was the Mārgesha Ebhrāhema. He was pious and intelligent, and was bent on doing good deeds, and was born in the family which had produced men who attained greatness from the time of Saropala. The third minister was the Pratihāra Hājyameya of great worth, but he died by the will of the gods, and the king gave his son Malleka Jyaṅgira his ancestral villages and estates, and the usual respects due to him.

Surely the Brāhmaṇas at this time did not do the duties of their castes, and Somachandra was the person to induce them to disregard the performance of their duties. Merashesha, the pupil of Shāhkāsima, was born in the country of Irāka; he knew all the sciences, and became Somachandra's guru without giving him religious instructions. According to Merashesha's advice, Somachandra arrested men belonging to temples, confiscated lands of the Brāhmaṇas and gave them to Merashesha's servants, and thus pleased him. Supha and other followers of Merashesha cut down lofty trees on the pretence that they were required for burning incense, but really for the object of obtaining fuel. The gods then deserted their images, for otherwise how could men plunder their temples? All men became alike through the influence of Kali, be they of good or of evil habits, be they the learned or the Bhuṭṭas, or the actors, or the wicked! Now

Abdālaka and the other sons of the Māregesha were unable to bear the honour and the fame which the son of Somachandra attained, and the sight of the gifts which he gave away. They intrigued against him and alienated Hosarājña from the Pratihāra, slighted their father who was related by marriage to Somachandra, and broke down the bridge of Shrī Jainalābhadena which had towered high as if it were the accumulation of the virtue of that king. This bridge for crossing the river was named Jainakadala; it had stood over the Vitastā for a long time adorning it, and a vast amount of Rājāna Somachandra's riches was spent upon it. It was now burnt at night, together with the houses at Mallekapura near Vailāḍhya maṭha, in order to overpower the enemies. The town and the kadala presented the appearance of a forest that was burnt; and the wicked men in their plunder did not spare even people's bathing suits. The heat of the fire lasted for a short time, and so did Somachandra's life. He collected his army and stayed at Jāladraṃgaḍa. Only one per cent of the Brāhmaṇa inhabitants had Brāhmaṇa spirit in them; and one such Brāhmaṇa chastised the Rājāna even as one chastises an enemy. Rājāna Somachandra gave up his person as an offering to the fire of the king's wrath and to the flame of the burning town. The king gave him a passport to go out of the country within a few days, and he was on the way destroyed by the curses of the Brāhmaṇas, even as the moon is

devoured by Rāhu. Malekāla and others, Somachandra's sons, fled in fear from the strife, and the minister Māŗgesha Ebhrāhima performed the last rites of Somachandra, by the orders of the king, and thus pleased his own men as well as his enemies. The illustrious Māŗgesha gave the extensive estate of Siddhādesha to his eldest son Maleka Piruja, and to Abdālaka he gave the authority over the arsenal, and he divided the other estates and gave them to his other sons Malleka Luhara and others. This intriguing Māŗgesha also gave estates to Hosa Rājāna, Jyaṅgera the Pratihāra, and to the Ḍāmaras who dwelt outside the kingdom.

When the minister Somachandra died and his power became extinct, the indomitable Shirgabhaṭris and the Vyaḍāyis became free from all restraint and began to prowl about. Man holds half of a rope in order to cross a river, but adverse fate breaks his rope. It was to destroy Somachandra that these Ḍāmaras, who had been living outside the country, were brought in by the king's orders; and they now rose against the Māŗgesha. The Ḍāmaras, the Pratihāra and others broke the bridge of boats and caused the Māŗgesha to flee, and thus drove him out to a foreign country. The Ḍāmaras named Utsa Malleka, Daulatya, and others obtained posts in the palace, even like the black-bees in the forest. Then the Ḍāmara chiefs held control over all the business in the court, and

the strong became weak and the weak became strong. The good behaviour of the Shingas did not appear grateful to the Ḍāmara chiefs, even as the light of the earth to owls who are fond of darkness; and the Ḍāmaras threw Ālemera and others, who were the cause of these troubles, into prison at night out of fear of them. But in a few days Jyahāngera the Pratihāra, Hossa Rājānaka, rose against the Ḍāmaras owing to insults that were offered to them.

Now a person named Gadāyamera struck Gājakhāna and Mallekadatta, all of a sudden, with a dagger in their chest, as they were seated in an assembly. When UtsaMalleka heard of this, he departed from the presence of the king, and fought with the enemies for a long time. He was called in by the king and was honored. Loud lamentation however rose within the capital on account of the murder of the two persons, and the citizens wept and blamed the king. The powerful warrior Hossa Malleka the Ḍāmara was in Sāryyabhoga, heard of the death of his kindreds, but did not lose his coolness. This great warrior who was irresistible in battle, fell fighting with his enemies and joined the women of heaven. Then the skilful, the illustrious Khāna Ebhrāhima, born of the family of Shāhābhadena, and a relative of Jyahāngira the Pratihāra, divided the estates of the kingdom within five or six days, and distributed them in the presence of the king among Hosa Rājānaka and others

accordingly as they deserved. He was afraid of Utsa Mallika, who remained with the king, and he led him to an inaccessible house of the Khashas and there confined him. For a month the Ḍāmaras enjoyed wealth as great as that of the city of the Gandharavas, and then, like low people, they fled from the country out of fear of the Māgesha. The account of the act of enmity against Utsa Malleka reached his brother Rāvatyadevaka, and he marched out and surrounded the house of the Khashas. The Khashas were alarmed, and they released Utsa Mallika from Gangā maṭha, and the two brothers felt great delight in helping each other. They however felt anxious on the approach of the Māgesha, and oppressed with the sense of danger, they took shelter of the king, even as those who are oppressed with the powerful rays of the sun take shelter of the strong kalpa tree. Thus were the Rājāna Ḍāmaras destroyed in the year 89, between the bright fortnight of the month of Āshāḍha and the month of Āshvina.

In autumn, the Māgesha crossed the frontier and returned from the outer country. He divided the estates in Kashmīra and gave something to all. To his sons he gave the posts of authority in the kingdom, and for a short time he lived in his native country like a hermit free from fear. Now in the year 90, Utsa Malleka and Rājāna Shṛingāra caused the house of Abdāla Mera to be completely burnt

down, with a view to subdue him. When the Māргesha heard that his son's house had been burnt and his son captured, he went from Bhāngila to Hinduvāṭa by the Kṣhuyya road. Now when the Mārgesea had fled, his fierce enemies took Malleka Abdālaka to the inaccessible house of Ladda the Khasha. Utsa Malleka and Rājāna Shringāra came to the king, and at Varāhamāla intended to divide the country of Kashmira into parts. By the orders of the king, they brought the men who owned lands in Siddhā country, who knew how to divide land and understood the work, and writers, and Kāyasthas named Budha, Kashalisha, Saṃkhyesha, and Jugaka, and by their help divided the whole country into three divisions. One division was given in writing to Phatāhashāha,* another to Malleka Utsa, and the third to Rājāna Shriṅgāra. The country was now divided among these three great men, even as it had once been divided among Hushka, Jushka, and Kanishka. Then the Rājarājāna Dāmaras came into the city, but they did not lay aside the deep enmity of their heart,—the enmity such as exists between a mongoose and a serpent.

The king gave Utsa Malleka the post of the chief minister, and to Rājāna Shriṅgāra he gave the extensive estate of Siddhā. When Utsa Malleka, the arbiter of

* The reigning king.

all affairs, took his seat in court, people saw the meeting of a jackal and a sheep of which they had only heard before. When the one whose fleece is shorn, the one who howls, met, the king gave his orders under a closed cover in order to see how the meeting would terminate. Then came Ebhrāhema Mārgesha, the chief among the ministers, well dressed, but full of animosity, and accompanied by Masoda Shāhi. His army arrived at Varāhamūla, and the king's forces, with Utsa Malleka at their head, entered Svayyapura, with the intention to fight. When king Phatāhashāha saw the two armies stationed one on each bank of the river, he thus said to Utsa Malleka, the chief minister; "This Mārgesha, O! minister, has robbed us of our Royal Fortune, which is to us even like a wife that is married, because he thinks us to be cowards." When Utsa Malleka heard this, he said to the king;— "O king, what mischief is not this Mārgesha doing, finding me friendless and alone? But O! chief among men, it is but seldom that a man sees a chintāmaṇi jewel or a flower that grows in heaven, but one never sees a man to prosper who is consumed by the prowess of a king. Arise O! king, and fight; fortune is under the influence of fate." When the king's soldiers heard these words they marched out for battle. The Mārgesha marched along the road with his army and came to Bhavatuṅga, while Utsa Malleka with his forces entered Koshanatsa. There the two armies

stayed, but soldiers came out from the main bodies which were stationed on both banks of the river, ascended a hill, posted themselves between the two parties, and discharged showers of arrows against each other. There Shirya son of the Mārgesha fought with the enemies, and sacrificed his life, as if thereby he gave a great offering to Padmanāga. When Shirya Mārgapati fell, the victor Utsa Malleka relaxed his exertion out of friendship for the deceased. The great warriors and soldiers of the Mārgesha observed this relaxation and came up by the Sarvvāshrama road, and pursued the powerful Utsa Malleka who was retreating. When Phatāhashāha heard this news from Svayyapura, he took Rājāna Shriṅgāra with him and went from Sūrapura to Hinduvāṭa. Utsa Malleka was hemmed in by the pursuing soldiers of the Mārgesha at the skrit of the village of Nyovā, even like a lion hemmed in at the mouth of a cavern.

King Phatāha fled, after having ruled the country for nine years; and Mahmadashāha, who was supported by the Mārgesha, then got possession of the kingdom. In order to please the Mārgesha he made the powerful Seha Eskandara his heir-apparent, though this person had once attempted to murder the king. The Mārgapati again placed his enemies in prison, and once more graced his sons with kingly fortune. Utsa Malleka lay in prison, secure in the idea that the Mārgesha would not kill him, having bestowed his

daughter on him, and he being thus related to the Mārgesha by marriage. But the son of the Mārgesha was hostile to him, and the powerful Utsa Malleka, whose feet were tied with an iron chain, was fouly murdered by the son within five or six days. Like Utsa Malleka, Bhaṭṭārjuna had fought in the field with the armed enemies; he was now imprisoned, and was the last of the rebels. A deep gloom, like that when the moon is devoured by the powerful Rāhu, spreads even over the face of the sun when men are engaged in mutual hostility. The people loudly lamented for Utsa Malleka as if he were their father. Wicked men walked about at night and began to infest the country, piercing the dense darkness with their eyes. In that year the villagers were doubly unfortunate, the ministers who heard their petitions were both deaf and dumb!

Mahammada reigned for nine months and nine days. Once he went out of the capital, when Phatihashāha, on receiving encouragement, came in. The king bestowed the post of the minister on the Pratīhāra Jyahāṅgīra, and he gave the great estate of the Siddhā country to Rājāna Shṛiṅgāra. He had become king by his own efforts, and he gave Kācha Chakra the authority over the arsenal of his own will. Kācha-Chakra was strong, and his prowess was like the rays of the sun. Surely Kācha Malleka was an incarnation of Indra and of Vishṇu, since throughout his life he was graced with kingly fortune. The heroic Kañchana

was born of Hosana Chakra who was the cause of the battle in Kramarājya, even as Rāma was born of Dasharatha.

The king's mind was turned to virtuous deeds owing to return of virtue in the people, or perhaps because the king knew that he was to remain in the kingdom for a short time only. He kept his actions under control as if he were a servant. He prohibited the execution of the inscriptions on copper plates. He ordered the bones of the Hindus who had been dead to be collected and taken to the Ganges, so that the outrages of the mlechchhas on them might be prevented. The people had deposited the bones in the Ganges and were returning when they were suddenly overtaken by storm and rain on the way, and they perished to the number of ten thousand. But I think that the river Ganges was oppressed with hunger, and as it was after a long time that she had devoured bones, she surely devoured the men also who had carried the bones. Those who had recourse to their legs escaped with but little of their life left in them; they reached home, but perished through the influence of fate.

In the autumn of the year 91 the Mārgapati again came from Vāṅgila accompanied by Mahmadashāhi. Phatāhashāha with his army stationed himself at the village of Vāṅgila, and his troops marched out to fight with the powerful enemy. The virtuous son of the Mārgesha was the leader of the army, and while fighting

hotly with the enemy in the field, he joined the company of the women of heaven, (died). There exists in this world only one part of virtue, out of four, in the Kali yuga, but the son of the Māregesha had made that virtue four legged in the shape of the great towers of the masoda. Surely Kārkoṭanāga had devoured the Māregapati in anger so that the Nāga might go from and return to Karkoṭa hill every year without any obstruction. The plans of Abdāla Malleka, Luhara, and other sons of the Māregapati were discovered by the king, and they fled to different countries. As by chance the hand comes across a hole in a cloth, and that which was torn but half a cubit before is enlarged, even so misfortunes come upon sinful people. An epidemic which was as it were the wife of Death broke out on all sides, and it caused sickness, tumults, and destruction of men. The number of the dead could not be counted either in villages or in the capital. Men could hardly get a piece of torn cloth at their last moment. Friends did not weep for friends, what of sorrowing for others? Anxious for themselves, some managed to save their lives, for as yet they were destined to live. Now when the epidemic disappeared from the country, through the influence of fate, men heard the news of Mahmadashāha's arrival into Kashmīra. Mahmadashāha set out from Noushāhāra accompanied by Luhara, and obtained a large force from Eskandara, lord of Gaja. He wished to take possession of Kashmira, and he came bringing with him the sons of the

Māргesha, and reached the country of Rājapurī.—All this the king heard from his spy, and though he was alarmed at this bad news, his former enemies and all the ministers wished for the arrival of Mahmadashāha. Kācha Chakresha and Rājāna Shṛiṅgāra went to Sūrapura with their troops in order to wait the arrival of the new king. The fate of the reigning sovereign began to waver, and his servant Ālemera took refuge with the enemy. This man was of Shāhibhaṅga country, a foreigner, and had no one to help him, in consideration of these circumstances the king had prospered him, even as his son, by giving him villages, gold, and other gifts. Phatāhashāha set out from the capital in order to give battle, supported by only one minister, the Pratīhāra Jyahāṅgira. When the army of Phatihashāha was encamped at Kroṣhāṇaka, the keen sighted soldiers understood the hostile movements of the enemies, and they went to meet them at Sūrapura and there to fight with them; but they found there the bed of heroes, (died). Phatāhashāha fell from his horse while watching the battle, but he was protected by the ministers, for he was a king, and out of love which they had previously borne towards him. Thus in the month of Āshvina, in the year 92, the king was deprived of his kingdom after having reigned in it for one year and one month. Phatihashāha was then driven by the ministers to the outer country of Lohara across hills of Chaṭikāshāra.

The fortunate Mahmadashāha being victorious felt

greatly elated, and re-entered Kashmîra with the army of the lord of Gaja. As the powerful elephants, the gifts of the lord of Gaja, ascended the mountains on the way, they appeared as moving hills to the soldiers. The people's cry of victory for the king was redoubled by the neighing of horses, the grunting of elephants, by the noise caused by the flapping of the elephants' ears, and by the sound of drums. Victory be to the great and the wise king, who is like Balarāma renowned for the strength of his arm, the beautiful, the merciful, and graceful as the letters of his name. Glorious on account of his powers, prosperous among his countrymen, possessor of extensive territory, his countenance is like the sun, and who by the administration of justice raised the people of Kashmîra, who had before been oppressed by injustice. Let victory always attend Mereja Haidhara Mahammada, who, like Nausharavana, is wise in speech, and who was born on earth to perpetuate the works of former kings which had for a long time lain in a delapidated condition at Satîsara.

The king imprisoned Rājāna Shṛiṅgāra, and thought of turning out Abdāla Mārgapati from his post of minister. The powerful Chakresha Kāñchana accepted the post of the chief minister, by his orders, though Ālemera and others had asked the king for it. Having appointed ministers for the administration of the kingdom the king felt himself free. He divided the people who lived in forest into different sections, and went out

of the country. Now Luhara Mārgapati and Rājāna Nosaka, bent on hostile purpose, collected an army and entered Nāgrāmakoṭa. The whole country trembled at this bad news because the king was absent from the kingdom, men suffered from cold in winter, and the ministers were not known to the people. Not knowing what to do, Chakresha soon brought to his help the great warrior Malleka Jyaṅgira who was honored by a public proclamation. The powerful Luhara and Nosaka remained at Nāgrāmakoṭa for a month, and then went one morning in anger to the city of their enemies in order to fight with them. The soldiers of Kācha Chakresha also marched towards their foes, and they fought with one another at Jāladraṃgaḍa. Luhara Mārgapati retired after fighting, but Rājāna Nosaka sacrificed his life in the battle, and enjoyed the company of the women of heaven. Nājoka Mārgapati and others cut off Kācha Chakresha's fingers, but they perished like insects in the fire. The great warrior Devarāvatra was retiring from the field when he was killed by Chakra's soldiers on the banks of the Māri river. Kācha Chakra survived this battle; he was like Karṇa and Arjuna, and all the people knew him as the saviour of the country. This great hero, this minister Kāñchana Chakra, whose fingers were cut off in that battle, looked as beautiful as if he were made of gold.

Now the king satisfied the other kings [who had

helped him to conquer Kashmīra], by gifts and honors, took leave from them, returned to his kingdom, and governed it well. Within a year the Malleka Laddabhaṭṭa and other powerful men were thrown into prison by the minister Chakresha; and when the king had been thoroughly brought under control, Kāka Chakra was pleased with Malleka Jyaṅgira and gave his intelligent son Khāna Ebrāhima the possession of the Siddhā country. This was done in the month of Shrāvaṇa, in the year 94.

Now in times gone by Shiryya a twice-born had planted * * as it were the creeper of his karma. On the approach of winter * * it was watered by the good Brāhmaṇa Shri Nirmmalakaṇṭha. Then at the time of the mlechchha oppression, Kaṇṭhabhaṭṭa and others held a council and was able to avert the disgrace which such oppression begat. Khujjāmerāhmada, on the other hand, by devoting his life to the service of Kācha Chakra and by giving him wealth, induced him, who was alarmed at the work of Nirmmalakaṇṭha and others, to give him permission to act against them; and actuated by the mlechchhas, caused them to be murdered. * * O! Brāhmaṇas where in this Kali yuga are your Brāhmanical spirit and practice? It was for want of these that the sorrowful and the affrighted Nirmmalakaṇṭha and others were killed. The oppression

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* There is a blank here in the text.

of the Mausulas which began in the time of the Saidas was made prominent by Somachandra, and was perfected by Kāka Chakra.

Now in the month of Shrāvaṇa, in the year 65, the great king Phaṭāhashāha, the moon among sovereigns, died in a country outside Kashmîra. Mahmadashāha did not take his meal on the day in which he heard of this event, nor did he sleep, or bathe, but spent his time in thinking of that king. Where could be found a king like him experienced, truthful, patient, a great politician, a lover of men of worth, and one who loved his servants? The king was born in a country outside Kashmîra, and he died there. The work of fate is extraordinary! The corpse was then placed in a litter and was brought here within a few days, by his servants and chiefs, in order to give it its last funeral rites. The king, attended by his ministers, placed the deceased sovereign in the ample burial ground of king Shrî Jainashāha and others, where the crystal grave stones lay like images; and performed the rites befitting a king, and laid the body under the ground. What exertions does not a king make in order to preserve his kingdom and to root out from it men of violent temper, powerful persons, and wicked servants; and to support his own ministers? But alas! when fate forsakes him, he is overwhelmed by a tempest of misfortune, and is overthrown; and like a tree he is tossed about, and he falls. Or why did this king kill his own ministers Saiphaḍāmara

and others, and die surrounded with difficulties? Alas! Alas! the vissisitudes of time!

This is the account of Phatāhashāha's going to heaven.

Then came the noble minded Rājāna Shṛingāra, and as if out of affection for the king who had gone to heaven, he followed him. Eskandhara the king of the country outside Kashmíra, the lord of Gaja, also went to heaven about this time in order to see Indra. On the death of Phatāhashāha, Chakra Nāyaka became afraid of Maileka Jyangira, Mera Khujjānmada, and others; of Ebrāhema Khāna, Shṛingārabhaṭṭa, and others, who were of the party of the late king, they were in the capital; and in the month of Vaishākha, in the year 96, Chakra Nāyaka caused them to be arrested. Chakrapati gave Siddhā and other districts to the noble minded Rājāna Hosana, the favoured of fate; these estates had belonged to the persons who were imprisoned. Unable however to brook the prosperity of Hosa Rājānaka, Chakresha, the chief among the intriguers, threw him into prison within three months, and became free from fear. He pleased his friends Malleka Chakra, Seranga, Tājemera, and others, and fully gratified them by publishing a proclamation of their dignity in the kingdom.

In the year 97, in the month of Jaishṭha, Malleka Abdālaka and other sons of the Mārgesha joined the people of the country, they took Eskandara Khāna the son of Phatihashāha with them, and came with an army

from country outside Kashmîra. They desired the prosperity of the family to which they belonged. But when the powerful Chakresha Kācha heard of their arrival, he took the king with him and went to Laulapuroḍḍîra, with the view to fight with the Mārgapatis. The enemies had a small force with them, and when they saw the large army of Chakra, they fled in fear of their lives at the close of the night to the fort of Nāgrāma which was difficult of access. The army of Chakresha followed the Mārgapatis. Chakresha stationed many soldiers on the grounds attached to the fort, and warriors from both the armies came out and shouted in the field of battle, and covered the earth and sky with the discharge of their arrows. At this time Jyalāngera Pratîhāra entered Luhara with his army, and accompanied by Gadāyamera and Vahadoramera. When Chakrapati saw the enemy's troops together, and both above and below him, he sent his son Masoda Chakra against Luhara. This heroic Mîr Masoda, accompanied by Tāja Chakra, arrived at the town of Shāhābhadera with the intention to fight with the enemies. When he came in sight, the soldiers of the other side welcomed him to the field of battle, and they fought with him. The hero Mîra Gadāya avoided the arrows discharged by Masodamera, which were like the banners of his kingly fortune; and when the son of Chakra fought like the son of Arjunna there was no bowman among the enemies who could stand firmly on his ground. One named

Arjuna Rājānaka then thus addressed the soldiers:—"Do not, O! mighty warriors, flee from the battle overcome by enemies and leaving aside the virtue of heroes, but march forward in phalanx." The soldiers marched forward and entered the battle field, even as insects enter the fire. After fighting with these great warriors Masoda was returning with his army, when Gadāyamera received the love of the women of heaven, (died); and when these women saw that Pushpa-sāyaka, the son of Chakrī, had been made a leader of the army, they soon snatched him up from the field of battle. When the soldiers who had been following him saw their leader killed, they ran towards Masodamera and wounded him with an arrow in his eye. Pierced in the eye by the arrow, Masodamera, the chief among the bowmen, the son of Chakrī, was killed, and he fell on the ground, and his soldiers dispersed at his death, even as when the central jewel in a necklace is broken the pearls in it are scattered about. Among the enemies, Hosa Rājānaka, Gājamera, and Shṛingārabhaṭṭa were captured in that battle, and were killed by wicked men. The army of the Pratihāra was destroyed; it entered the town and stayed there for two days, after which it went out of the country in the same manner as it had come in.

The grief caused by the death of such a heroic son, killed in the battle by the enemies, cast a gloom over the mind of Kācha Chakra. When Tāja Chakra and others of his relatives saw their leader thus sorrow-

ful, they asked him not to be dejected. Kācha Chakra was not quite overcome with grief for his son, and he issued orders to fight with the army of the Mārgeshas stationed in the fort on the opposite bank of the river. The soldiers of Kācha Chakra were eager to fight with those of the enemies, but the people of the village in their sorrow did not know how to act. The valour of the Mārgeshas was well known; but when they saw that the strength of Chakresha was directed against them, they retreated with the Khāna. When the army had gone away in the manner it had come, the victorious Chakresha, accompanied by the king, but oppressed with sorrow, entered the capital. This powerful minister saw the hero Daulata, patient, possessed of worth, and foremost among warriors, and he felt no fear, but gave him, who was his brother's son and who was skilful in wielding the bow, all his deceased son's villages and estates.

Now in the year 98, the Mārgapatis took the prince Habbebha Khāna with them and again came from the Chaṭikāsāra hill. By the time they had stationed their forces at Tāmasīmarugāsthāna, the soldiers of Malleka Kācha Chakra entered Sandhapura. As the Mārgapatis had but a handful of soldiers, and as they had once experienced the valour of the Chakrīs, they did not descend from the mountain road into any village. The soldiers of the Mārgapatis were less in number than those of Chakresha, and from among them again Eda

Rājāna son of Somarāja came out and took shelter with the army of Chakrī. The Mārgapatis very much felt this treachery of their friend when they came to hear of it, and they cast aside the evil spirit of a hope and returned by the same mountain road. Their army divided itself into hundred different parts at the hill named Mitradroha (treachery of friends), and united itself again at Vāhyapalvala, and thence it went away. Habhebha Khāna was taken ill and died in the way. His followers placed the corpse in a litter and brought it to Kashmira. Last rites were given to it on the burial ground, and the noble minded ministers placed the body in a hollow in the ground by the side of his father.

The enemies who could not have been driven away by means of arms, were thus, on the advent of Kācha Chakra's good fortune, expelled by means of finger nails. Malleka Jyaṅgera, who was to the family of the Pratīhāra as the moon is to the sea, perished by fire in a country outside Kashmira. Chakrī then brought the Mārgapatis Abdāla, Luhara, and others into the country, and they came for the purpose of forming a marriage alliance. For instance the Mārgapati Luhara gave his daughter to Malleka Kācha Chakra, as if Sachī was given to Indra. Chakresha gave his daughter to Malleka Abdāla, but the father lost his affection for his daughter shortly after the marriage. Tāja Chakra then married the daughter of Mārgapati Abdāla, as if Kandarpa married Rati. Kāñchana Chakra

raised the dignity of the Mārgapatis by frequentlyi ssuing proclamations in the kingdom regarding them, and by giving them large gifts, and bestowing honors on them ; and love between the Mārgeshas and the Chakrīs became stronger every day. But impelled by fate, that love was banished by a friend named Riga Chakra.

It was at this time that king Ebhrāhemā of Hastinā-purī was overthrown by Vābhora of Kāmbhoja, the king of the Yavanas ; but the expectations of the heroic followers of the lord of Gaja, who was besmeared with dust of battle, were never fulfilled.

The harmony that had existed between the family of the Mārgesha and that of Chakresha was destroyed by Riga Chakra and Ālimera who were tale bearers ; even as a lamp supplied with oil is quenched by water. Chakrī's mind was inflamed with anger, but it was cooled by the arrest of Riga Chakra, even as fire is quenched by water.

In the year 3, the Mārgapatis, their affection now alienated from the Chakrīs and themselves encouraged by Alemera, encamped at Chireḍḍāra. When the king learnt what the Mārgeshas had done, he consulted Chakrapati and placed his own troops at Jāladramgaḍa with the view to fight with the enemies. The soldiers of the Mārgeshas were determined to fight, and were not to be brought over by reconciliation, gift, or by any other means, nor could they be brought back from the position they had taken by any person in the army of Chakrī. Chakresha fought with them at Shalasthala,

Pālaḍi, and in other places, and for a hundred days he remained without any fear. But one night the king issued from the army of Chakri and went to Yātkātala in Lahara, and Kācha Chakra left Kashmira in fear. This dispute between the Mārgapatis and Chakresha was like a desert tract in which the wise Ālemera caused flowers and young plants to grow. When the angry minister Chakresha had gone to Hinduvāta, the king reigned in the country surrounded by the Mārgapati ministers. Chakresha had his army with him, and like Shri Jainashāha, he exacted tribute from petty chiefs with tact. His heroic brothers, Tāna Chakra and others, killed the Muggulas in a fight at Lahara and in other places and performed deeds befitting their youth. Chakresha believed that all this was the effect of the intrigue of the heir-apparent, and like a huge serpent he surrounded Eskandhara on all sides. When the king saw Chakrapati's boldness, he caused him to be brought into Kashmira in the summer of the year 4.

It is well known in the world that the father, the brother, or the son of a king is his enemy, on account of his desire to take possession of the kingdom. Other enemies can do nothing worse. The Mārgapatis who knew of this danger of kings went with their army to country outside Kashmira by the Kichāshrama road. But when Chakrapati arrived, bringing with him Eskandara Khāna, who was like a hawk among his enemies,

the king became glad, for he thought that his kingdom had now become free from danger. Eskandara was not destined to see the world again, he was carried into the palace by the servants of the king, and his lotus like eyes were put out. Cruel men extracted the eyes of the prince, by the order of the king, even as the hawks do of the deer. And even as the cranes behave towards the deer so did they behave towards the prince. The pain which he then felt could not be described; but the curse of the prince's parents, or it may be of the prince himself, was realised on the relentless servants of the king who had acted with great cruelty towards the prince.

Chakreksha knew that the Mārgapatis were stationed at Kirtyāshrama, he therefore went from Varāhamūla and entered Shrīnagara. He then crossed the river, and the two armies met, as if to see who gains and who loses the battle in which many men perished. Malleka Daulata, son of Chakrī's brother, arrived at night after crossing the hill, and drove out the chief of the Mārgapatis from the country. Meyā Mera the chief of the Mārgapatis was unable to travel by the road, and some armed soldiers perished in the way. Thus when the Mārgapatis had fled in fear, and were perishing, Mahammada Shāha, surrounded by the Chakrīs, went into the city.

A foolish man feels happy when his enemy is destroyed, even like a fire that is quenched; but it sometimes happens that a great fire bursts out from his house! King Mahammada Shāha was to be deprived of

his kingdom by his own son ! O strange are the works of fate !

The king had placed his son Ebrāhima Khāna as a hostage in the house of the lord of Gaja. But there scattered by the tempest of a battle with the Turushkas, the soldiers of the prince escaped with their valuable lives, as by a boat in a sea. It was because the prince was destined to obtain a kingdom hereafter, that he escaped with his life from that battle. He grew in the affection of his father and came to Kashmīra. In the meantime Chakrapati intended to usurp the kingdom, and his evil design afflicted the king even like cholera ; and as a physician treats a difficult disease by strong measures, even so Chakrapati in anger cast the king's confidential persons Malleka Laddabhaṭṭa and others into prison. Now Ālimera had been confined in the house of Tāja Chakra : but one night Ālimera's followers deceived the guards, took him out of the prison, and removed him to a distance. Chakra became angry with Mahammada Shāha on account of his ill behaviour and harsh and abusive language and set him aside in a few days, even as Rāhu obscures the moon during eclipse. Thus was king Mahammada dethroned after reigning in Kashmīra for eleven years, ten months, and ten days. The pain which the Khāna had endured on his being blinded was now borne by the king on his being deposed. Virtue bears fruit in time, but the effect of plucking out the prince's eyes was seen

without delay. Chakrī then sent the king to a place named Gaggaḍa in the country of the Khashas.

Thus the dethronement of Mahammada Shāha took place.

I bow to Mahādeva who is the cause of the creation, the preservation, and the destruction of the universe; who is the bridge by which to cross over our sea like worldly existence; and who is in himself Brahmā, Vishṇu, and Rudra;

Kāñchana Chakra then raised the son of Mahammada to the kingdom, and named him Ebrāhima Shāha. He took possession of the money derived from taxes, and with it he undertook to manage the kingdom. He thus raised his post of minister to glory. He gave the estates of Nāgrāma and others, which were worthy of kings, to Tāja Chakresha, Meyyā Mera, and to his other younger brothers.

Now in the country outside Kashmīra, the angry Mārgesha Abdāla went in search of service to Merja Vābhora, king of Dilli, and the chief of the Muggulas. This king of the Turushkas observed the external and the mental emotions of the Mārgapati, heard what he had to say of his work, and for a short time held down his head in wonder. He understood the worth of that chief minister, and gave him one thousand valiant soldiers. In the month of Vaishākha Chakrapati, who shone in his own valour, heard of this news which had spread itself in the country of Pañchamahāyana. The Chakrīs were in

the enjoyment of the pleasures of heaven on earth when the great Mārgapati warriors Malleka Abdāla, Mārgesha Luhara, and others crossed the mountains, and soon came within Kashmīra from Vāṅgela, accompanied by the Muggulas Shikhāla Bhega, Mahmoda Khāna, and others. They united themselves together, placed Nājoka son of Phatāha Shāha at their head, and halted in the desert of Pratāpapura well prepared for battle. When Chakrapati heard of this, he stationed his soldiers at Nīlāshva, and the warriors came out from the two armies and displayed their devotion to their masters. As birds spread themselves over the sky, even so did the enemies and the mlechchha soldiers cover all sides, so that Chakrapati, though supported by his army, could not move a step. At this time a messenger arrived and conveyed the following message of the Mārgesha to Chakrapati :— "O Chakrapati! I have for my help brought in these followers of king Mereja Vābhora who by his own valour has made the petty kings in foreign countries his tributaries, and who has killed the illustrious and powerful Ebrāhima the lord of Gaja, surrounded as he was by five hundred thousand soldiers ; now gather up your strength for battle." When the letter carrier had thus said, Chakresha replied as follows :—"Dillī is not your country neither are we the inhabitants of Kashmīra, you will derive no benefit from the country of the powerful Muggulas."

Now the heroes and the strong and powerful

men who wielded bows,—Ebhrāhima Khāna, Seranga, Mera Malleka Tājaka; as also Malleka Luhara and others on the side of the Māgesha; and Riga Chakresha Malleka, and the mlechchhas Shikhi Bhiga, and others were determined to show how the battle of the Kuru-Pāṇḍavas was fought. The heroes proud of the strength of their arm issued out for battle. The great warrior Riga Chakresha hurrled a spear against the enemies but it was broken by Tāja Mera a man of uncommon prowess. Mera Seranga struck with his sword, but his enemy Luhara Mera felt it as if it were a blow caused by a flower. Thus the great warriors fought with one another in this great battle; they filled all sides with valour even as musk does with sweet scent. At this time Tāja Chakresha with his soldiers joined the battle, his banner fluttering in the breeze as if challenging the enemies. The battle between the armies of Chakresha and the Māgesha raged round him, and as the combatants fell, there arose the cries of "come," "kill," "stay." When Māgapati Luhara saw Tāja Chakra in the midst of the battle, he came up to him and said,—"Fight on, what else can you do, what else can man do than serve his master"? When Malleka Tāja heard this, he fought with the heroes for a long time, and then lay on a hero's bed graced by the women of heaven. When his career had ended, Meyyā Malleka, Seranga Mera, and other brothers of Chakrí joined the Muggulas. Chakresha saw the destruction of his army,

and, overcome with fear and grief, he went to the house of a Khasha with a few soldiers.

The Mârgapatis Malleka Abdâla and others gave assurance of safety to the people who were overcome with fear, and entered the city. All the Mârgapatis then went to the yard of the king's palace, and there they bestowed the royal insignia adorned with umbrella and châmara on prince Nâjoka Shâha. He then ascended the throne of his father, and all the people, high and low, were filled with joy. The ministers then went to Jamâla Maruga, and at that place a division of land into four parts was made, one for Malleka Abdâlaka, one for Âlemera, one for Mârgesha Luhara, and one for Riga Chakra.

When the kingdom was given to Nâjoka Khâna, Dauluta Chakkaka could not enjoy it, because he assigned it to another. When the people, who used to tremble at the mlechchhas, saw this new king begin his reign, they were as glad as those who trembled in winter always are at the advent of spring. The people began to prosper when Nâjoka Khâna accepted the kingdom, even like the lotuses at the rising of the sun. Those who were quarrelling with one another were reconciled; but on account of the division of villages enmity began to grow slowly among them. Ederaiṇa and other servants of Merja Haidara remained at Sadâshivapura because of their quarrel with the Chakka clan. Chakkaka Dauluta and others arrived at the banks of the Vitastâ

and remained at Samudramaṭha, and thence fought with their enemies by means of fire arms. After fighting for a month with fire arms and arrows, the party of Dauluta Chakka obtained the victory.

Then the great men of the country sent a messenger who verbally delivered to Chakrapati, who was in the house of the Khashas, the following message of the Mārgesha :—"O Chakrapati! it was by wicked minister like you that the devotion due from the ministers to the king was withheld, even as the moonbeam is by a cloud. The ministers used to wait with clasped hands before the boy king during his reign in accordance with the duties they owed to government; but why has that king been imprisoned by you? What fool can by a pitcher shade the sun?" When Chakrapati heard these words from the mouth of the messenger, he released the king. Mahammada Shāha then came to Lohara and exacted revenues and other taxes from towns like the former sovereigns of the country. This wise king then consulted the Mārgeshas and gave leave to the Muggulas to depart. He honored the Mārgapatis and gave them their posts. The Turuṣhkas passed over Lohara and reached their homes; and Ālimera received Mahammada Shāha, his old master. Here the Mera passed the winter, and then, as advised by the Mārgesha, he took the king, who was like the season of spring, to the gardens of Kashmīra. Nājoka, after having reigned for one year, received from king Mahammada Shāha

the post of heir-apparent, in the month of Jaishṭha, on the tenth day of the bright moon. It was in the summer of the year 6 that Mahammada Shāha was released from the house of the Khashas, and was congratulated as being born again, and was crowned by the ministers. At this time Mereja Vābhora went to heaven, leaving his possessions to his two sons Homāya and Kāmarāṇa.

In the year 7, Kācha Chakrapati intended to fight with the Mārgapatis, and he moved out with his army from the village of Maurvvāra to a distant place; and a comet appeared on the west, when he had departed, as if the west had been his wife and had held the comet on her head in anger on being deprived of her love. Mahroma, the general of Kāmarāṇa, came in the bright fortnight of the month of Kārttika, to conquer Kashmīra. He was accompanied by Shikhala Bhiga, Mahmoda Khāna, and other Muggulas; and they filled all sides with their strong and thundering army. When Mahammada Shāha heard of this, he, by means of the Mārgapatis, soon called in Chakrapati with proclamations, for his help, and honored him. The mlechchhas entered the city with thousands of cavalry, and the Kashmīrians placed their soldiers within forts. The citizens went out by different ways to the caverns of mountains in fear, and as the mlechchha soldiers outnumbered the Kashmīrian warriors, the latter were destroyed. The Muggulas who had plundered

Kudvadīna found the beautiful capital empty, and in anger set fire to the houses and the palace. The warriors now came out of their forts with a view to fight with the Turuṣhkas, and they willingly sold their lives, and they all obtained fame. The cruel Turushkas, the destroyers of the Juluchyas, killed thousands of people in villages, in the capital, and in the kingdom. Then the Kashmīrian warriors,—the Mārgeshas and the Chakrīs, made peace among themselves, and drove the Turshkas away, even as the sun's rays drive away darkness.

Thus the ravages of the Turuṣhkas took place.

The warriors now relieved of their desperate task lived in their own homes. Kācha Chakra was afraid of the coldness shown by the Mārgeshas towards him, and he went out of the country. He came again from Shūrapura, in the summer of the year 8, but finding that his force would meet with resistance, we went out in the same manner as he had come.

In the month of Agrahāyaṇa in autumn, Meroja Haidara and other leaders of Kāskāra* troops of king Shrī Saida Khāna, came to this country with twelve thousand cavalry in order to subdue the people of Kashmíra, even as the hawk comes to prey upon other birds. They came from Koṭa to Gagana hill, and thence they entered the capital. The good people were distressd when they heard of this news; they considered the ravages of the Kāskāras as being of greater magnitude

* The country which his between Chitral and Kaffristhan.

than those of the Turushkas, even as the eclipse of the sun is, than that of the moon. All living creatures left the place, and the rows of houses looked like heaps of corpses, breathless and frightful; and these incendiaries conquered the town of Sekandhara in order to burn it. Hundreds of thousands of low houses were burnt, and the city that had been populous before new became like the ground for burning the dead, fearful to look at with its charred wood. Where will kings get two such capitals in which millions had been spent in lime, wood, brick, and painting? Shrī Jainanagara and Diddāmaṭha, which had stood like images of the virtues of kings, were deserted on account of fire. Surely the Muggulas had evil sprites under their command, for they discovered the hidden treasures of the citizens in their houses. The leader of the Kashmīrian army took shelter in the king's lands which were covered with water, in fear of the mlechchhas. When the people of Chiroḍḍāra, Aṅgakoṭṭa, and Chakradhara in Hājya country heard of the acts of the mlechchhas, they spent three months in fighting with them. The Khasha Dainyarūpa fought, but without any effect, with the Kashmīrians who were stationed near Chakradhara. The Turushkas robbed the crops, killed the villagers in anger, and made Maḍavarājya unapproachable. Those persons, young and old, who reached the level tract of Saṃkhayāshrama, lived at ease, for they had yet a portion of their

destined life to spend. It was owing to the evil deeds of sinful men that calamities had before now visited this country, such as the ravages of the Juluchyas, and the battle of Kajjala.

The Mārgapatis headed by Chakresha joined the king, they came from Chakradhara, crossed over from the left side of the Ledarī, and pitched their tents near Bhīmādevī, with a view to fight. In the battle which there took place Eskandara Khāna, Merja Haidara, and other great warriors united themselves together and went against the Kashmīrians; and Mallekālaka Hosana Mera, Shikhāla, and Kamāla Mera, in the two armies sacrificed their lives at the foot of Mārttāṇḍa. Some Kāskārian warriors made a good use of their lives in the contest with Mallekāla and others, and went to heaven. Ālimera perished in the battle with the Muggula chiefs, in the cause of his country. O fools! look at that death and ever serve your king, and leave aside all fleeting riches of the world. The Kashmīrian soldiers fled like Vidura when Ālimera died, though cheered by Chakresha and the Mārgapati chiefs. The headless dancing goblins, the Yakṣhas, men, sprites, and Rākṣhasas were eager to devour human flesh in this field of battle, which looked like a place crowded with the followers of a bridegroom. The survivors returned to their places of shelter from the field of battle where men had been drunk, as in a garden, with warriors' wine. Then in accordance with the orders of the king,

Chakresha and the Māgesha, great on account of their valour, held a consultation, and established peace with the Muggulas. The Muggulas took nine pieces of cloth, and a green coloured letter marked with the words 'Katephasohasaglata' in Mausula character and language. They returned from the presence of the king, exulting with joy; they carried some idiotic men and woman in the van of their army, but Hassana Mera took pity on the idiots, released them, and brought them back from the neighbourhood of Puṣhyat. Then in the year 9, in the month of Jyaiṣhṭha, the Muggulas returned to their country, taking with them by force the wealth of the people, and by treaty the daughter of the king. In this way calamity befell the sinful people in the Satisara country, and a comet was seen continually in the sky on the east and on the west.

Thus the ravages of the Kāskārians took place.

Stars fell from the sky on the fields where the full harvest of rice was ripening, and a comet became again visible. Even as a Rākṣhasa devours a king so did this calamity devoured the grains; and there happened a great famine, the destroyer of food. When Famine entered the kingdom, his powerful soldiers, hunger and thirst, the oppressors of the people, stalked about. One khāri of grain was then bought for ten thousand pieces of niṣhka,* and none but the rich could get it. Men and women wandered about in hunger in order to save

* A nishka is supposed to be equal to a dinára.

their lives, casting aside their love for husband, for son, and the service due towards their parents. The hungry people ate twice or thrice or four times during day, and yet again wandered about like sprites in quest of food. Abdāla Mallcka and others were bent on doing acts of virtue at this time, they cooked a large quantity of grain and fed the people every day. Men died of hunger and thirst in villages, in the city, and in the king's highway, and lay like sprites, and uncounted. Some people saved their lives by selling their stores of silver and baser metals, and by living on herbs, walnuts, and heart-pease. The calamity caused by the famine was greater than the ravages done by the enemies, even as a bad boil is more troublesome than the disease of the throat or of the eye. The famine became more severe at the end of the month of Jyaiṣhṭha, in the year 10, than what it had been in the year 9, and spread itself all over the country. Then a good season, like the minister of king Food, brightened all sides with small seeds as with lamps, and came to struggle with Famine. As wheat grew on stocks and rose from the ground, and looked like a terrace, its grains welcomed, as it were, the survivors. It seemed as if when king Food saw his army overpowered, he came himself to conquer the powerful Famine which was like a mighty Rākṣhasa. He spread out his great army of vegetables and rice and coarse grain, and the walnuts were the stones he shot from his machines. He conquered Famine, and then took his

rest. The lean creatures were nourished by the produce of king Food, and they always thought that they were born again.

Thus the ravages of the famine took place.

Now Kāñchana Chakresha, by the orders of the Mārgapati graced the place of minister before the king, and stayed at Janapura. Called by the Chaṇḍālas, Chakresha went to Maḍavarājya, but there he experienced coldness from the Mārgapatis and he imposed a fine on the land. At this time the men who lived at ease in their houses grievously oppressed this great country, even as a vile disease oppresses the body. It was owing to the sin of these oppressions and through the force of fate that the king Mahammada Shāha fell ill at the latter part of Chaitra in the year 13. When the king found himself attacked by illness, and exhausted, he thus said affectionately to his minister Malleka Laddabhaṭṭa :—"Though our body is nourished according as we acquire virtue or vice from the performance of our kingly duties, yet it is universally true that the body is subject to destruction. Our ancestors, kings Shaṃsadena and others, and Shrī Jainollābhadena were great in our family, and I am born in their dynasty. My mind had always been anxious to know who would be obedient to me and to what extent; and to-day that mind is being consumed by fever." When the king had said this and remained quiet, Mārgesha Abdāla and others who were present saw his condition, and with

tears in their eyes, thus spoke to him :—"It was owing to oppressions caused by us O king! or owing to the misfortune of the subjects, that you are afflicted with this bodily torment, even as the soul is afflicted for the sin of being born." When the king heard their words he said :—"You should always protect our children, we are now going by a road which is remote from here." When the men heard these words of the king there arose cries of lamentation in the palace That day the king gave one koti of coin to be spent for religious purposes, for when the month of spring had arrived, the liberal minded king, oppressed with pain, believed that he would die in a dark fortnight. On Thursday, the first of the month of Jyaiṣhṭha, in the bright fortnight, this virtuous sun among men set after having reigned a second time for five years.

When the king had ascended to heaven, the people lamented for him, and thus said in their grief :—"Whose protection should we now seek when thou hast gone to heaven? O beautiful like the moon, and powerful like Kārttikeya! O king! without thee who shall protect us in our times of difficulty? Where wilt thou go O king Mahammada! leaving this earth?" Thus loudly the people lamented as they stood at the gate of the palace, and it seemed as if the tears from their eyes served the last offering of water to the deceased sovereign. The ministers then placed the corpse in a litter, and bore it on their shoulders

to the great grave-yard, and laid it within the ground beside his father. What a difference there is between a king lying on his bed soft as the moon and befitting a sovereign, and one lying in deep darkness within a hole in a gravelly ground? That day the people remained dumb with grief, and their sighs only were perceptible. No smoke was seen rising from their houses, for they did not cook their food that day.

Thus Mahammada Shāha ascended to heaven.

Mahammada Shāha's son whom the Māṛgesha wished to have as king, was, in the midst of applause of all, crowned by the minister under the name of Shaṃsa Shāha. All the wicked and powerful favourites of the late king were glad to see a young sovereign begin a new reign. Shaṃsa Shāha arrived at the palace, accompanied by his younger brother, and heard the blessings of the people on the way saying ;—"Let him remain long in his ancestral kingdom." After the king had seated himself firmly in the kingdom, the powerful Kācha Chakrapati, to whom Riga Chakra had held out some hopes, came to the city from Jainapura. When Māṛgesha Hossana saw that hero come, he joined Utsabhaṭṭa and went to the Māṛgapati at Kīchāshrama. Kācha Chakra, the destroyer of his enemies, entered the beautiful city, and he was honored by the king with his affection. Kāñchana Chakresha knew that his enemies were at a distance, and in order to subdue them he encamped with his army at Gardhasoḍḍāra. When

the Mārgapatis heard that their powerful enemy lay very near to them, they soon placed their troops in the neighbourhood of Jalagada. Then the noble minded Riga Chakresha went to Kācha Chakra and to the chief of the Mārgapatis, and by despatching messengers tried to establish peace between the parties. "Let Kācha Chakresha" he said "remain in the city, and the Mārgapatis in Kramarājya, and I am equally inclined to both." Thus he established peace between them.

Then the hero Kācha Chakresha brought over to him his friends Jaita Chakresha, Malleka Dauluta, and Ebhrāhma Khāna from among the army of the Mārgapatis, and triumphantly went up to the city, and lived in the house of Riga Chakra. In the illustrious Kāñchana Chakrapati his name has its full significance, on account of the gifts of gold that he gave, we have actually seen the marks of petals of a lotus in the palm of your hand which indicate your charity. Let your left hand continue to do good to others for a thousand years! O chief of the Mārgapatis! the king of the seasons (spring) has seen your white fame, and with a view to serve you in every way, has joined the lord of the zodiac (sun), celebrating your triumph with garlands of Jasmine and Mañcharī flowers, and of the Karṇikāra buds; and with the hum of the black-bees and the voice of kokilas. All are happy at every act of yours. Let the season of spring afford you objects pleasent to you!

So long as Kācha Chakra the arbiter in all things

remained with the king, the strength of the powerful was, owing to his prowess, found in the weak. Riga Chakra came and spent a few days with him; but finding that Kācha Chakra loved him but slightly, he returned. He went to the Māргesha whom he knew to be like a strong malady to Kācha Chakra, and told him of the purposes of Chakresha: and he brought together the officers of the king's vanguard and consulted with them. There were celebrated ministers in the land of Kashmíra, Malleka Shri Dauluta, Gāja Khāna, Chakresha, and others. They were wise in council, and were like Bhīma, Arjuna, and Drona in the field of battle.

Māргesha Abdāla had invited the Mereja to come to Kashmíra, but in fear of Chakri he had thought that he would not be able to obtain possession of the country. Now Malleka Kācha Chakresha went to Hinduvāṭa and there died, and the minds of the Kashmírians who lived outside their country became darkened. The great Mereja Haidhara heard of this event, and he took possession of the kingdom of Kashmira as if it had come to him from his ancestors. The Muggulas, at the death of Chakresha, spread themselves over the kingdom without fear or dread, like goblins at the shrine of Shāradā; and their people came like bees from foreign countries to Mereja Mashugola* who was in Kashmira. When their number increased, they, instigated by Mashugola, seized lands from those who had possessed them for years

* The same as Mereja Haidhara?

before either by plunder or by gift. By virtue of writs given in the Mausula character by the Devāna,* the mlechchha leaders of troops took possession of lands in this affrighted kingdom, and thus deprived the people of their income. Thus in the month of Shrāvaṇa of the year 22, the country witnessed the poor people almost dying, and like a chaste woman trembled in fear. But owing to the victory which the people of Kashmīra then obtained, the Muggulas fled from the country, and the people again were eager to get possession of lands in order that they might acquire wealth. It was on account of the association of the people with the Turuṣhkas that they did not give up their fondness for dress, land, and food, the last of which brought in punishment on them, in as much as they had to place themselves hereafter under medical treatment. Even when the wealthy people saw the effects of sumptuous eating, they did not give up their evil desire for food, even as great physicians do not give up their treatment of patients in accordance with the shāstras.

In the month of Āshvina of the year 30, there occurred frequent earthquakes on account of the wicked acts of the king, as if the earth suffered from flatulency. The planet which causes calamity is assuaged by various acts, by gifts of land to independent people, by giving back to men their properties which had been robbed, and by like deeds. Now

* Dewan of the emperor of Delhi?

there occurred an earthquake at the second watch of night when all men were asleep, and it destroyed many people. It caused holes in the ground, and travellers going on their way were misled at every step. Houses fell into these holes at night and the people, anxious to get out from their houses in the morning, issued by breaking through the roof. On this occasion many wooden houses fell into the water of the Vitastā, and when they had floated down for seven kroshas, the people who were in them awoke and came out. The confusion caused by the earthquake in the two towns of Hasainapura and Hosainapura, situated at some distance across the river, can be seen even to this day. Pitiable cries of lamentation of the much afflicted people were then heard calling out "O father!" "O mother!" "O friend!" "O brother!" in different places, which made the heart feel as if it were struck by a thunder bolt. At this time the sky appeared terrible with claps of thunder, the movements of the stars were stopped, and the land was agitated like a gourd on the waves. The mind of the people became troubled with the fear of the earthquake, and they felt no affection for sons or friends or wives or for good men or for kind hearted people or for any object whatever. It was owing to the glory of the holy shrines of Vijayeshvara, Mārttaṇḍa, and Varāhakṣhetra, that fears and apprehensions from earthquake were not felt by the inhabitants of these places. The earthquake

continued for several days, occurring several times every day, and all the people lived under canvas.

When some time had elapsed, and all men had returned to their home, Dauluta Chakkaka governed the whole country with a strong hand. Once he obstructed the passage of water which flowed through a goblin ground with a view of diverting it to a corn field where he lived. For this act, the angry goblins threw stones into his house at night, and heaps of stone thrown by unseen gods lay scattered during night near the palace gate, and the people wondered at them. In their wonder they asked one another who it was that showered stones every day. Now there lived a very wise and a very pious devotee named Abhimanyu in the village of Tūlamūla. Dauluta Chakkaka one day went to his house and asked the saint how this great kingdom could be freed from the alarm. When thus asked, the saint replied :—"Cease, by my order, to levy the annual tax from Brāhmaṇas, and then you will obtain your end." When the saint had thus said, the chief of the mlechchhas replied :—"Listen attentively, O great saint! to what I say. I will even now bestow on you the village of Tūlamūla, but how can I, who am a mlechchha, cease by your order, to levy tax from Brāhmaṇas?" When Dauluta Chakka had said this, Abhimanyu became agitated with rage; and as the tax on the Brāhmaṇas was not forthwith withdrawn by the Chakkaka, the saint in anger cursed him saying that so far as he was concerned

the sun and the moon would fall and sink into the sea. Dauluta Chakkaka, on account of this curse, became bereft of prosperity.

At this time Homāya, whose feet were brushed by the crowns of kings bowing to him, became the emperor of the world. He had quenched the great fire of a civil war, but poverty, like jungle fire, oppressed the hearts of his people, and it was not quenched. This king had an enemy named Ajahomāya who meditated taking shelter in an inaccessible country and he thought of coming to Kashmīra; for here Homāya would not be able to assail him. Now when with this intention king Ajahomāya came to Kashmīra he had to fight a battle with the people of this country on the top of a hill; and the Kashmīrians who dwelt on the mountains totally destroyed his army. This king Ajahomāya was, at the time when Nājoka ruled the country of Kashmīra, like a living fire that surrounded all sides.

Then king Habhebha reigned for one month, when Gāja Khāna, out of cupidity, usurped the throne. Let the great warrior, the victorious Gāja Shāha, the ornament of the world,—he who had distressed the enemies, who had in battle held the sword of death,—the great leader, the life of the world, the giver of good to the humble, the accomplished, who looked graceful in the kingdom, the beaming, the one versed in literature, and the benefactor of the people, be always triumphant!

In the bright fortnight of the summer month of the year 37, Nājoka Shāha joined Kara Bāhudhara the son of king Homāya, the chief of the Muggulas, and the leader of the army of Amvara; and with a view of conquest arrived in the Pāṣhāṇḍa country. When Gāja Shāha heard of this attempt made in the country outside Kashmīra, he held a council and sent Malleka Hosa Chakresha to the outer country. This high minded Hosa Malleka encamped at Surjala with the chief ministers Laula Malleka, Chakresha Pijya, Haibhata Khāna, Khujyā Phatiha, Metālaka, and others, and with ten thousand warriors and infantry, and innumerable tents. The country outside was covered with the great Muggula army, even like the pure heart of a good man with darkening sin. First the army of the chief of the Muggulas and then the troops of Pāṣhāṇḍa, who had been neglected before, covered the whole of the Rājapurī country. When the king of Kashmīra heard of this he became angry, and set out with his army from Shārapura to Hinduvāṭa, in order to overthrow his enemies. When the mlechchhas saw this great and powerful army of Gāja Shāha, they melted away, even as a mass of snow in the rays of the sun. Phatte Malleka and Luhara Malleka soon came up to the powerful army of Gāja Shāha. Now when the way to the fort was closed, Phatiha Khāna and others raised their battle cry and distressed the large army of the Muggulas. The king of Rājapurī in fear of Gāja Shāha made peace with

Khujyahājya, Yosopha Chakra, and others who were with the Muggulas. While Shāha Nājoka stayed at Naushahāra, the Muggulas established a truce, and employed their time in constructing fortifications and other works. King Gāja sent a messenger of rank who went to the assembly held by Kara Bāhudhara and thus said :—"Why all on a sudden O chief of the mlechchas! have you come with a large army, not knowing the prowess of the king, and confiding on whom? Have you forgotten the battle of Shailishāhi? Yours will be the sin of the destruction of men in the two armies. If you have strength, where is the use of works of fortification? Man enjoys what Fate gives him. Chakri Rājānaka and others will take a portion of this country, what then will become of this land, or of the Muggulas, or of Khujyahājya?" When Shāsanamakura the letter bearer had thus said, Khujyahājya replied as follows :—"I am under the Muggulas. The chief of the Chakras is liberal, and a man of worth : he is the chief among bowmen, and is upright like Nausharovāna ; how can we sufficiently praise him? If you give to the mlechchhas a portion of the land which belongs to the Kashmirians, as a reward, you will gladden the heart of the king of the Muggulas. Or what is the use of dividing the country? All know that heroes perish in battle, and none was seen or heard of or remembered like Gāja Shāha who has now come out of his country to fight." When the king heard these words from the

messenger when he returned to him, he descended in anger and in surprise from the top of the hill, but ascended to the summit of great renown.

The king of Kashmîra encamped near the forces of the enemy. He was graced by the presence of his sons Shrî Shṛingāra Malleka, Ale Malleka, Khāna Ahmada, Yosopha, Ebha Shāha, and by Khāna Shāhibhāja, and by the ministers supported by their armies. He was also attended by thousands of cavalry and swift horses, and by hundreds of thousands of infantry in compact masses furnished with bows, swords, clubs, bearded darts, lances, iron maces, and with weapons named uphākas used in nāgarandhras* and ashmarandhras.* As the two well arranged armies approached nearer and nearer to each other, the troops on both banks of the river began to adorn the field of battle. Surrounded by a thousand infantry, Gāja Shāha commenced the battle; and by the laughter and the sound of kettledrum, by the flapping of the elephants' ears and the neighing of horses, and by the roar of ashmarandhra he terrified the enemy. When some of the Muggulas saw that hero approach, they became disheartened and slowly issued out for battle. The soldiers in the front and before the king out of devotion to their master, severed the heads of the mlechchha warriors in battle, even as the earthen covers are removed from the pots. Haibhata Khāna was wounded with five arrows, and yielded up his life and

* Perhaps cannon is meant by these names.

immediately espoused the women of heaven. The surviving Muggulas reflected on the heroic determination of the soldiers in the front, and on the uncommon valour of the king, and they returned in the same manner as they had come. The chief warriors in the two armies wielded their arms and sacrificed their lives, and they obtained great fame and went to heaven. The king beheld the unparalleled valour of the infantry, and gave them silver and other metals which the troops in the front had acquired from the mlechchhas. The Muggulas saw the reduction of their own army and the increase of that of their enemies, and went away even like the sons of merchants when they are paid. Strong in his valour, Gāja Shāha was accompanied by the king of Rājapurī, and he now made the Pāṣhāṇḍas tributary to him, and returned to his country. As he entered Kashmīra he heard the blessings of the people saying:—"long reign O king! lord of the empire, and always victorious!" Though drenched by the tears of the weeping women of the enemies, the houses of his foes were burnt by the strong fire of his prowess, as by forest fire; and when that fire had consumed the houses, grass began to grow, watered by the tears of the female relatives of his enemies.

The king saw conflagrations in different directions, and there occurred earthquakes, and so he took council of the soothsayers who thus said:—"In this country,

O king! a great battle will be fought, and a river shall flow with rapid current even through the field of battle; or it may be that the distress of the people caused by famine shall everywhere prevail; therefore rule the country wisely."

Now Kara Bhaddora, a servant of Merja Haidara, came again with his army, with the object of conquering the country. When Gāja Shāha heard this news, he set out with his horses, at whose trampling the rocks resounded and were powdered into dust. The king sheltered himself at Rājavira, and ordered the infantry, which was on its way, to fight. The two kings met at Rājavira, and the people, who had been frightened at the very idea of the meeting of two kings, became alarmed. When Kara Bhaddora saw the skill with which the infantry marched into battle, his heart trembled like the wind, and he became alarmed. Then when he saw the Kashmīrians discharge their arrows, he became enraged. He fled from the country at the sight of the infantry, even as darkness flies at the sight of the rising sun; and the people came out of their houses when he had gone. As a family prospers when the serpent leaves the house, even so the glory of the king now increased, and the world glowed in his glory.

The king's prowess increased like the sun's in the summer season. But alas! at this time Chakka and others, whose hearts burnt with rage, entered the city. When the enemies had encamped at Sadāshivapura, the

king stationed himself near Diddāmaṭha with a view to fight with them. At this battle of Hāṭaka, the Vitastā flowed between the two armies stationed at Svāmipura and at Sadâshivapura, as if it forbade the parties to fight. The king crossed the river, fought a great battle, and killed Habhe Chakka in the water of the Sitā river.

After a long time the chief of the Muggulas, instigated by Nosmi Chakka, came with the desire to conquer Kashmira. His name was known to the world as Shāha Abdolamāli. He entered Kashmira accompanied by many men and surrounded by a large army. And the king came to Parihāsapura when he heard of his approach: a battle was fought there with various tactics, and the enemy's soldiers were captured, and Shāha Abdolamāli turned back his way. Many Yavanas perished in this battle, and Yama was pleased to receive the souls of men in the semblance of the stream of blood. The heads of the dead men were brought into the town from the field of battle, and the king hung them up in the buildings of the city.

Once upon a time the king became devoid of mercy, and cut off without delay the hand of a boy of seven years of age who had stolen a fruit. A certain thief had once stolen a fish belonging to some villager, and the king forcibly took two hundred pieces of gold coin from him. Within a short time the king killed his youthful and powerful son Haidara because Haidara had intended to kill his own mother's brother: the people lamented

that the wicked king should have acted thus. This heir-apparent had eighteen sons, and like a Rākṣhasa the mad king killed them.

The king robbed even the neighbours of those who had committed a fault, and he killed one hundred men every day. He imposed heavy fines for slight offences, and he robbed many villages for the fault of one. He gave nothing to worthy men, but bestowed his gifts on the unworthy. He ordered his servant Jaitā to kill the prince his son, but that servant, out of affection, did not kill him. The prince was afterwards murdered by Delāvara Khāna. The people became alarmed and they thus exclaimed :—"What will be thy condition in the next world O ! sinful king ? Hadst thou no pity even on thy own son ? Why dost thou kill thy servants without any fault ?*

In the course of time the king was attacked with a severe leprosy and was deprived of his beauty, even as the moon is by eclipse. Itching was caused by worms in his body, and pus and blood came out of it ; and sights that are seen in hell appeared during his life time. Worms drank of his pus and blood and ate of his flesh, and he suffered pain during his life time greater than that of hell. Who was not grieved to hear him cry out "O father ! O friend ! O son ! my sufferings have

* The portion translated in this para : appears in prose instead of in verse in the text and within square brackets. Perhaps the editors of the text have here given the purport instead of the original lines.

come"? Thus oppressed in body by a severe leprosy that was visible to all, the king was deprived of his life, and with it, his lust for worldly prosperity. Hosaina Khāna, the brother of the deceased king, dug a hole in the earth, and performed the rites due to the dead. The earth at that place was suddenly lighted up by the fire of hell, and smoke rose from it, which astonished the people. The smoke was as it were the breath of the king tortured by Death; it arose on all sides and was seen by all; and all men who had gone to that place heard the sound of chastisement with which the servants of Yama tormented the king. The people wondered and said to one another that he was gathering the fruits according as he had sown the seed. Gāja Shāha governed the kingdom darkened by his sin, and died within two years, reduced by leprosy. Alas! how that king committed sin day and night and was in the course of a short time cut off from many years of his life.

When the king went to heaven, his brother Hosaina Khāna accepted the kingdom, even as when the moon goes down, the sun rises on the eastern hill. After having taken possession of the kingdom, the king relieved the subjects from misgovernment, even as the cloud in summer quenches the fire of the forest. He attained prosperity by always attending to the complaints of the people, and by giving gift to every one who asked for it. His fame spread afar. The king drank new wine, sported with women, and enjoyed pleasures which even

Indra did not enjoy in heaven. Prosperity, as if bound by his merits, did not go elsewhere but remained in his house; but Fame finding Prosperity so bound went afar, as if in fear. He had come to claim his ancestral property, but when he arrived at his house, his desires were fulfilled to such an extent that he did not claim the property he had come for. People always bowed their heads low at his lotus feet; they were now devoid of sorrow and they attained great prosperity. When such a king ruled Kashmîra, the land became full with abundant crops of fruits and flowers. The king dispelled the fear from famine, from thief, and from foreign potentate, and the people believed the kingdom of Kashmîra to be equal to heaven. Wherever he sat in judgment, there the occupation of thieves was gone. He did not feel uneasy when he distributed his gifts, his fame therefor spread itself abroad.

One named Khânojamâna was the minister of the king; and when once the king went out of the city, the minister sucked the town dry within a short time. But king Hosaina returning immediately destroyed the troopers of the minister, even as the sun destroys darkness in the morning. The subjects wondered at this act of the king who protected them according to laws, and himself enjoyed various kinds of pleasure every day. He plucked out the eyes of Mahmada Khâna and others who were the king's antagonists, and were inimically bent towards him, and had come to subdue the country.

When all the people had met at Shārikāsthāna and the king had arrived at the hill of that place, he held a great festival on the day appointed to celebrate the season of spring. The people besmeared themselves with saffron, aloes, camphor, and sandal wood paste on that day, and looked beautiful. The king fixed a mark so high that it could not be easily seen, and then he gave elephant, horse, and wealth to his servant who succeeded in shooting it. Again on the day of Shrípañchamí the king saw the people collect on the hill of Jyeshṭharudra. Some held bouquets tastefully made of beautiful flowers to their noses; some were intoxicated and became uneasy when women, strangers to them, smiled: some drank wine and adorned their persons with flowers; thus all the people amused themselves on the Shrípañchamí day and then dispersed themselves. Many a time the king witnessed the dances of beautiful women, and looked at their youthful beauties, and heard their songs, and gave them clothes of gold and of silver, and then embarked on a new boat.

Gradually the king was attacked with epilepsy, which was like the stain on the bright moon. Even as the moon is attacked by Rāhu so was Hosaina Shāha attacked by epilepsy, and the people became uneasy in fear of misrule as of darkness. King Hosaina bestowed the kingdom on his brother, and, as if out of curiosity, went to heaven which he had attained by his gifts. He went to heaven after reigning for seven years which had al-

ways been pleasant, as if to see what the heaven was like. The goddess of wealth, though insulted by large expenditures, went with him; and how could his fame remain among men when urgently called away by the goddess of riches.

All the people became happy when Ale Khāna received the kingdom, even as the lotuses are when the sun appears over the eastern hill. They saw the country of Kashmíra well governed by the king, and they were happy; they even slighted heaven which had once been destroyed by the chief of the Daityas. Wicked men disappeared when the king sat in judgment, even as owls do when the sun rises on the eastern hill. Thieves became alarmed and uneasy at that time, and hid themselves like rats in holes at mid-day. Attended by the great council the king judged the people, and the enquiries which he made to ascertain the truth were always effective.

The king showed kindness to the timid, and his subjects amused themselves at their ease. But suddenly the sky became red on all sides, like the fierce fire that will appear at the end of the world; it prognosticated destruction by famine. The world showed symptoms of a calamity and trembled, as if unable to bear the weight of a famine. Heaps of dead bodies lay during famine in rows in every street, like the war-drums of Yama. There was no necessity then for gold or silver, and the vessels for preparing wine became as rare as

the chintāmaṇi jewel. A certain housewife, who had become gaunt, flung aside her affection for her husband, drove away her son to a distance, and used to eat in secret. Though the son remained hungry, the daughter begged for food, and the husband was dying, the woman ate alone. Once an elephant died at the gate of the king's palace, and many hungry people hurried there in haste, to be beforehand, and cut out pieces of meat from the carcase and took them away. A manufacturer of iron utensils killed a barber's boy for food, cooked the human flesh and sold it. The people were anxious to save their lives, and they went out to other countries, leaving behind their houses, their wives and sons. A storm came on at this time which uprooted trees, and the people who experienced it talked about it, and were afraid that the destruction which would happen at the end of the world had then come. The storm raised dust that covered the sun, and midday appeared like midnight. While the storm was yet blowing, a fire arose from the Sadāshiva forest, and it suddenly blew into a flame, as if it had come to meet its friend the storm. The fire followed the direction of the wind, crossed the Vitastā, and burnt the whole town together with Samudramaṭha. The burning town was reflected on the Vitastā, and it looked as if it had plunged itself into the water in order to quench its flame. Though the stars in the sky were hidden by the smoke, the numerous sparks of fire looked like stars, and ap-

peared double in number. It seemed as if the stars which were concealed by the smoke, saw the flaming fire and fled away in fear.

The king went to heaven after having enjoyed pleasures for nine years, as if to convey there the tidings of the troubles which arose from famine. His son then accepted the kingdom, whereupon Abdāla Khāna, the brother of the new king's father, became angry and sent a messenger to his nephew with the message saying that it was the practice of the family that when a brother died a brother took his post, why then should he aspire to the kingdom. After Abdāla Khāna had sent the messenger, he fought a battle with Yosobha Shāha at Sekandarapura, in which he destroyed the army of his enemy, and then went to heaven, as if out of curiosity to see his brother. King Yosobha then took possession of the kingdom, and gave such rich gifts to the people as to make them forget Karṇa and Māndhāt of ancient time.

Then Momāra Khāna came from a distant country to fight, as if invited by a combination of king's misfortunes. Mahmada Khāna, a servant of king Yosobha, fought with him near Diddāmaṭha. The flames from the fire arms flashed amidst the great mass of dark dust and looked like lightnings playing among the clouds. Mahmada Khāna fell, and his men became bereft of glory, like lotuses when the sun sets in the evening. The moving horsemen, reflected on the water of the

Vitastā, seemed as if they were fleeing into the nether world, alarmed at the defeat of Mahmada. The king retreated by the difficult and inaccessible road leading to the country of the Khasha people, after having enjoyed the kingdom for two months and a half.

King Yosobha fled in haste when Momāra Khāna obtained the kingdom, so flies the moon when the sun rises in the morning. He went to obtain a shelter at the feet of king Jyalāladina [Akbar] who was the ruler of the whole world. Mutual enmity gradually arose among the men of Momāra Khāna, even as the forest fire arises by mutual friction. Momāra Khāna was imprisoned by his opponents, after he had enjoyed the kingdom for one and a fourth of a month, and he lived in a temple.

Chakka Hadana and others defeated Momāra Khāna and set up Lahvara Chakka to the throne. The villagers, during the reign of this king, suffered from the depreciations caused by lions on all sides. Men in every vilinge who went out of their house at night were killed by lions which were like devouring goblins.

Now king Yosobha was happy to see the feet of king Jyalāladina, and returned to Kashmīra after a year. He took shelter in the village of Svayyapura, even as the sun takes his rest on the eastern hill. This village was difficult of access owing to the water of the Vitastā. King Lahvara then issued out of the city, accompanied by many men, even as a lion issues out of the

cavern of a mountain. Haidara Chakka knew that the village of Svayyapura was difficult of access owing to the water of the Vitastā, he therefore marched without delay by another road. King Yosobha learnt of these attempts of his enemy, he crossed over the water of the Vitastā, and fought with Lahvara. Abdāla Mera, the minister of Lahvara, fought a great battle which struck terror to all living creatures, but he perished in that battle. King Lahvara fled, and king Yosobha was joined by his own troops and thus his army increased, even as the ocean is increased by the waters of the rivers. Lahvara took refuge at the feet of Yosobha Khāna, and the latter soon put out the eyes of Lahvara and of his brother. Haidara Chakka learnt of this act of king Yosobha, and, with a view to fight again, he took shelter of a forest tract. A battle took place between king Yosobha and Chakka Haidara in a forest, where a stream of blood quenched the forest fire.

Haidara Chakka went to Jyallāladīna in penury, even as the moon, devoid of rays, approaches the sun. After his departure, king Yosobha ruled the country, even as the sun rules the lotuses when darkness departs. When the king began to rule the country, Indra sent rain in due measure, the breezes that gave pleasure to all blew, and the sun-god shone in person. His fame spread over the world, but his prosperity stayed in his house bound by his merits, and did not stray any where else. The king had many good qualities, but his only

fault was that he sheltered prosperity, which was fickle, in his house, and sent out fame which was steady. The moon is well known to be a foe of the meritorious, and how could he equal the king who was a friend to worthy men? Yosobha ruled Kashmîra, but he felt very angry towards Habhebha and others, and he plucked out their eyes.

The king of Kashmîra sent his son Yākobha to king Jyallāladîna in order to serve him. Yākobha accordingly made his preparations. But when king Jyallāladîna saw the presents given to him by Yākobha, he felt a desire to subdue Kashmîra. And when he felt that desire he gave the necessary orders to Bhagavaddāsa* and other kings. Yākobha came to know of this, and he left the service of the king, and returned unperceived to his own country of Kashmîra from the way. When he came to his father he felt himself free from anxiety, and thus said to him:—"O adorable! the king has sent Bhagavaddāsa against us. If a great man has no strength in him, his greatness becomes useless; the lion kills an elephant huge as a hill." They then settled their plan to defeat the enemy, and ordered all the people of the mountains to turn out under fear of penalty. The king then came forth and the soldiers were arrayed, and the banners which dwarfed the trees looked beautiful. King Yosobha took, shelter

* Bhagwan Das was the father of the celebrated Mansing.

in the shrine of Varāha, and there he remained . his ministers advanced to the front with a view to fight

The king then thus addressed the ministers :—"You should not fight, we will take refuge at the lotus feet of Jyallāladina that we may serve him. How can the weaker of the two have the strength to overcome the mightier ? The storm has not the strength to uproot a mountain." When all the ministers heard this they said to the king :—"Why do you think thus ? One never accomplishes a religious act, he wishes to perform, if he does not obey the good advice of his religious preceptor ; a patient who disregards the advice of the physician never recovers ; an elephant never acquires skill if it does not follow its driver ; and a king who neglects the words of his ministers never attains prosperity." When the king had heard this, he said to those ministers :—"You have not seen the army of king Jyallāladina ; Indra reigns in the east only, Yama in the south, the god of water in the west, and the god of gold in the north. But why do they feel proud,—they who rule in one direction only ? King Jyallāladina is the lord of all around. Victory be to him ! No one was so liberal as Akavara, and no one shall be ; he bestows gifts on the learned men even if they be his enemies. Karṇa attained fame by the gift of gold, Bali by that of land ; but this king, by gift of all things. Though Kuvera is rich, he is miserly in many ways ; though the moon is pure, yet it bears a stain from day to day ; though fire is powerful, it is

always darkened by its uprising smoke ; but all of these have been surpassed by this king in gift, fame, and power." King Yosobha was bent on serving Jyallāladína, and the ministers thus made him a fitting reply :— "The life of that man is useless, whose desire it is to serve the feet of his enemy, but he who fights with his foe deserves praise. Stay at a distance and we will accomplish your work ; we will take shelter of a forest tract and continue to fight day after day. The powerful sun with its thousand rays cannot destroy the darkness of a cavern, so the emperor, bent on destruction, will not be able to destroy those who would take shelter in a forest." When the king had heard these words spoken by the ministers, he, as if to extinguish their fire, thus addressed them in a nectar-like speech :—"Cast aside your fear, obey my words, I will take refuge at the lotus like feet of Jyallāladína. He is an ornament among kings, and Cupid is of no use so long his person exists. I bow to him out of my own will, and I feel proud of it. How can I act inimically towards the emperor ? I will serve him, and there shall be happiness in my country. None ever existed like this king, nor now exists, nor will exist, and in saying this I feel a pride every day and at all times. My ears have become restless at listening to the merits of this emperor, and even Karṇa would run away if he heard of his liberality. Men whose foreheads have been marked for poverty fall at his feet to wipe away the writings of fate. It is rarely that the dust of

his feet can be had even by great men; and that dust befits the heads of kings even as an ornament, and as a charm to secure prosperity. The emperor worships the sun, the real and the visible god; and his difficulties fly away from him owing to his devotion to this luminary. The intelligent emperor Jyallāladina thought to himself that the different Vedas varied in their views, that the realm of the chief of the gods was once assailed by the Asura chief, that the pride of the Gandharvvas was also humbled. Indra and the other gods were much subject to fear, and Brahmā, Vishṇu, and Shiva turned towards the sun with clasped hands; he therefore bows to the sun, the visible god. How can my troops cope with those of king Akavara when they arrive? How useless is it to try to repel the waves of the sea when they break over the land, by means of winnowing fan? What harm befalls the sun, the visible god, should an owl vilify him?" The king resolved to do what he had said, and went over to Bhagavaddāsa in order to take refuge at the feet of king Jyallāladīna.

Thus having enjoyed prosperity for eight years, king Yosobha went to serve king Jyallāladīna.

When king Yosobha went over to the army of Bhagavaddāsa, his son Yākobha took possession of the extensive kingdom. He pleased all men by spending for military purposes all the treasure which had been acquired by his ancestors and hoarded in the treasury. And when Bhagavaddāsa had departed from the coun-

try with king Yosobha, king Yākobha looked as beautiful as the sun emerging from the clouds.

There are four different doctrines in the mlechchha shāstra; and there arose a quarrel among the people owing to the difference that existed in these doctrines. Shaṃsa Chakka became jealous of the king and constructed a fortification at Sadāshivapura with the intention to fight. King Yākobha then fought a great and tumultuous battle with him near Diddāmaṭha in which Shaṃsha Chakka took with him Alaṃmāshira and Malleka Ālaka. It was by the advice of Malleka Ālaka that Shaṃsha Chakka then went to the village of Svayyapura, situated in the midst of water, and occupied it. As the rising sun speedily destroys the darkness of night by its rays, even so Yākobha sent the soldiers of his enemy to Yama by arrows discharged with his own hand. Alaṃmāshira Khāna fled after he had fought a while, and the king besieged Shaṃsha Chakka within the town. Yākobha obtained the victory, but from that time he always apprehended danger from the king of Madhyadesha.

The desire of king Jyallāladīna, sovereign of Madhyadesha, to conquer Kashmīra prevailed again; and with this view he sent there Kāsema Khāna who was served by Chakka Haidara. Anxious to conquer Kashmīra, the king ordered twenty-two leaders of army to march; and these leaders of great glory promptly issued by his orders from the city of Lāhora. Wells were dried up, tanks

were drained to the mud, and hills were levelled by the march of this army. Lines of tents were adorned with lofty banners, and it seemed as if the tents stretched out their necks to see the hills of Kasimira. Such a mass of dust was raised by the marching army as to strike terror to the sun in the sky, even as from Rāhu. Their infantry, their cavalry, and their elephants could not be numbered, even as the dust in the road.

The soldiers, covered with dust in their long marches, reached the Chandrabhāgā river in a few days, even as the Chakori reaches the moon. There the men who had soiled themselves with the mud of tanks, washed their clothes, drank the pure water, and enjoyed themselves as they liked. The horses shied on the banks of the Chandrabhāgā, being afraid to bathe, at which men who were near them became frightened and agitated, while those who were at a distance jested at them. An elephant was loosened for bath, and though placed behind a female elephant became struck with terror and alarmed the men and threw them into confusion. In a few days the army crossed the Chandrabhāgā in its march towards Kashmira, and reached the neighbourhood of the mountains. The infantry felt greatly exhausted in ascending and descending the hills, which they did on their knees, ankles, and feet. The way over mountains is like the way to Yama; there are waterfalls in some places, and in others water is scarce; in some places exhaustion is caused by puddle, and in others

there is fear of being struck by stones; some places are always cold, and some are always hot being exposed to the rays of the sun. Bullocks, elephants, and horses ate in these mountain tracts the new and tender shoots of grass which was grown by copious rain. These men from Madhyadesha beheld the arrangement of the mountains, made enquiries about the trees they met in villages, and they were greatly filled with wonder. When the troops had ascended the top of a hill, they looked like Yama at the end of a kalpa. They smoothed passages over impassable tracts by means of boulders of stone, they alarmed the elephants which were in groves, they cleared the groves, and made torrents of water flow over table-lands. The inhabitants of these mountains were struck with fear at the prowess of the emperor, and at the sight of his army; and they came to Kāsema Khāna bringing him presents of goats and citrons. As men catch birds by giving them bits of meat, as fish is caught in the water by means of hooks, as skilful men induce animals to come near by throwing corn at them, even so did Kāsema Khāna overcome the inhabitants of the country by distributing wealth among them. His army was in want of a person to show the road to Kashmīra, and Haidara Chakka offered to do this act of enmity towards Yākobha.

At this time Bahrāma Nāyaka was in charge of efending the road to Kashmīra. He felt uneasy on account of fear for Yākobha; he stationed his men in

their places and went alone to the army of Kāsema Khāna. Kāsema Khāna was well versed in work of every kind; he gave dresses, ornaments, and wealth to the Nāyaka, and thereby he greatly honored him. Other people who were at Pañchānila hill had also disregarded Yākobha and had given the kingdom to Hosaina Khāna, and when Hosaina Khāna heard that Kāsema Khāna, a foreigner, had come within his territory, he became angry. Now Yākobha reviled Hosaina Khāna, and marched towards the Pañchānila hill. But the soldiers whom he had sent, turned away from the work of their master, and made peace with Hosaina Khāna on such terms as they liked. When king Yākobha heard that his army had joined Hosaina, he blamed his fickle minded men, such as steal wealth in times of prosperity and act inimically in times of danger; they are difficult to be kept under control, even as the thieves are.

Yākobha released Mera Mahmada and Shaṃsha Chakka from prison, and went to Kāṣhṭhavāṭa. Spoiled of their glory, these two servants did not pay their respects to Yākobha nor serve him; monkeys play with the chintāmaṇi jewel as with a ball! The soldiers disbanded themselves when Yākobha went away, even as the pearls scatter themselves when the string of the necklace is torn into two. Some went to Kāṣhṭhavāṭa, some lived in the city, some went to foreign countries, some came to an agreement with the Muggulas. Shaṃsha Chakka snatched the kingdom from Hosaina Khāna,

but in fear of Kāsema Khāna he retired to the top of a mountain. He heard of the approach of Kāsema Khāna, made up his resolution, and took to the mountains which were difficult to be approached by men. He was at that time attended by a handful of men, while the other was attended by many. Kāsema Khāna placed Haidara Chakka in front of him, even as Rāma had placed Sugrīva, and fought a great battle. When the Kashmirian troops saw Chakka Haidara, they all fled away, even as the darkness of night flies at the rising of the sun in the morning. As a great mass of dust is driven away by the slightest wind, even so the Kashmīrian troops were driven away by those of the Muggulas. The former fled, and the latter became victorious; and the women who had husbands and children raised loud lamentations when they heard of this news. They had lived like lotus plants, their hands had trembled like lotuses, and so also their eyes under locks of hair, even like blue water-lilies under the black bees. Then when the calamity came in like darkness, the eyes brightened, like the blue water-lilies, but the lotus like faces shrank. Tear drops fell on the breasts of these women, as if to quench the fire that was burning within their heart. The soldiers entered the city on Sunday, the second lunar day of the bright fortnight of Kārttika, in the Shaka year 1509. The city was full of grapes and walnuts, and was adorned with flowers and saffrons, and the Yavanas who entered it fully confessed that it

was like heaven. All the Muggulas, who received presents of grapes from the cultivators and tasted them, acknowledged that they were superior to the nectar from the lips of their wives. The Muggulas adorned their heads with flowers and saffron, and extolled their valour over their wine.

Even the people of Kashmíra entered the service of Haidara Chakka when they saw Kāsema under his guidance. But when Kāsema found that Haidara Chakka was attended by many men, he became alarmed, and threw the Chakka into prison; whereupon the people of Kashmíra who had followed him retired to a distant forest. They then all united themselves together, reproached themselves, held a council, and resolved to fight. Their army was full of men, but did not look graceful without a king, even like a woman without a husband, or like a night without the moon. Thus thought they who had been defeated by the Yavanas, and they promptly caused Yākobha to be brought. Kāsema Khāna heard that Yākobha had arrived in person, and he sent Momāra Khāna to vanquish him. Now when king Yākobha heard that Momāra Khāna was approaching, he put on his armour in order to fight a great battle; but his ministers asked him who this Momāra Khāna was, a servant of his servant, that he should fight with him. Whereupon the king left Momāra Khāna, who was stationed at Vijayeshvara, alone, and marched towards the city by another road. At this

time the sun, which is full of the knowledge of the three Vedas, set, as if in pity for the destruction of men which was about to take place in the impending battle. As the day declined, twilight lingered for a short time, and then, as if afraid to be alone, went away to obtain the company of the day. When the moon saw Yākobha, terrible in appearance and with two swords in his two hands, and remembered that both he and Yākobha were kings, he went, as if in fear, to the place of setting.

At this time Yākobha, whose army was tired after having marched from a great distance, attacked the city without delay near Sadāshivapura. It was at night, at the time when husbands were kissing and embracing their wives, and when Cupid was cruelly discharging his arrows, that the cry, like the roar of a lion, rose at the place of battle. Yākobha killed many Yavanas in the streets and within houses, and followed by a large army, he set fire to the gate of the palace. Kāsema Khāna lay hid in his own house, like a black-bee enclosed within the petals of a lotus, wishing for the arrival of the morning. Phatiha Khāna, the Muggula, had collected an army, he was well clad in armour, and was at Sekandharapura. The whole city was burnt, to the terror of the Yavanas, and the people of Kashmīra fought by the light of the flame. When Kāsema Khāna saw the troops of Kashmīra, he, in his anger, killed Haidara Chakka who was in prison. Yākobha abstained from his night attack in the morning, and his soldiers departed

after plundering horses, elephants, and clothes. The king had completely chastised the wicked at night during which the sky had displayed its stars, even as a trader displays his jewels; but when the powerful sun forcibly opened the petals of the lotuses in the morning, the sky perspired dews in the effort to hide its jewels in a hurry.

When the morning came, the moon set, and the sun drove away darkness in an instant, all the Muggula people collected together, and king Yākobha became very much alarmed. He then withdrew from the city in the morning, and the Yavanas, whose hearts were inflamed with anger on account of the night attack, plundered the capital. Kāsema Khāna knew that Yākobha had departed, but he saw his own army broken, and still he was anxious to achieve a victory; he therefore marched by the way by which Yākobha had gone. One named Alaṃmāshira Khāna accompanied by many men bowed at the feet of Kāsema Khāna. Alaṃmāshira was an inhabitant of Tailagrāma, and he and his friend Shaṃsha Chakka had once fought with each other. Phateha Khāna, a Muggula, remained at Sekandharapura with a large army for the protection of the city. A fierce battle was then fought between king Yākobha and Kāsema Khāna in which the Kashmírians hurled stones, arrows, and iron clubs; but a quarrel again arose among themselves, attended with the cry of "I am the king," "I am the king". When king Yākobha learnt of this quarrel, he, at the

advice of his friendly brother, went again to Kāṣhṭhavāṭa. Yosobha Khāna and Mera Mahmada then concluded a peace with Kāsema Khāna, a peace which the latter had sought. Kāsema Khāna then sent Yosobha Khāna and others to the feet of king Jyallāladīna who always honored them by giving them wealth, and they bowed at his feet.

Now the winter season, like another invasion of the Muggulas, came to Kashmîra, and many people suffered on account of the rigour of its cold. Snow fell on the houses of the Yavanas after they had achieved the victory, like showers of flowers from the sky. Then came the season of spring adorning all the roads with abundant flowers, as if to advise the assiduous king Yākobha to begin hostility. He returned from the country of Kāṣhṭhavāṭa accompanied by many men, with the view to overcome the Muggulas. When Kāsema Khāna heard of this, he too, with the object to conquer the enemy, marched out with horses and elephants which made the earth tremble. A great battle was fought between them in the country of Kṣhetra, and the day was clouded with arrows and stones. The Muggulas pressed on king Yākobha, but he, unperceived by them went towards the city, took shelter in an almost inaccessible hill near the paddy fields, and came up suddenly against the Muggulas. The sun reflected on bright swords and armours which lighted the dark caverns in the wood. The turbans were filled with blood issuing from

the bodies of the many who were slain, as if they were the wine cups of Yama. So many were the stones hurled, breaking down trees, that it seemed as if the Kashmīrians were unable to bear the sight of lofty hills. The waters of the fountains were mingled with the blood of the dead. Was it that the sportful Yama played with red powder dissolved in water? Thus the war continued between king Yākobha and Kāsema Khāna; and for a month none of them was either victorious or defeated. Now Ādūla Khāna was sent by Kāsema Khāna, with an army to fight with the Kashmīrians who were stationed on the hills. And when the battle was about to be commenced, the mountains became covered with clouds which brought in a storm, and, as if with it, the last night of kalpa for the mlechchhas. Thunders pealed in the clouds, and the quick succession of lightnings looked like the quivering tongue of Yama, as if he was devouring something. The clouds poured forth torrents of rain as the army of Ādūla Khāna marched and he ascended a hill up the way towards the sky. There was one named Shriraṅga, a king, a servant of Jyallāladīna; he also went to fight, ascending up the way towards the sky. When the Muggulas had entrenched themselves at Sadāshivapura, the Kashmīrians took shelter on a hill near Jyeṣhṭharudra. Streams of blood flowed in the battle which then took place, and ran into the Vitastā.

Merjā Ādūla, the servant of the emperor, came with

the view to commence hostility, but at that time a battle was being already fought between the followers of Yākobha and of Alamshira Khāna, the Kashmirian. But when Ādāla arrived, the followers of Yākobha saw him and exclaimed :—"Here the Muggulas have come". and they left the soldiers of Alamshira Khāna, attacked Ādāla, and fought with him. But Alamshira Khāna's men helped Ādāla Khāna and fought against Yākobha. Ādāla Khāna was pleased with Alamshira Khāna and acknowledged that he had helped the emperor. Shrīranga entered into a relationship with Rāya Simha. He had with him forty Rajputs, whom, when it began to rain, he ordered saying,—"Retreat O Rajputs! I have become cripple and have not the strength to go." But they replied,—"It will not be so, the habit of running away does not exist in the Rajput tribe, the emperor honors the Rajputs, and we will therefore continue to defend Lankā.* These Rajputs did not retreat.†

Many perished in the battle thus fought, and the men of Kāsema Khāna were struck with panic. The Kashmirians saw that the Yavanas were defeated and broken, and they rushed on them suddenly.

King Jyallāladīna heard the news of this war and ordered Saida Yosobha to subdue the country. When king

* A village on the Ular lake.
† The portion translated in this para : is in prose and within square brackets in the text.

Yākobha heard of this, he went against Yosobha Khāna, even as a jackal goes against a lion knowing him by his roar. Kāsema Khāna had come to Kashmīra led by avarice, but remained there blockaded by Yākobha, even as a black-bee that comes to a lotus is imprisoned there by the approach of night. He was full of fear and could not stir out. He was however relieved of his fear within a short time by the arrival of the sun-like Yosobha Khāna, and he issued out in triumph. The news about Merjā Yosobha alarmed Shaṃsha Chakka and others who wandered about like pigeons when the hawk is on its wing. Kāsema Khāna was freed from his fear when Yosobha Khāna arrived, even as the chakravāka is freed from its position of separation from its mate on the rising of the sun. Mahmada Mera joined some Kashmīrians and always placed himself at the service of Yosobha Khāna who sent many people of Kashmīra to the feet of king Jyallāladīna.

Now king Yākobha came from Kāṣhṭhavāṭa with the desire to overcome the Muggulas, even as insects come out of madness to a flame; and Merjā Yosobha Khāna sent Hājye Mera with Mahmada to subdue him. The king's and the Muggula armies remained on their grounds unmoved, as if Fate examined their strength by holding both of them in a balance. The Yavanas occupied the land on the south-west, and the Kashmīrians on the top of a hill, and none could advance towards the other. The shouts, like the roar

of a lion, rose from the two armies, as if the noise issued from the teeth of Yama eagerly crushing men. A great and a tumultuous battle was then fought, terrible to the gods and the asuras, and a touch-stone to test the worth of great warriors. The Kashmîrians hurled stones which shook numberless branches of trees, as if the arms of those trees trembled in fear at the sight of the battle. In the never ceasing shouts of the great warriors it seemed as if the hills cried out in fear. The arrows discharged by the warriors covered the trunks of large trees and looked as if their hairs stood upon their bodies at the sight of the tumultuous battle. The Muggula army fought in diverse ways, and felt satisfied; but Yākobha saw his army broken, and became uneasy with fear. He thus said to himself :—"I believe that my soldiers have been devoured by the Yavanas, even as the moon is devoured by Rāhu ; how can I alone cope with the mlechchhas in this sea-like battle ?" He then retired alone from that place, and came to Kāṣhthavāṭa, feeling humiliated day by day.

Now Yosobha Khāna returned to Jyallāladīna in order to serve him, and his brother Merja Barddhaka took possession of Kashmîra. All men felt happy when he sat on his seat of judgment, even as the chakara bird feels happy when the moon ascends the eastern hill. Once upon a time a merchant killed a person in the merchant's house ; a piece of the corpse of the murdered man was thereupon tied round the merchant's neck, and he was

taken round with the proclamation that "any person who becomes so devoid of sense as to kill another will surely get similar heavy punishment." Once a Yavana, intoxicated with wine, killed a Kashmirian without any fault. The murdered man was kept hidden under water, and the Yavana declared that he had murdered none. When Merja Barddhaka was informed of this by the relatives of the murdered man, he at once asked the Yavana why he had killed a Kashmirian; but he asserted that he had killed none. "If a person is killed" continued the Yavana "where is his headless trunk?" The Yavana said this in a firm tone, whereupon Merja Barddhaka ordered men to look in the tank. When the tank was stirred up, the headless trunk appeared, and the Yavana's guilt for having murdered a man was established. Merja Barddhaka found the Yavana guilty and ordered his punishment as it is laid down in the shāstra.

Asked by Jyallāladīna, Yosobha Khāna, with his head bent down, thus spoke about the countless excellent things of Kashmīra:—"The Creator has created Kashmīra like a second heaven; and even the king of the serpents, with his two thousand tongues, cannot describe the glories of that country. There the amorous men leave aside the grapes whose sweet juice does not last long, and drink the nectar which exudes from the lips of their beloved women. There the faces of the women, with their quick moving eyes of flirtation, look graceful like

the lotuses on which the black-bees move busily about. But there alas ! the snow gives constant trouble, and as if pretending to feel cold, the women, with their both hands trembling before their husbands, express their love." The other ministers then thus said to the sovereign of the world :—" O emperor ! the glories of Kashmīra are innumerable. There the glorious morning, noon, and evening indicate themselves by the ebb and flow of water*. There is the celebrated god Amareshvara, the living snow which grows and diminishes in the bright and the dark fortnights. There is the glorious living fire which remains always ablaze, which requires no fuel, and leaves no charcoal behind."†

When king Jyallāladīna heard of the excellencies of Kashmīra, he issued from the city of Lāhora in order to see that country ; and on the fifth bright lunar day of Āṣhāḍha, arrived with his army in the capital of Kashmīra. On the seventh bright lunar day of that month he pleased the Brāhmaṇa boys with gifts of gold, and they blessed him. He then went to Mārttaṇḍa, and gave cows adorned with pearls and gold to Brāhmaṇas. He was glad to see Kashmīra with its vines, and walnut trees, and high and charming woods of tāli trees. He stood on the banks of the Vitastā and saw the position of the city and was greatly astonished. He saw the tank near

* There is a small water-course near Srinagara in which the depth of the water varies during the different hours of the day.

† Some gas spring like the one at Jwalamukhi.

Jyeṣhṭharudra adorned with various kinds of flowers, and was greatly surprised. Even Yākobha came to take refuge at the feet of Jyallāladīna, by whose shoes Yākobha's head was hallowed. Yākobha took refuge with the king as he had purposed to do, and the king made him an attendant of Mānasiṃha. Yākobha remained at the feet of Mānasiṃha, he went out of the country, and enjoyed the delights which the emperor bestowed on him. King Jyallāladīna saw the kingdom of Kashmīra, bestowed it on Yosobha Khāna, and went away.

Merja Yosobha Khāna was well skilled in serving the king, he ruled the whole country well according to the king's orders; but Jyallāladīna became angry with him, and gave the possession of Kashmīra to Kāji Āla. When Kāji Āla sent the annual revenue to the king, the servants of Merja Yosobha were deprived of their possessions, and they became like guests in their own homes. The Kāji gave nothing to any one, nor enjoyed anything himself, but collected a large quantity of gold by robbing others, even as mice collect paddy. Menaced by Kāji Āla, Yosobha Khāna's men went about hungry, even like tanks in the hot season. The people of Kashmīra came to rob the heaps of paddy when they saw it amassed by Kāji Āla; and the wealth hoarded by this wicked Kāji caused a quarrel among the Muggulas themselves. Merja Yādgāra, brother of Yosobha Khāna, joined the people of Kashmīra with the

intention to kill Kāji Āla. The Kāji fought several times with him, and then fled. His horse perished in ascending a hill, and he also went to heaven. Hasana Bhiga, a servant of Jyallāladina, fought heroically and returned alive from the battle. The people said with a loud laugh and without feeling any grief, that the riches which the Kāji had hoarded by dishonest means was consumed by his enemies. Alas! why did he hoard them! Merja Yādgāra gave to his own people all that had been accumulated by depriving the cultivators.

Merja Yādgāra turned aside from serving the feet of king Jyallāladīna, and assumed the sovereignty of Kashmíra. The inhabitants of the country, when they saw this, became apprehensive of another war, and were grieved. When king Jyallāladīna heard of this conduct of Yādgāra he marched without delay, and in his anger, he spread his army on the ridge of a hill, and passed through an almost impassable mountain road. He then sent Shikha Phareda ahead with many men to subdue the Merja. The Shikha ascended the top of a hill called Hastigañja, even as the charioteer of the sun ascends the eastern hill. At this time Merja Yādgāra arrived at the village of Shūrapura, but he was killed by his own servants who rose against him. When the people saw him lying dead, and eaten by jackals and dogs, they spat on the ground and at once said that he was "a rebel against his master", and remarked that he had thought that he should pay his respects, now that the glorious emperor

had come, in more than one way, and so he sacrificed his life, and thus paid his respects, and with them, presents and devotion. Shikha Phareda came within the city after Merja Yālgāra had been killed by his own servants. He governed the city himself, and the thieves could not then go about, even as the owls cannot in the morning.

Now Jyallāladīna came to see the kingdom of Kashmīra adorned with saffron, walnut, fruits, and flowers. The wives of the citizens hastened to see the king. One woman pointed out the king to her beloved female friend who was anxious to see him; another exclaimed with a flutter that she had seen that leader of the army; another woman, with threats to her child [who wanted to drink of her milk] covered her breast and went [to have a view of the king]. After the people of Kashmīra had seen the sovereign, a continuous festivity was held in every house.

Formerly, the kings of the house of Chakka used to exact an annual fine from the Brāhmaṇas, owing to their animosity towards the people of that caste. In every house a Brāhmaṇa of good family and character who maintained his own caste, used to pay an annual tribute to the king. For the preservation of his sacred thread a Brāhmaṇa annually paid a tribute of forty paṇas to the king. The good Brāhmaṇas had left the country which was polluted by the mlechchhas; those of the middle class had become shameless; and the low Brāhmaṇas had given up their caste. When the mlechchhas remained like clouds

in the country, and obscured it, the Brāhmaṇas went to other countries, even like swans that go to the Mānasa lake. Now when king Jyallāladīna learnt of the condition of the Brāhmaṇas, he repealed the practice of levying fines on them, which had prevailed since the time of the kings of the house of Çnakka. He announced that he would without delay reward those who would respect the Brāhmaṇas in Kashmira; and that he would instantly pull down the houses of those who would take the annual tribute from them. The Brāhmaṇas, versed in the vedas, whose fear of the payment of an annual tribute was removed by this order, blessed the king, saying, that let king Jyallāladīna who had repealed the annual tribute live for 10,000,000,000 years. One thousand cows were used to be killed every day, without any opposition, under the orders of the kings of the house of Çnakka, and for them. The Brāhmaṇas had been overpowered by the mlechchhas, even as by darkness. They were unable to see their friends, and like lotuses they mourned at night. The means of their livelihood was consumed by the mlechchhas who were even like the forest fire; they did not remain in the country, even as deer do not stay in the forest which is burnt. As they left the country, they sometimes, like jackals, felt alarm in the way, and sometimes they were the objects of laughter and of reproach.

Rāmadāsa who always served Jyallāladīna was a great benefactor of the Brāhmaṇas. This celebrated person

saw their condition and gave them gifts of gold and silver, and he was like a second Karṇa. The cloud rains nectar, but that benefit is diminished by its thunders; but in the heart of king Rāmadāsa, who always gave gifts, there was no pride. Where art thou now O Māndhātā? Inferior to him in liberality. Stop thy ear O Karṇa! that thou mayest not hear Rāmadāsa's praise. Feelest thou no shame O Jīmūtavāhana? In what art thou strong? Truly O Vikramāditya! I know of no lasting benefit that has been attained by thy fame. Rāmadāsa always distributes his gifts wisely and skilfully.

Rāmadāsa, the servant of Akavara, gave one hundred pieces of silver, and also pieces of gold to every house of a Brāhmaṇa. He distributed fifty thousand pieces of silver among the poor Brāhmaṇas.*

O Rāmadāsa the kalpa tree of the world! I think there exists as much difference between thy gifts and the gifts of others, as there exists between a gift and no gift. Nirmmala and all other Brāhmaṇas versed in the vedas, and the paṇḍitas blessed him and returned to their homes. On another day, Prahlāda, Nirmmala, and all of them were honored by the speech of this king, which was as sweet as nectar. Even the illustrious Jyallāladina gladdened the Brāhmaṇas who were recommended to him by Rāmadāsa, even as the moon gladdens the chakaras. The emperor bestowed villages on the Brāh-

* The portion translated in this para: is in prose and within square brackets in the text.

maṇas, and they looked graceful, even as the forest, that had been burnt by fire, does when the clouds begin to rain. Āditya knew well how to serve king Jyallāladīna; he was always employed by the king in distributing lands; but being blind on account of his affection for his relatives, Āditya overlooked such men of merit as were his enemies, and prospered such men without merit as were of his own party. As the nectar rose from the sea churned by a hill, even so the gifts of land issued from the king's palace moved by the words of Rāmadīsa. But alas! Āditya, like Rāhu, disappointed the learned men, and gladdened his wicked daitya-like friends by gifts of land. Jyallāladīna himself was a sea of kindness, and he satisfied the mendicants by his gifts of gold and silver.

The emperor then ordered Shikhāphaija to take one thousand pieces of silver and to distribute them among Brāhmaṇas and beggars who dwelt in villages and in woods and in other places.*

King Jyallāladīna then bestowed the country again on Yosobha Khāna, and went away. The people felt happy when Yosobha Khāna took possession of the kingdom, even as the lotuses are, when the sun ascends the eastern hill. An annual payment was fixed from the cultivators in every village, and soldiers were forbidden from entering it, lest they create disturbances

* The portion translated in this para: is in prose and within square brackets in the text.

again. Yosobha knew how to distinguish the cultivators from the soldiers, even as a swan knows how to separate milk from water.

Merja Laskara, Yosobha Khāna's son, took possession of the country, when his father had left it in order to serve Jyalālādina. He was without a blemish, a jewel fit for the head of all men; his person was like nectar, and he looked graceful like the youthful moon. Now one of his Yavana servants went to the banks of the Vitastā, and there harassed the people by ordering them to lift loads of wood. Merja Laskara himself saw the Yavana harassing the people and said to his minister,—"See how he is killing the men. Alas! do my servants oppress the people of Kashmira? Why do they not fear king Jyalālādina? How strange it is that there is no robbery, no fear from thieves or from wicked men, that merchants pay no tax either in village or in town, that clouds rain, the earth becomes fruitful, and the cultivators keep their annual gain, and the country suffers no loss when emperor Jyallālādīna rules!" He then ordered the Yavana to be promptly arrested, and the minister immediately hurried to seize him. But the Yavana fled in fear, whereupon the minister reported that the man had run away. Merja Laskara then said:—"Now that the man has fled, do what I say,—take the boats laden with wood into the middle of the Vitastā and burn them in such a manner as to strike terror to the people." The minister did as he was

ordered, and when the Yavanas saw the boats in flame they became almost dead with fear. Any Yavana who would so lose his sense as to oppress the people of Kashmíra would soon obtain the fruit of his guilt.

Now the saffron shoots sprang from the ground, as if the king of the serpents had reared his heads in rows in order to behold the season of autumn. The buds of saffron flowers issued slowly, as if through bashfulness, from the spotless cover of their rinds; and when the people saw the village of Padmapura rich with the beauty of these saffron flowers, and with grapes and walnuts, they deemed even heaven inferior to it. The cultivators, who in the month of Shrāvaṇa had sown one khāri of saffron seed in the ground, now plucked half a khāri of flowers, and they plucked them morning, noon, and evening, and at each time they collected them in the same quantity. From the time that Takṣhaka nāga taught the cultivation of this flower, there had not been such a plentiful crop as now. People had no rest at this time on account of the large crop of saffron. Some were busy in plucking flowers, some were conveying them in carriages, the heads of some were bent with their weight. some were sleeping in boats [laden with saffron,] some were constantly occupied in weighing, and some were guarding the crop.

This is the account of the saffron harvest.

When eight years had passed away, king Jyallāladīna took the country from Yosobha Khāna and bestowed it on

others. On the arrival of Āsāha Khāna, Merja Yosobha's troops were scattered like the dust at the time when the wind prevails. Then the illustrious Jyallāladīna sent his two servants Āhlāda Kirāna and Soltān Mahahmada Kula Khāna. Āsāha Khāna knew them to be the servants of Jyallāladīna; he gave them the possession of the country, and went to the feet of his master. These two officers drove away injustice from Kashmīra, even as the sun and the moon drive away darkness from the earth. They ascended a hill near Shārikā in the neighbourhood of Pravarapura, and there, under the orders of king Akavara, built a fort with the inappropriate name of Naganagarī. Men after performing various kinds of religious austerities go to heaven in their second birth after death; but when the people saw this Naganagarī, they did not attempt to ascend to this heaven. At this time the houses in the city were occupied by the king's soldiers, and the inhabitants suffered thereby. The merchants saw this distress of the people and informed the king of it; whereupon the king removed the difficulty by the following arrangement. The king's followers stayed in the new town, and any one of them who harassed the people was made guilty of an offence. The Muggulas, after king Jyallāladīna had thus ordered, lived in the new town. It was whitewashed with lime and was situated on the Shārikā hill, and it looked as if it jeered at the old capital in its neighbourhood. When the Yavanas had gone out of the old city, the people held a festivity; they always

blessed king Jyallāladīna, and were happy. Now all of a sudden, at mid-day, and within a short time, the old town built by Alābhadīna, with its two thousand houses, was in a flame, as if in sorrow for its separation with the Muggulas whom it saw depart in order to live in the new town. This extensive city, adorned with many paintings, and with its houses and buildings, was soon reduced to ashes. When the old city was burnt, the new one looked beautiful, even as when a co-wife dies, the other one feels happy.

Here ends the description of the acquisition of Kashmīra by the emperor Akavara Jyallāladina.

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